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PRE-RAPHAELITISM

AND

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

·The M Co·

W. Holman Hunt, pinx^t

Swan Electric Engraving C^o sc.

The Lady of Shalott.

Pre-Raphaelitism
and the
Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

BY

W. HOLMAN HUNT, O.M., D.C.L.

49792

TWO VOLUMES

WITH 40 PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES, AND
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

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BRND
19Oct67

THIS BOOK I DEDICATE

TO

MY WIFE

AS ONE OF MY INSUFFICIENT TRIBUTES TO HER
WHOSE CONSTANT VIRTUES EVER EXALT MY UNDERSTANDING
OF THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF WOMANHOOD

PREFACE

I am but a single voice.—Theocritus.

Art is generally regarded as a light and irresponsible pursuit, entailing for its misuse no penalty to the artist or to the nation of which he is a citizen. It is further assumed that a being endowed with original taste may, after some perfunctory essays, be happily inspired, and that he will then, with a few days of rapt energy, be able to convert his thoughts into a masterpiece.

In my boyhood a brilliant novel was based on this idea. At the end of the eighteenth century a young hero of romance, in easy circumstances, wandering about Europe to gratify his love of ancient art, found himself in the classical cities of Italy. He was surrounded by sympathetic friends, who recognized that he had been born with fine tastes and talents, who listened to him appreciatively as he discoursed of Raphael, Guido, Salvator Rosa, and other favourite masters. After some less important artistic experiments criticised by an academic friend as wanting in orthodox arrangement; although interrupted by an engrossing love affair and by efforts to discover the true elixir of life, the amateur artist shut himself up in a weird chamber, and on the white walls he elaborated a composition representing the "Judgment of the Dead by the Living." It was a masterpiece, as such a noble subject merited it should be.

Pictures are not produced thus. Long years are needed to train the eye and hand before a man can represent on a flat surface any forms of creation under the simplest conditions; the difficulty grows in compound ratio with intricate design of moving figures, and the immature artist's illustration of so sublime a theme would tax more than the extreme indulgence of the most partial friends.

For the sculptor to arrive at a high perfection not less severe study is needful; but the use of callipers may so far cover ignorance of proportion, that the essays of a pretender may not be so pitiable in the eyes of the undiscriminating as they would be for similar attempts in painting. Marble, finely polished, is a beautiful material, and its purity of surface compensates for defects which disenchant even the superficial in looking on the ignorantly smudged canvas; excellence in either branch of art can be won only by incessant labour, such as no one will bestow who is not endowed with that passion for art which made him draw in infancy, a passion which ever leaves him unhappy when not wrestling with some besetting sin discovered in his own practice.

Burne-Jones, once conversing upon the shortness of human life for the attainment of maturity in art, impulsively said to me that at least 300 years were needed. This, though an unpremeditated exclamation, was not a baseless guess. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Italians eked out their short span of personal observation and experience by handing on their acquired wisdom to their pupils, and so extended individual life, and thus more surely reached the goal of their ambition. I hope to convince my readers that every student of art in the past was loyal to his own nationality, and that in these days men of British blood, whether of insular birth or of the homes beyond the seas, should not subject themselves to the influence of masters alien to the sentiments and principles of the great English poets and thinkers.

It was matter for caution even in the days when the sober high purposes of Continental masters ensured the cultivation of correctness and respect for questions of common-sense; but now that these qualities are ridiculed and put aside, there is greater reason for regarding foreign training as most pernicious and altogether to be shunned by students of the race to which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the great fathers of our own art belonged.

In the hope of eradicating many mischievous prejudices which are thoughtlessly handed on as unquestioned truths, I abandon reserve more than otherwise I should do.

Regarding the character of a nation's art as immeasurably more important than it is ordinarily thought to be, both for its own people and for the whole world, I may at times be led to speak with solemnity; but at the outset I disclaim all pretensions to those graces of style and deft mingling of exquisitely selected words into variegated tints of meaning, which should grace a history across whose stage will pass many of the masters of thought of the latter half of the nineteenth century. I must rely simply upon the charm of my theme when treating of men who were searching out a new perfection in life and lovingly teaching it to others.

The manner in which our particular views were conceived, and the order in which our coadjutors came together, the qualifications and character of each, our consultations and our resolves, will scarcely be intelligible until the conditions are understood in which young artists found themselves a few years before the middle of the nineteenth century, when the future members of the Pre-Raphaelite movement were boy students. The system of apprenticeship under which was produced all the great art of past ages had died out in the early days of the century, perhaps as an inevitable sequence of the establishment of art academies. Serious penalties, not generally considered, followed the change. A student received indeed valuable advice from the visitors in the schools as to the accuracy of the studies he made in prosaic imitation; but the constant paternal guidance of the master training the inventive faculties of a particular pupil ceased to exist, and the latter could no longer see the original work of the master in all its stages any more than the master could follow the student in his daily ambitious efforts. We, as students, no doubt lost much good resulting from the old tradition as it would have been carried out by an altogether wise master, but we escaped what would have been fatal evils had the director been wanting in wisdom. When Millais and I compared notes in after-life, we found that each of us had mainly depended for our painting practice upon the example and advice of fellow-students more advanced than ourselves. Our unguided position had compensating advantages; the necessity of proving any new suggestion established in us the habit of daring judgment, which we exercised on questions more important than those of technique alone, and our previous study of the great masters prevented our inquiries from having the taint of ignorant presumption.

To the casual cognoscenti of our youth the annual exhibitions contained all that British art was required to display. The press, it will be seen, testified to this judgment, as did also, in all societies, many of the representative men of the day.[1] The general enthusiastic approbation was further indicated by the avidity with which all well-to-do homes were furnished with engravings of the favourite current pictures, and also by the repugnance to reform proved by the detestation which our innocent works provoked.

I can aver that we also saw much to admire in the art of the day, but for my own part there was great need to distinguish between feelings of passing enjoyment in an exhibition and the more critical judgment called for to guard one's art conscience. After some hours spent in a modern gallery I felt pride welling up in me at the sensibility and skill of many British artists, yet each season I increasingly recognized that there could be no full satisfaction in merely carrying on our elders' ambitions, which had become weakened in their dire struggle for existence in those straitened days, by the need of compromise with the prejudices of social taste. Artists had to work mainly on a sort of charitable sufferance from the rich, who were not always more than fashionably refined; our predecessors, therefore, deserved the less blame for their faults and the more praise for their excellences.

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[1] See later extracts from Lord Macaulay, Kingsley, Rev. E. Young.

It was not till later days that I learned that one of our forerunners had been mourning the expiring condition of British art.

Let the gentle Leslie's despairing tone over Constable's prophecy[1] that British art would disappear about 1852, together with his interpretation of its fulfilment in the death of Turner, bear witness to the fear of this being inevitable. With Stothard, Constable, and Wilkie dead, Etty past account, and Turner's glorious career at an end, no effort of elders could affect the imminent prospect. We young men had no disposition to lay our spring-like [illegible]s at the feet of such fatality. If the open road ended [illegible] impassable waste, we had to make a new way; it migh[illegible]ush through the forest darkness, to root out ve[illegible]dergrowth, to substitute wholesome stock, [illegible]e with shoots, to ripen hereafter for the refreshment of travellers overcome by their toilsome march. It is by seeking out the teaching of the secret-revealing years that the young can justify their usurpation of the seats of their fathers.

Our purpose was formed with deliberation, and we had such faith in our initial thought that we disdained caution in our plans. "Will you advance guardedly?" said General Morgan to his re-engaged Ironsides fighting to raise the siege of Dunkirk, "or will you go happy-go-lucky?" "Happy-go-lucky," replied they. We were as reckless in the manner of our advance. Their impetuosity ensured the warriors immediate victory, but our victory was for many years threatened, and has, to say the least, been much retarded by our impulsive course.

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[1] See heading to Chapter III.

The question, Who is truly an artist? is not a new one. Michael Angelo said that carrying a box of colours did not make a painter, and in our day to flaunt trivial fancies into dainty form, cherished by idle patrons as the choicest examples of taste, cannot be consistent with the high service which art is called upon to render. To lounge about from studio to studio and confer over the things that "go off" best, or to report the highest sum given in Paris for an appro[illegible] piece of manipulation, executed to suit the whim [illegible] star of the demi-monde, may be a step towards [illegible]ng vulgar favour and opulence, but the triump[illegible]rable one. With no larger aspiration than th[illegible] will a people be blessed as were those to whom the artist gave a national talisman for the conquest of ignorance and brutality? Art, as of old, should stamp a nation's individuality; it should be the witness of its life to all eternity.

To whom but the artist is relegated the task of giving a tangible and worthy image of the national body and mind, who else may select and uphold the visible sign of that beauty in his race which is most heroic physically and mentally? Who shall warn the people from the cramping distortions of the ephemeral tastes of the day? the fashion for such frivolity being the mark of the corruption of original sin. In antique nations, 'tis true, deadly vanities, insidious as tares, were so cherished, supplanting the true wheat and imperilling the vigour of the race; tares spread by the hand of that Sower who never leaves those unvexed who are constant on a great perfection.

All development has its root in a desire. Man must have a revered image in his mind's eye. The leading races of antiquity authorized art to stamp the national insignia on all products. Happy is that nation that develops a true art of its own! Nations, when feeble-spirited as to design, incapable of reflecting their own soul, have bowed to classical supremacy, and by this tribute have escaped much lurking evil. Had China accepted the teachings of Greek art the nation would have been incapable of hideously laming its women; had late ages in Europe cared for healthy art one hundredth part as much as they professed to do, the distortions of fashion would have been defied. Even in ancient times the artists who marched in the van of thought had more than imaginary foes to overcome. Xenophon, in the very days of Pheidias, tells of the wife of Ischomachus, who, till converted to wisdom by Socrates, made use of poisonous white lead and vermilion to heighten the charm of her complexion in her husband's eyes. The idle vulgar, indeed, have ever affected vanities to distinguish them from their more humble brethren, to whom fortune gave nothing but some implement wherewith to take part in the labour of the world. The small hand is in truth the mark of decaying vigour, but it is valued by the idle as a sign of high descent. In foppish centuries, dandies, like silly women, squeezed in their languid bodies with stays, and false artists flattered these follies. But as priests are bound to remove all veils from vice and preach that virtue alone is imperishable, so the true limner has to show the hideousness and deadliness of sham fascination by proving the everlasting dignity of the natural proportions of the human form. It is this perfection which enables man to overcome the brute, which gives him courage to guard his belongings from murder and rapine and to repress tyranny. It is no idle fancy of Keats that "to be first in Beauty is to be first in Might." The office of the artist should be looked upon as a priest's service in the temple of Nature, where ampler graces are revealed to those that have eyes to see, just as ever gentler chords announce the fuller life to those that have ears to hear, while declared Law opens up wide regions unordered and anarchic, where selfish greed has yet to be tutored into wise rule. In the circle of the initiated, responsive beings recognize the elimination of immature design in creation to be a triumph of patient endeavour, and they join in the chorus of those who "sang together for joy" on the attainment of the ideal of Heaven's Artist, who in overflowing bounty endowed the colourless world with prismatic radiance, prophesying of Titians yet to be who should go forth to charm away scales from the eyes of the blind.[1]

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[1] "We may say roughly that the spectrum of white light consists of 100 colours; since the colours of all cold natural bodies are those they reflect to us *when they can get it*, if they can't get it they must be colourless (dark night). I supplied the flowers with one colour only, *yellow*, or rather *orange* light. This was a hard trial for the red roses and the green leaves, and, in short, they made a mess of it, as you remember so well." — SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., June 6, 1905.

This refers to a demonstration made by Sir Norman Lockyer several years since, to prove that bodies have no power of producing colour, but can only reflect a selection from amongst the colours of the light that falls upon them. The source of all colour is therefore light.

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I resume work on Temple picture and make preparations to return alone to Oosdoom—The fellahin in open revolt—Start at dusk after much rain—*Mukary* sulky and superstitious about *effreets*—Principal mule falls in descent from Mar Elias—Pass Bethlehem—Robbers stone us—Nicola Beyrouti weeps agonizingly—Ride behind party to give protection—Suddenly near mule is down again—Ride to front—Remain on guard till he is on his feet again—Bivouac side of hill and start again before

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CHAPTER XVIII

1854

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PRE-RAPHAELITISM

AND

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

CHAPTER I

Sono io anche pittore.—Correggio.

I have begun my book with my progenitors and with childhood, partly because order gives all things view, partly because whatever we may assume, as we grow up, respecting the dignities of manhood, we all feel that childhood was a period of great importance to us.
Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*.

Bacon says of dramatic poetry that by means of it the results of personal action may be made more conformable to human desires than they are found to do in simple nature. In accordance with this dictum previous historians of Pre-Raphaelitism have dramatically improved upon the facts they have undertaken to elucidate. My evidence is not derived from outside suggestions bent to suit a pretty theory, but drawn from the records of my own memory, confirmed by the testimony left to us in the works of the active members of our circle, by documents of the time referred to, and by spontaneous admissions in the works published by the originators of the romances which I have to overturn.

As the many volumes written upon this subject have in tenor been preponderatingly of one character, public opinion is confirmed in the conclusion that these hitherto uncontradicted books contain the truth. I have read most of these compositions in whole or in part, and since I have undertaken the duties of a historian and feel myself responsible for the validity of the statements offered to the world, my narrative must conflict with nearly all those which have hitherto appeared on the purpose and progress of Pre-Raphaelitism.

I had long paused in writing these pages when the *Life of Sir John Everett Millais*[1] appeared. This book supplied the first accurate information about the relative positions of the first three active members of our Body. My memoranda had been put together only in the intervals of a much-taxed leisure, during which time many fresh writers had endorsed their predecessors' fables, and added to the credence in them, so that I lost heart, and had been more than once inclined to abandon my iconoclastic task. Sir Robert Walpole says that written history cannot by any possibility be true; the compilers of Pre-Raphaelite stories, so novel and astonishing, had for the time resigned me to agreement with the opinion of the experienced statesman; but the words of my old friend, my only companion in the beginning of the reform, as written and spoken by himself, and recorded by his son, have strengthened my original resolution to complete the unvarnished story.

Beyond the circle of Pre-Raphaelitism pure and simple it may be noted that, notwithstanding the number of references to art and artists in modern books, there are few questions on which there is more need of information derived from personal experience than the practice and the actual life of men pursuing the profession of art in England.

Outside the reform struggle which made opposition the more acute, the experiences of the working members of our Body were very much those of other artists at the same period who were directing their energies to subject painting.

In view of this, I shall extend my observations of particular experiences to the more general facts of our profession.

What British artists have hitherto done has been dependent almost exclusively upon private patronage, and this often but of a very measured kind; yet the outcome is a glorious first-fruit of the exceptional artistic genius of the race.

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[1] *Life of Sir J. E. Millais*, by his son.

As chronicler of Pre-Raphaelitism, some personal element must have prominence; thus only can I unfold the circumstances which led me to the centre where those other youths were found who played their part in the movement.

Having on my stage to present performers at first all inconspicuous, yet in fuller time made prominent enough by destiny to mingle with the distinguished of their age, it will be my privilege to add some little to the records of both. And this not as it were in Court attire, but in everyday dress—even kings and queens have sought distraction in putting aside the trappings of their royal state, and found ease in the garb of common subjects. As the records of such family life have been found pleasing by the world, so I trust that my story of the private life of these men of genius will glorify them not less than those more ceremonious histories, in which they appear as it were in stiff brocades and fine coats.

The history of my family claims a few words. Our earliest recorded ancestor had taken part against King Charles, and at the Restoration had sought service in the Protestant cause on the Continent. He returned with the army of William III., and busied himself in an attempt to recover the paternal property, which had fallen into alien hands. The law's delay drove him to engage in trade, and his children and grandchildren had to accept this as their only patrimony. My father had no admiration for those of the family "who continued hankering after the golden bird that had flown, and in doing so neglected the brood at home." One of his uncles at the beginning of the French Revolution had, in a traditional view of freedom, made it his business to go to Paris, where he got entangled, and was eventually lost in the political maelstrom. This intensified my father's dread of vagabond courses, which, as will be seen, did not fail to affect his attitude towards my passion for art. Yet he had not forsworn his love of liberty; it was only the recognition of changed circumstances that actuated his course and made him declare, "It is better to have the worst tyranny of kings, priests, and nobles, than that of the hydra-headed mob." Hence he was intent upon suppressing in the blood all flighty and unprofitable eccentricities; "Sober business alone," he said, "was the road to recover prosperity," and he held up to my admiration at all times steady business men who had so prospered.

Down to the middle of last century most merchants still lived above their places of business. My father, as manager of a warehouse, was living in Wood Street, Cheapside, and there I was born on the 2nd of April 1827. I was christened at the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in which Cromwell was married, and where the toil-worn body of Milton lies. My orderly way of life was not to be influenced by their ambitious courses, for I was from the first meant for a citizen of the most thorough business training, the more so because from babyhood I delighted in a dangerous taste for pencil markings. My father had evidently forgotten that when a child he himself was an artist, as was early proved to me by drawings preserved, duly framed and hung by his loving old aunt in her sitting-room, with the words "drawn by William Hunt, aged 9, 1809," written on them. I can call them up before me now in their quaker-like black and gilt frames, and I can declare they showed unusual aptitude of eye and hand. Dear old Aunt Nancy, with the bluest of eyes, and with cheeks vermeil-veined by the pencilling of nature, and with impulses of the most imperious benevolence! Certainly she had a fondness for all art, else when Edmund Kean came for the last time to the City to act, what made her declare that it would be shameful if the children did not see the great player? So she took a box for us, and he played *Sir Giles*

Overreach before our bewildered eyes and my astonished intelligence. Whether the love of art went farther back in the family I know not. With my father it was early crushed, except for its indulgence in the collecting of prints and the literature of art, and in the seeking acquaintance with a few painters living in the City. From my earliest years a great enjoyment to me on Sunday nights was the inspection of my father's scrap-books, his dissertations on each picture making them the more enthralling.

When I was about four years old we moved into the suburbs. Shortly afterwards fever came as an unwelcome guest, and my father stayed at home the better to protect the invalids. I escaped the infection; and when he could spare the time I prevailed upon him to colour some theatrical prints which had been bought for me. It was a passionate delight to me to watch him, and at last I begged a brush and some paints, with which to follow what seemed to me his supreme achievements.

How I idolised the implements when they were in my possession! The camel-hair pencil, with its translucent quill and rosy-coloured silk binding up its delicate hair at the base, all embedded together as in amber, was an equal joy with the gem-like cakes of paint. I carried them about with me in untiring love. A day or two of this joy had not exhausted it, when, alas! alas! the brush was lost. Search proved to be all in vain. I remember going around and over every track about the house and garden. Waking up from sorrowing sleep, in which my continuing pain had been finally relieved by a dream of the lost treasure lying ensconced in some quiet corner—I hurried to the spot, only to find it vacant. The loss was the greater trouble because it was my first terrible secret. That my father should ever forgive me for losing so beautiful an object was to my distracted mind impossible. What could be done? My hair was straight, fine, and of camel brush hue. I cut off pieces to test its fitness for the office of paint brush, and as I held a little lock I found that it would spread the tints fairly well, but what to do for a handle? Quill pens were too big, and I could not see how they could be neatly shortened. A piece of firewood carefully cut promised to make a more manageable stock. With my utmost skill I shaped this, and with a little length of coloured cotton I bound a stubborn sprout of hair upon the splint. I was disconcerted to find that it formed a hollow tube. It seemed perverse of fate to ordain that just in the handle where it was needed to be hollow it should be solid, and that the hair which should be solid would form an open pipe. Attempts to drill the stick into a tube failed; but there was an expedient for making the tuft fuller. Cutting a cross cleft in the bottom of the wood, I inserted a straight length of hair, which I then rebound with its crimson thread. With gum I managed patiently to bind down loose ends and to give an improving gloss to the whole. My fears grew apace, since every hour there was a danger of inquiry for the lost pencil. I summoned up, therefore, an assumption of assurance, trusting that my father would see no difference between my brush and his. I went forward to him, holding the trophy very tenderly lest it should fall to pieces. He turned his eyes; they became bewildered; his usual loving look made a frown from him the more to be dreaded. I fortified my spirit, saying, "Thank you very much, father, for your brush." He took it with, "What's this?" and turned it over. Breathless, I sobbed; he burst out laughing, and so brought a torrent of tears to my eyes. He exclaimed, "Oh, I see, it's my brush, is it?" caught me up and tossed me aloft several times, ending with a scrubbing on my cheek from his close-shaven chin. This was the reception of my first work of art.

I cannot remember when, after, as indeed before, this, I did not draw. I was as fond of noisy fun as other children, but in the intervals of play I always found a pencil to copy stray pictures within reach, or to represent what was in my memory or in my mind's eye.

My father's warehouse was now shifted to Dyer's Court, Aldermanbury. Its back looked on to Guildhall. It was one of the houses which had been built immediately after the great Fire—roomy, handsome, and meant to last till Doomsday. The space behind the ground floor had been covered to enlarge the storeroom for goods kept in stock. Beneath this ground level was a ramification of cellars which extended also beneath other houses. On the first floor the packing and ticketing of small parcels went on, and on two higher floors the stranger came upon the cause of a constant droning heard lower down. It was the rattling of a multitude of hand machines winding "Brooks'" cotton and thread into balls and on reels. When I was ascending to the upper floor my difficulty was to run through these apartments from the spring door at the top of the lower flight stealthily and swiftly enough to escape the toll of kissing which the young women winders always exacted when I was caught. The object of my quest was Henry Pinchers, of the velvet-binding room, whose wit sparkled and danced and thundered ; so that I laughed, sang, and trembled in turns, all with equal delight. When I asked why he had no whiskers, he very gravely said he bit them off inside. He complained that Robin Badfellow came in the night and undid his work, and what he had to tell of him was as endless as his girth of velvet lengths that encircled twin rollers. Once I thought I had tracked him into a corner in asking if as he had stated that in walking along the slippery pavements that morning he had slid back two steps for every one he had advanced, how had he got to the warehouse at all? "Don't you see, you silly boy, I turned round and walked backwards," was his reply.

My visits to the City generally had some special purpose ; sometimes it was to see the exercise of the Honourable Artillery Company, Bartholomew Fair (held for the last time in 1855), the Lord Mayor's Show, or a banquet at Guildhall. Whatever the attraction, the hours I thus passed furnished a highly valued treat. I was often allowed to go out with a porter, who, with knot on head, went sweating along under a weight of goods such as is never seen now on men's shoulders. Thus I learned to know the great City of London, and to love it enough to make me believe that I shall not be blamed for essaying to chronicle some phases of its picturesqueness which have since passed away: the images on the unblurred surface of a child's mind are clear and ineffaceable. Thus conducted, I saw and wondered at fascinating traces of what men who had lived in the days that were gone had put into solid form as their legacy to after time.

Wherever we turned there were new surprises, through narrow lanes and portalled walls. Here were plots of grassy land with garden beds, and trees swinging their green branches sweetly and happily, as though knowing that for them this oasis had been kept sacred from the builders' hands from the day when first it had been left by the narrowing Thames. There elms towered with swaying crowns above protected enclosures wherein rooks cawed with careless confidence as they built their nests, or brought food from afar for their young, perching awhile to scan the crowd below, as though with pride that they were the sign of the City's retention of rural memories.

Imprisoned below such a well-thronged rocketing canopy of foliage, there could still be seen at the corner of Wood Street a worthy successor of "The bird that sang loud," who addressed his audience from his rostrum in a palace of wickerwork all the day long. My guide had no breath for answering questions by the way, so I restrained my curiosity until he made use of one of the then frequent porters' rests; when he had deposited his burden thereon, I fired off my inquiries about the objects of interest we had passed. But porters are not historians, and I learned but little from him. As with him, so with all in turn. Each left me with the conviction that much of my curiosity was only foolishness.

To be told that Temple Bar was thus called "because there was no other name," that nobody knew whether

St. Paul's Cathedral or the Tower of London was the older, and that the martyrs were burned at Smithfield "because they were martyrs," was not satisfyingly instructive. Yet a tone of reproof could not be doubted, and it made me fear the exhausting of my mentor's patience, and value the more such facts as he could tell. Not only did I learn the streets, the public buildings, the churches, the open places, civic halls, and the tranquil oases of green courts, and look upon the last remaining buttresses of old London Bridge, but I entered the different warehouses with my guide, and so became familiar with the ins and outs on every floor of them, and I surmise it was in part to help me to acquire this knowledge that my father put me in charge of my stalwart companions.

One day a prize had come in my way in the form of lead pencils of different degrees of blackness. Securing from the "ticketing room" a print of Britannia seated, grasping in one hand her spear and in the other her shield, the British lion at her feet, I chose a suitable piece of cartridge paper and took possession of my favourite corner, one obscured from observation. The oaken counter made an excellent, although in parts over granulous, drawing-board. Delighted with the unprecedented beauty of my chiaroscuro work, I did not notice, until they were upon me, my father and a buyer who was being taken round to see what part of a large order could be executed without the delay of ten or twelve days' transit by canal from Manchester. The stranger asked, "And is this little boy part of your stock in hand, sir?" My father replied, "I cannot say, sir, that he has qualities conducive to business, but he has the great merit that when provided with paper and pencil we hear no more of him for hours."

There was one moment of the day full of awe for me. It was when all the busy noise had ceased, when each whirring wheel was dumb, when every workman, woman, and clerk had left their posts, and the floors below and above were in ghostly darkness, my father, armed with a bull's-eye, descended into the cellars, traversing each winding to its remotest corner, and, ascending, proceeded stage by stage, going slowly with every sense intent to make sure that nothing anywhere boded ill for the safety of the place. Every room, so lately palpitating with energy, lively conference, and the bandying of quick retort and laughter, was now silent as the void after a thunder-clap, and to my senses seemed as threatening; so that when my father, examining some newly arranged pile, shot a stream of glaring light into the distant mystery, it was to my awed mind like the flash of a searching eye from another world. I have known many rejoice that they were born in the green country, away from the haunts of men; I see reason to acknowledge many compensating enjoyments for any losses I may have suffered in my childish lot as a citizen.

One mid-day in the winter of 1834 my father took me with him to call upon an artist who was painting a picture of Herne Bay for him, the money for which he had already advanced. While the elders talked I stood enraptured before two large canvases, the objects of the artist's highest devotion. One was of the burning of the Houses of Parliament, and this was gorgeous in its display of regal flame, for the glare was supreme over the dark, half-demolished buildings, the sky, the shining river, the black barges, and the people. When my father's talk was over, I begged to be left behind to watch the painter at work. It was a startling request, and could only be granted on condition that I stayed on the stairs and looked through a little window to be opened for me. I accepted the terms gratefully, and stood there until dark. In the meantime the conflagration grew in volume to such an extent that two or three times the palette was put down, and the painter set to work with the muller on the slab to grind a fresh supply of vermilion and chrome yellow, an incendiary proceeding which I hailed, when once understood, with special acclamation, for it was ever the prelude to a fresh outburst of flame. His wife the while astounded me by her indifference to the magic of her husband's work—going to the stove, tending the grate, filling the kettle, spreading the tea-table, cutting the bread and butter, and summoning the children as though there was nothing in the world to wonder at. Then the husband, with sleeves turned up, sat down in turn like an ordinary mortal, taking his meal as though he had no more been in dreamland than had his imperturbable spouse. I watched the favoured circle from above. It was the family life of a poor artist, which I have since recognised in Dutch pictures representing the painter's studio, and to my mind it seemed as enchanting as could be conceived. When

WATCHING THE PAINTER FROM THE STAIRCASE.

daylight had gone a porter came for me and took me back to the warehouse. There I soon found two sheets of paper and a pencil, and, ensconced in my favourite corner, not without sighs over the inefficiency of my colourless lead, I taxed my memory for the features of the two compositions. The porter found me at work when the drawings were nearly completed, and held them up for general observation, pointing out the details as those which he had seen in the large pictures ; and so I had part of the professional artist's glory reflected upon me.

From early years my father was explicit in his measured toleration of my passion for art. He told me the story of Morland, and recounted many tales to illustrate the unsatisfactory fortunes of the career when trusted to as a means of livelihood. A few artists he knew of had won great renown, but even these were generally deep in debt ; and frequently, after a short period of favour from patrons, they ended their days in misery, hastened by dissipation and drink. In Roman Catholic countries there had been a steady use for painting and sculpture, he said, but here there was no settled demand for art. As a profession, therefore, it was out of the question, but as a diversion after business nothing could be more delightful. A man without a hobby was a poor creature. He did not, therefore, repress my disposition to draw ; on the contrary, when I left home for a boarding school he provided me with some large drawing-books and some lithographs to copy ; and, when visiting me there, he looked over these, and could not resist making some sketches himself. But my persistence eventually began to make him serious. At twelve and a half he asked me what I wanted to be, and when I said I had determined to be a painter I knew by his ominous silence that I had pained him. Soon after, my mother told me that I was to be removed from school, because my father was convinced that a boy might easily enter upon a city life too late, but never too early, and that he was taking steps to place me in a warehouse forthwith. The position he sought for me I knew to be one in which there would be no opportunity to draw, and so I determined to forestall my father. My knowledge of city warehouses taught me that for two years the full hours of each day, from 9 till 8 at night, would be fully occupied in going about with invoices for goods; and when, two years later, promotion came, it would be to take my post in a desk elevated like a pulpit, to write out the orders for the new-comers to distribute.

About this time it happened that a boy three years or so older than myself, who lived near us, was leaving his post of copying clerk to an estate agent. I ascertained full particulars of the duties, and persuaded my friend to take me to see his master. I set out with him to the office betimes one morning. While awaiting the master's arrival, I saw a good stock of tempting old-fashioned books, and a large Dutch painting of a furious battle—a formidable warrior bestriding a white horse, luminous against blackening smoke and sky.

After an hour's waiting, the arbiter of my fate arrived, and, inquiring who I was, said good-naturedly, "And what do you want?"

"I hear that William D—— is leaving your office, sir."

"And so he is!"

"Well, sir, I have thought that you might, if you please, take me instead. I know what he does, and indeed I could do it. I could copy letters and papers, and I am really far on in arithmetic."

"So you know addition, subtraction, and division?"

"Oh yes, sir! I am long past simple division and all that. I understand vulgar fractions, decimals, and algebra; I am right through the cyphering book, and I'm always at the head of the mental arithmetic class."

"And so you want to go out into the world to seek your fortunes? Does your father know of this?"

"He doesn't know I've come here, but he has taken me away from school to put me in a warehouse."

"Well, why don't you wait?"

"Please, sir, I'd rather come here."

"Humph! What age are you?"

"I'm nearly twelve and a half, sir."

"Your name's William. Well, Willie Winkie, I'll tell you what I should do if I were you. I should go to the Life-guards' barracks; they want smart young fellows there. I should enrol myself in Her Majesty's service at once as a Grenadier. What do you say to that?"

Feeling my footing insecure, I replied, "I really should like your place better. Will you try me?"

"Well, show me how you can write."

The result of trials in writing and arithmetic being satisfactory, I was set to read, and was then told that I might come on the following Monday, but only to fill the gap temporarily. My father was taken by surprise by my news, and went down to see my self-chosen master; liking him, it was agreed that affairs might take their course. After a trial of three weeks my principal fault was found to be in slowness of growth; and with a request that I would do my best to amend this, it was decided that I should stay with Mr. James.

In retrospect, it is remarkable that when circumstances outwardly seemed most unpromising, a special fate always kept open my artistic prospects. My employer, who on my introduction had made merry over my juvenility, later seemed to take more paternal interest in me on this very account. A shade had recently crossed his life which had made him kindly with his kind. Returning suddenly one day to the office, he saw me putting away a drawing in my desk. He asked about it, and examined my work approvingly. Fortunately, drawing turned out to be no crime in his eyes, and he pointed to a large cupboard, saying, "In there is a complete box of oil colours, brushes, palette, and everything necessary for painting, and some day we shall shut ourselves up and have a good day with them together, a thing I dearly love." It was not long before we did so, and then Mr. James proved himself to be a landscapist of high poetic order, introducing on his canvas a range of mountains, a grand waterfall, an expansive lake, and, wherever trees would not hide the enchanting distance, scattered forestry in profusion. Eventually I had the box with its treasures made over to me. Some colours being wanted, my master explained how the crude pigments and oils could be bought and mixed. I soon ground these for myself, and put them in bladders; thus I was started as a painter in oil in true practical form.

Shortly afterwards I was allowed to attend a mechanics' institute in the evenings to practise drawing; and my father, having an introduction to John Varley, took me one Sunday to see this remarkable professor of water-colour landscape and "Zodiacal Physiognomy." He lived in a neat, spotlessly curtained, six-roomed house in the Bayswater Road. He was not of grand stature, but somewhat obese; three or four very fat King Charles' spaniels were about him, which Mrs. Varley petted. It was difficult at first to get peace from the barking creatures, but spite of the noise, the artist's politeness and cordiality were admirable. In receiving me, he said he hoped that I should become as great an artist as his former pupil of my name, for he claimed William Hunt as of his training. Had my father been an aristocrat and I an amateur, bringing heavy purses, he could not have paid us more attention. He commented encouragingly on my drawings, and made independent sketches to explain his views; one favourite theory of his was that every object in nature was divided into triangles; and that the lines were at times curved, only veiled this fixed law. The human figure standing upright with arms extended, or again as crucified from its extremities, makes a figure of three sides; the features of the face seen in front are grouped in a triangle. In profile, again, the features form a triangle, from ear to chin, chin to eyebrow, eyebrow again to ear, and each feature is in its shape three-sided, even parts of each are triangles. A tree is an inverted triangle; a hill is a triangle on its base.

Nature, with its light and shade, is always at work dividing squares and parallelograms into triangles. The square sails of a boat, he went on to say, are thus transformed in a very striking manner. Then he chatted about astrology, enthusiastically defending the science ; adducing mythic histories, as explained by the rising and setting of heavenly bodies and their mutual influences. He mentioned particular animals born only at special seasons, and claimed that men appearing at the same junctures have similar characteristics. Abraham, he demonstrated, was born under Capricorn, and accordingly all Israelites had the features of this sign. Alexander the Great was born under Aries, and claimed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, consequently he was represented by the ancients with a ram's horn. Thus our kind host talked himself out of breath.

He showed us a copy of his book—or rather of the first number of a serial. It was excellently illustrated by John Linnell, and was to have been followed up, but the public never appreciated it enough to demand further parts. He sent us away with drawings for me to copy, and with his pamphlet on the occult laws for both father and son to study. He gave us a pressing invitation to come again soon, adding a request to my father for the exact moment of my nativity.

On our next visit, having studied the pamphlet, I recognised Mrs. Varley as the original of the profile, there given, of a native of the "House of Gemini."

In showing Varley my copies from his originals, my father revealed that I took special interest in figure-drawing. Not a bit discouraged in well-doing, the old gentleman, born evidently with the sun in the ascendant, left his drawing of "The Dead March in Saul," and led us upstairs to a back room, where he found some lithographic sketches of fisher boys and other rustic figures. He produced also a head in crayon, which he called a Rembrandt, and pressed me to take it home to copy. In the intervals he muttered aside to my father about my horoscope, emphasising certain dates pregnant with importance to me. I overheard that on arriving at seventeen, and again at twenty-seven, there were to be critical turning-points in my fortunes. I left him thus brimming over with goodness, never to see him any more, for he died soon after; and when I went to return the so-called Rembrandt, his house was deserted, and I could not then find, and have not yet found his relatives.

His cheerfulness was the more wonderful seeing that at that time he could not leave the house from fear of bailiffs except on Sundays. A friend met him one Sunday looking more than usually jolly, and on being challenged to explain, he said: "I never was in better trim in my life, for—what do you think?—I have now only three writs out against me that can actually take my person." With a soul larger than his body, he was a man never to be forgotten.

The indulgence of these visits was only a step to the further leave granted me by my father to spend my salary on weekly lessons from a City portrait painter, Henry Rogers, a pupil of Sharpe, who was himself a pupil of Beechy, who, in turn, had been a pupil of Reynolds. He had, if not the inventive merits of his forerunner, at least some of his secrets of pigment and oil mediums, which had not then generally proved themselves to be of treacherous value, as since they have done. The lessons of boldness I received from him ingrained certain habits and practices which afterwards cost me pain to eradicate.

Good Mr. James, when retiring from business, sought my father, and without any prompting from me, kindly pleaded his utmost that I should be allowed to become a painter. The arguments he advanced, and the independent interest shown, had weight for three or four weeks.

CHAPTER II

> Learning taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried.
>
> BACON.

BEING at liberty, and without experienced counsel, I could not light upon any mode of study better than to draw at home from a few casts and some lithographic drawings then sold as copies for learners. I had commenced the study of music, both violin and singing, but as I had no room of my own apart, the remonstrances of the family at my scraping seemed highly reasonable. It was most undesirable to increase the trials caused by my intractability, so I abandoned fiddling to earn more toleration for my special art. Before many days of my freedom had passed, I gratified my desire to visit the National Gallery, to see with my actual eyes the great masters of whose glory I had read with longing fancy. When the mere description of their beauties had given such delight, how wonderful, I thought, would be the perfection of the works themselves when I stood before what every panegyrist declared to be beyond the power of words to express! I went on a very cold day; the warmth of the galleries acted as a welcome. I passed through the nearer rooms; the pictures seemed appropriate enough for introductory examples; there were several that I should return to, and so satisfy aroused curiosity, but I wanted to see the "real masterpieces." I found myself at last in a gallery apparently without exit. Going back to its entrance, I found a small door to the left. I entered; it was empty, and had no room beyond. Coming out, a tall and handsome official asked me what I was seeking. "Oh," said I, "you will be my guide. I am wanting to find the really grand paintings of the great masters; will you direct me?" He looked suspiciously at me a few seconds, and then said, "Here they are around you." I knew the man afterwards very well. He was said to be a descendant of the Earl of Derwentwater, perhaps only because he would have graced any noble house by his look and bearing! At this moment he had slowly become convinced that I was quite serious. Yet he saw that I needed humiliation. "Why," he said, with extended arm turned to one canvas after another, "that's the 'Raising of Lazarus,' by Sebastian del Piombo, with at least the principal figure designed by Michael Angelo. The French nation made an offer for it, with payment to be made in gold coin to cover the surface entirely. That tall picture is a Parmigiano, thought to be his finest work. There are two very choice Murillos; and that picture before you, sir, of 'Bacchus and Ariadne' is one of the finest specimens existing of the greatest colourist in the world." Here he stopped to understand my paralysed expression. "Can't you see its beauty, sir?" "Not much, I must confess," I slowly stammered; "it is as brown as my grandmother's painted tea-tray." He stared hopelessly and then left me, only adding as a parting shot, "In the other rooms there are some wonderful Rubens, a consummate Guido, a miraculous head by Vandyke, and several supremely fine Rembrandts; they will at least equal your grandmother's tea-tray; perhaps you'll be able to see some beauty in *them*."

I stood spellbound before the Titian, but not with sudden conversion of feeling. It was darker in tone than it is now. The dilettanti of the early century disliked bright pictures, and the dealers suited their taste with a liberal coating of tobacco decoction and other more damaging washes. About six years later the picture was cleaned, and every one was startled on seeing the difference, many declaring in the newspapers that the work, with others so treated, was absolutely ruined. I did not have to wait so long as this to know how great had been my ignorance in judgment of the work of the Venetian master, for within this period I made a small study of it to discriminate the beauty of its tints and the principles of its coloration. The so-called head of Gevartius I wondered at and bowed before, and there were a few other heads that raised my interest and untrained admiration. "Venus attired by the Graces," from the hand of Guido, was a large picture which then challenged attention, but it offended me by its empty pretension, and this obtrusive painting prevented me from observing pictures which, years afterwards, I grew to love, when I wondered I had not admired them at first, despite the little measure of enlightenment I had on my first visit. Vapid canvases in other rooms lowered my enthusiasm still more, till on further search I was attracted by some works which gave me calm pleasure. The "Dead Christ," by Francia, kept me before it a long time. I never after derived so much enjoyment from it as on this first boyish visit, but it brought me a stage on the way to higher things. The "Marriage à la Mode" taxed another phase of the same feeling of pity. These pictures had then the appearance of having been only lately completed; every touch seemed everlasting and clear as if done in enamel, and they were still in this state some twenty years later when they were sent to the South Kensington Museum. There a monster named Reid, with an overbearing confidence in some system of ventilation, had his own way, and by placing hot air-pipes immediately under the pictures, with a horizontal opening nine inches below, and a ventilator along the ceiling of the room, effectively baked the paintings, cracking one seriously. They were thus perfectly prepared for the restorer's hands, who, however, never brought back their pristine beauty of manipulation or sweet colour, as I saw them in the month of January 1841. When returned to the National Gallery, they were still in the exquisitely carved frames designed and executed by Hogarth himself.

I confessed my opinion of the old masters to my drawing and painting master, Mr. Rogers, frankly adding that some of his portraits seemed pretty well equal to the best. He had the honest modesty to assure me that I should think differently when I understood the matter better.

I accepted trustingly the rebuke to my uncorrected judgment, although I had a strong conviction that Guido's "Venus attired by the Graces" and other such-like works would be dead letters to me; the merits of others, too deep in solemn dignity of magnificence to carry on their faces the showy dazzle I had expected, before long convinced me that perfect taste can only be earned by cultivation. The liberty which allowed me to visit the National Gallery at will was soon to come to an end, for after this freedom my father's idea that the pursuit of painting was a dangerous one revived. He told my mother that he would take immediate steps to find me a berth in a strict house of business; not a day, not a moment was to be lost; so I anticipated my father by again settling the matter myself. My engagement this time was at the London agency of Richard Cobden's Manchester business. It was in the days of the Corn Law agitation, and of Cobden's entrance into Parliament. I saw the great warrior in the days of his prime. I read with attention all his pamphlets, speeches, and the works of his friends on one side, and most of the leaders in the *Times* and elsewhere on the other, and feeling strongly the peril which the agitators ignored of leaving our country to depend upon the external supply of corn in the event of war, I wrote an anonymous letter to the papers in opposition to the views of my principal. The editors disdained to notice my patriotic effusion, but the rebuff did not discourage my ambition to do public service. Writing, indeed, made me a more attentive reader, and my employer's example encouraged me to value the cultivation of a larger ambition than that of the mere making of a personal fortune, which my elders set before me.

On Sundays at times I was given entrance to a picture restorer's in the City who had his house full of paintings of various sizes and styles. Some of these must have astonished their owners on their return home by their brilliancy and freshness, for the cracks and discolorations were effectually removed by a very simple process.

The works under renovation were in different stages of progress, but the painter only seemed to attend on week days, and I never saw him.

About this time my sister, after a visit to some friends at Holloway, told me that a neighbour there had a young nephew who was a perfect wonder in his power of drawing. He was only about twelve, was already a student of the Royal Academy Schools, and four years before had won a medal at the Society of Arts. The boy often came to his uncle's house and made drawings, not only of members of the family, but also of fanciful subjects, which all agreed were marvellous. What surprised me more than all else in this statement was that the boy's family were delighted at the prospect of his becoming an artist. My sister at first thought that his name was Ebemy, but subsequently she discovered it was Millais.

My faith in the future became at times very vague. It seemed as though I had done little good by acting for myself, but suddenly it turned out that even in my unpromising office I was not left without an unexpected aid to the forbidden pursuit. Before I had become thoroughly established at my post—having no previous announcement of the existence of such an *habitué*—a gentleman entered the back office, and after my vainly suggesting that he had better go to the front room, proceeded to take off his overcoat and hang it up. To my further question as to his business he replied in north country accent that I should see. He then unlocked drawers in a table standing in the corner, and astonished me by revealing a drawing board with strained white paper, a mahogany box of superfine water-colours, a porcelain slab with divided compartments, mathematical instruments, and a set of lead pencils, indiarubber, and vessels for water. "What does all this mean?" I asked. He answered as before, and putting the materials on the desk—my desk—by the window, he then, with the help of notes in his pocket-book, elaborated a design for a calico pattern. I immediately caught the infection, and for some weeks gave myself up with unrestrained devotion to the pursuit of ornamental design, which, it was evident to me, was one of the noblest branches of the art, and ought to be cultivated by every artist. When he left, I devoted myself to painting the panels of the room in oil, with the illustrations, on an enlarged scale, of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, and of Kenny Meadows's designs to Shakespeare, which were then being issued. I also executed some original designs on mill-board.

At this date Harrison Ainsworth's *Old Saint Paul's* was coming out in the *Sunday Times*. It dealt with the beloved city, and treated of all the streets and by-ways that I knew so well. Solomon Eagle was the very figure of tragic romance for a boy, and I came to the end of each instalment of the thrilling story with nervous reluctance. I could not wait a whole week for the progress of the plot, so I set to work to write down what I deemed ought to follow. When the full complement of matter for the next week was finished, it occurred to me that if the author were ill, or in some way hindered from supplying his quantum of excitement to the expectant public, the loss would be one that the world could never bear, and to save it from such a possible calamity I forwarded my own understudy. When the master's chapters appeared I felt obliged to bow to them as above competition in all but the startling character of the situations, in which it seemed to me I more than rivalled the original author.

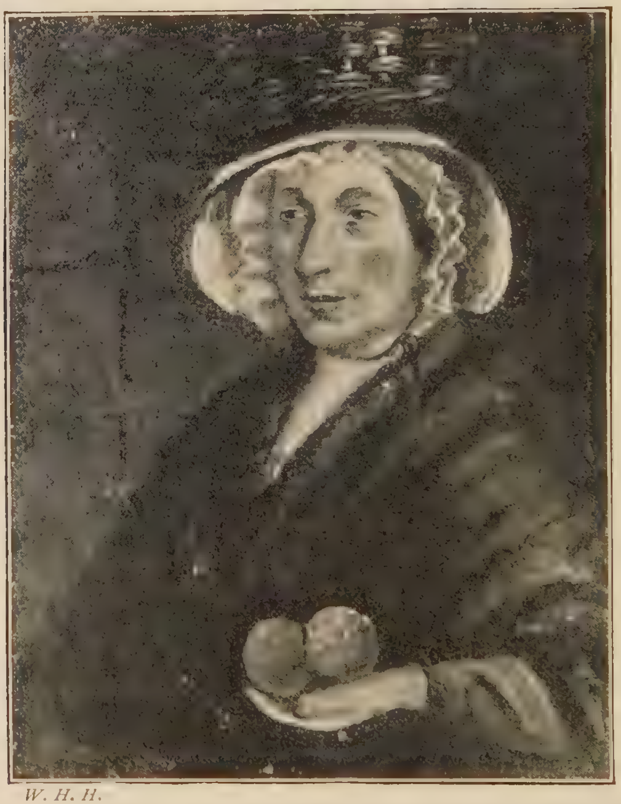
I must not convey the impression that the respite from my routine of duties was unlimited. There was the diary to keep, letters to copy, the sorting and putting in order of sample folios, which contained the patterns of the stuffs from which selections were made by buyers, and between such duties there was running with messages. Art could be followed in the back room only when there was no work to be done. When I had completed pressing tasks, and had to stay in the front office for callers, I could not write other than business papers, nor could I draw on any scale that would be noticed ; but often I could read, and took advantage of the opportunity, bringing a book from home. I thus re-read Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures, his Notes on De Fresnoy, and Percy's *Anecdotes of Artists*, all of which helped to make the painters of old days familiar to me. Two volumes of the *Library of Fine Arts*, published ten years before, made me well acquainted with British artists, and from articles by travelled architects and artists in it I grew familiar with the appearance of the buildings of Italy, and with many of the great pictures to be found there in churches and public galleries. I also extended my knowledge in the varieties of style of the great masters, and their relations to different schools, which, with what I already knew—not a little of this from the *Penny Magazine*—put me into a position to follow up clues when larger opportunities presented themselves. My weekly evenings at the city portrait painter's still went on. In the summer my only opportunity of painting landscape from nature was on Sundays. I walked along roads adorned with blossoming trees showing their loveliness to the rising sun, and turned into secret lanes, to emerge at the descent into the wide leas with the rushy river in sight. Walking along its banks I spied out the shy fish, and rejoiced with the happy birds quadrilling around the sentinel trees ; finally, with a walk along the canal towing-path I arrived, paint-box in hand, at old Chingford Church, and in shade of the yew-tree unpacked my tools and summoned courage for my novice hand to interpret the rapturous charms of the place. The year before I had gone every Sunday to church, but the combination of three services into one with the reiteration of prayers palled upon me, while the stories that I had met with in Fox's *Book of Martyrs* of the persecution of dissenters by ecclesiastical authority in the Merry Monarch's days made me listen to the praises of a wonderful Nonconformist preacher, whose chapel then became my temple. The minister was so eloquent that it seemed desirable to record his flowing words. I rapidly took down the sermon, but though I could not always get to the end of his successive phrases, I soon found that these concluding sentences were stereotyped, and gradually I learnt from the opening of a new passage of eloquence what the end would be. I represented these by varied forms and dashes, and was thus soon brought to the conviction that I had reached the bottom of the preacher's mine of wisdom, and that I was listening only to a learned parrot. My weekly holiday was not given to me to be used thus, and I had no further misgivings in hearkening to the birds' call and the clang of the bells of Chingford Church rather than to the tinkling of the Lady Huntingdon's Chapel.

Painting from outdoor nature without any preconception of treatment is not done without self-conflict. I had endeavoured to make my transcript true, but I was not proud of the result, so that it was not without hesitation that I showed it to Mr. Rogers. "Oh, dear no, certainly not," he exclaimed. "You haven't any idea of the key in which nature has to be treated; you must not paint foliage green like a cabbage; that'll never do. You say that the ivy on the tower, and still more the grass below, was very bright green, but no one with a true eye for colour sees them so. Constable, who is just lately dead, tried to paint landscape green, but he only proved his wrong-headedness; in fact he had no eye for colour. I'll show you a small picture I did when last in the country; there now, you see all the trees and grass, which an ignorant person would paint with greens, I've mellowed into soft yellows and rich browns." It was so, and it looked most masterly and exemplary. I could not say that nature ever put on that aspect towards me, but he said encouragingly that if I worked in the right way, an eye for nature might come at last.

One of my father's City friends had a cousin named Anderson who was an artist. We had an invitation to go one evening to see the painter; he lived in Maida Vale, and he gave us generous, though simple, entertainment. He took us into his studio, where the only work in hand was a large Canaletto, of which he was repairing certain damaged parts, all in a perfectly honest and capable manner. What else he did for his livelihood I could not ascertain.

While still in the City, I fulfilled all the duties required of me without stint or complaint. In those days there were no Bank holidays, and no Saturday afternoon releases, and during the whole period of my engagement only once did I obtain leave of absence. It was settled the week before that a whole afternoon in June should be mine for going to the Royal Academy Exhibition. When the momentous hour to leave arrived, my master asked me to wait until he returned from a hasty call; but it was past five o'clock before I was free. Soon after, my father and I were among the pictures. There I was superabundantly gratified, for after we had made an enthusiastic general survey of them, and were returning for a reinspection, there proved to be some unwonted interest in the central room. All the public had pressed themselves into one half of the space, leaving the remainder to an elderly gentleman and a much younger lady, who stood rapt in delight before a painting by Landseer representing in a marvellous manner two very sleek and shiny dogs, and a still more glossy hat. The gentleman talked with undisturbed attention to his graceful companion. He was dressed in a blue coat and white trousers. I stared at all the company in turn. When I appealed to my father he bade me guess who the honoured stranger was. I had never before seen any national hero; each that I knew of by engravings I had outlined in turn. This personage was undoubtedly like him who in the last struggle for European supremacy had held in his strong hand the baton of England's righteous will, and had not put it down until it was wreathed with the victorious olive branch; it gave to common life a sublime exaltation to have him before us dressed so simply, for slowly it dawned upon me that he was no other than the Duke of Wellington!

I had completed nearly four years of servitude when an incident occurred which in the end severed my connection with the City. In the autumn my master had been out of town for some days, and I had merely to attend in the office at discretion. An old Jewess who perambulated the warehouse offices selling oranges called and asked me to buy of her, if only for a handsel to break her ill-luck of the morning. "I can't buy your oranges, Hannah, but if you like to come into the back office I will paint your portrait," I said. She was delighted, and consented on condition that I should give her a duplicate for herself. I set to work on a sheet of sized paper, representing her as she walked about, with basket on head and oranges in hand. The opportunities were broken and brief, but in a few days the portrait was advanced enough to be recognisable. It was pinned up to dry one day when my master suddenly returned. After I had explained the ordinary business to him, he pursued me into the back office with questions, where old Hannah hung confronting him in all the beauty of new paint. The surprise made him forget the matter in hand. He broke into loud laughter, and went out for a few minutes, returning with friends from the nearest warehouse, who shared his merriment in their recognition of old Hannah. They appealed to me to lend them the portrait for their friends to see, and overruled my objection, taking with them my injunction not to let my father see it. In the evening he told me of an extraordinary likeness of old Hannah of which he had heard; he had not yet learned who the artist was, but he thought that I ought to see it. When he discovered the author my father went to my employer complaining that I had not enough to do, and said that if nothing more could be found to occupy me he must get me another berth. All this disturbance prevented the completion of old Hannah's portrait. He then talked to me seriously, adducing all the difficulties of Haydon,[1] and repeated gossip concerning



OLD HANNAH.

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[1] It may here be interesting to add, as showing that art had its patrons among City warehousemen sixty years ago, that some of Haydon's pictures

Landseer[1] and others, the most elevated in the profession, which proved that even they were in incessant monetary difficulties. He referred to a former proposal of his that I should take to ornamental design, an idea suggested by the history of Sir Walter Scott, who being consulted by a young artist named Hayes as to his future, had advised him to turn to house decoration as a business instead of the career of picture painting. This advice the young man had submissively taken, prospering in Edinburgh very greatly, and becoming known as the author of a book (which my father had given me to read) on *Harmony of Colour*. "Now," he said, "even this prospect is disappearing, for it is the fashion to give such work to foreigners." This had just been done at the Royal Exchange, where Herr Sangg and his assistants had come to paint the interior decoration, leaving behind them a sample of the approved taste of the time.

The contest with my father was a protracted one, and in the meantime my master put in practice the severer discipline recommended; this I bore for a while with resolve growing in my soul the stronger, until at last I told my employer that I would wait only until he found another to fill my place. I refused increased salary and prospects, and I countermined my father's caution to him not to receive my notice by saying firmly that I would enlist for a soldier rather than stay. To my father himself I said, "When I was twelve and a half I feel you would have been wrong, thinking as you did, to allow me to drift into a pursuit you thought objectionable. I am now sixteen and a half; if you kept me at business until I were twenty-one I should then become an artist with but a poor chance of accomplishing anything. I will not put the responsibility upon you now; I know the profession is a hard one, but I have made up my mind to

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were hanging in the counting-house of Messrs. Bennoch and Twentyman, a firm long extinct. Mr. Bennoch was a patron of the arts, a poet of no mean order, and was wont to relate many stories of the unfortunate Haydon.

[1] It was only some years later that by the friendly business-like help of Mr. Jacob Bell, Landseer became prosperous in his profession.

trust myself to it. I have promises of work to start with, and what I gain from this will be enough to help me in my studentship." I determined in no way to tax the family funds, as I wished to avoid interfering with a plan he had committed himself to, of adding his savings to a small inheritance from his good aunt, that it might grow into a due provision for old age.

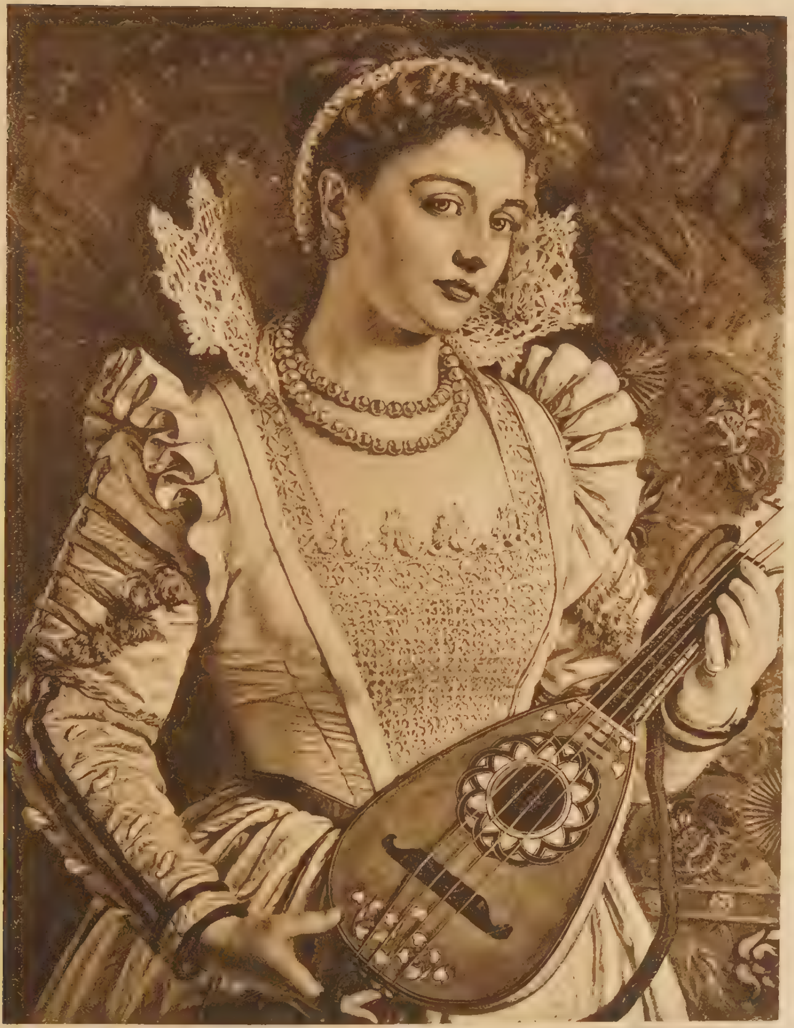
I was resolved, however, to convince them that henceforth they must look upon me as acting, rightly or wrongly, by my own deliberate will, and regard themselves as being without responsibility for the course I took. Considering the condition of affairs at the time, I did not think my father wrong in using all just authority to restrain me. My mother had, I know, wished to take my side, but she too was sure that I was rash, and that the outlook which I faced was a bad one.

I have been the more precise in giving the particulars of the differences between my family and myself because erroneous statements on the subject have been published. In my father's day the view taken of the profession by well-informed people may be contrasted with the equally extreme notion of this day, that success, and even fortune, must attend the pursuit of the arts, a conviction whose consequences too often involve the adventurer in disaster.

My release seemed very long in coming, but at last I bade my sympathetic master, whose portrait I first painted, farewell. My father gave me a letter to Mr. E. Hawkins of the Sculpture Department of the British Museum asking permission for me to draw there. In accordance with my declaration of self-reliance, a suitable room in the City was found to paint the portraits impulsively ordered from me by the admirers of the picture of old Hannah. Alas! the commissions nearly all proved to be empty words. Some of my promised patrons said that as I was now studying seriously for the profession, they would prefer to wait until I had made some advance. One betrothed gentleman had miniatures painted in oil of himself and his intended bride, but his only mark of true appreciation was in taking them away, leaving me unpaid. I modernised the costume of two portraits painted twenty years before, and corrected the too jovial expression of a likeness taken a decade back for another patron, who thought he had a right to look sober. For a third, I renovated the Sea of Galilee—which certainly was unduly bituminous—in a Dutch panel of Jesus stilling the waves, and for that I gained ten shillings. While waiting for other patronage I made oil copies of prints of Dutch topers after Teniers, the dullest of a school which had noble members in its ranks. For disciples of Isaac Walton I did some copies of "The Enthusiast fishing in a Tub," for little dealers the picture of "The Cobbler reading the *Weekly Register*," and, in fact, anything that would bring shillings. Two or three portraits which I painted for steadfast admirers were not enough to keep up my studio, and it was abandoned; but a good uncle (who, if he had failed in his word then, would have done so for the only time in his life) gave me the portraits of his children to paint at his own house. Still I was nigh to being bankrupt more than once, on one occasion only escaping by the loan of the contents of her money-box from a good sister; but I went on steadily at the Museum three days a week, and later I worked two days at the National Gallery, and sometimes at the British Institution.

I had by no means forgotten the wonderful young draughtsman of whom my sister had spoken. There was no need of inquiry, for of all the students at the Royal Academy who were looked up to as having already achieved distinction, at least amongst their discriminating fellows, no name was so often mentioned as that of Millais. I was soon to see his work, for Sir Richard Westmacott (from an introduction secured by my father) had kindly written the letter of recommendation for me to be sent in with drawings for my probationership at the Academy Schools, and had also supplied me with a card of admission to the lectures. This was in 1843. I attended these assiduously, and as December 10 came near I saw the competitors' drawings from the Life and from the Antique with copies of a picture by Vandÿke placed on the walls.

The competitors' works were in the middle room, where the light was by no means good, yet the contributions were spiritedly discussed, and there was an earnest dispute as to whether young Millais would get the second or the first medal. The uncertainty arose from doubt as to the standing of drawings by a student of thirty summers. When the clock was near striking, all the students took their places in the lecture room. This was furnished above the dais with the copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper"; Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," copied by Northcott, was on the left, and some copies of Raphael's cartoons occupied the other walls. Attention to the masterpieces was but transient, for no eyes were long withdrawn from the door, where, by the curtain, stood the gorgeous porter dressed in scarlet. After a protracted time he put aside his saucy assumption of indifference, threw open the doors, and the procession entered, led by the stately Keeper, Mr. Jones (the President at the time being an invalid), while at his left hand walked a stunted gentleman, unimposing in form, inelegantly dressed, and shambling in gait. Part of his ungracefulness was attributable to a big head, with somewhat large features, which, although not handsome, bespoke the right to be at home in any presence. Behind came some few, men of dignified appearance and bearing, Cockerell strikingly so, with white hair and black eyebrows, Leslie, Howard, and Ross following—all courtly-looking gentlemen. Next came Stanfield, Roberts, Webster, Mulready, who was then of perfect build and beautiful face, and Maclise, who was singularly handsome, of the same type as Byron, but more handsome, as an old gentleman who had known both in later days told me. Etty, with a great brow and modest deportment, though short and stout, looked distinguished. I turned again,



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with curiosity as to his personality, to the inelegant but honoured member in front, who had then stopped with the Keeper just in face of the rostrum. Mr. Jones could be seen bowing (he could not be heard by reason of the ovation), and with extended hands gracefully inviting the unknown one on his left to ascend and take the duties of the evening. He, however, merely shook himself like an unwilling child; being pressed further in the most courteous manner by the Deputy-president, he betrayed some irritation in his further gesticulation, his coat tails swept from side to side, and he brought the matter to a close by hurrying to a seat placed with its back to the audience. This was J. M. W. Turner. Mr. Jones waited to catch his eye, then bowed, ascended to the chair, and commenced his address. Then the distribution of the medals followed, a function which seemed of eternal moment to the students. When it came to the turn of the antique school, attention was breathless as the preliminary words were uttered slowly, and the name of John Everett Millais was given as the winner of the first prize. A moment's pause, and out of the press a slim lad with curly hair and white collar arose eagerly, and was handed from seat to seat till he descended into the arena, where, remembering his manners, he bowed, and approached the desk. As he returned, the applause was boisterous, occasioning some reluctance to advance in the less favoured competitor.

I had not until now seen either the boy of whom I had heard so much, or his drawings; I had formed so exalted an idea of both, that it would have been a pain to me had either fallen short of my standard. In the conception of a yet unknown living hero the image cherished becomes so dear that too often the reality is a disenchantment. It was not so in this case; the boy Millais was exactly what I had pictured him, and his work just as accomplished as I had thought it to be.

About this date I sent in a drawing to gain admission as a probationer to the Royal Academy. When the names of the successful candidates were published, I searched through the odd twenty, and mine was not among them. This failure sadly humiliated me, but I found a means of lessening the bitterness of the defeat to my family by explaining that I had but half-time to work at simple drawing. In the schools there were fashions in drawing, as there are in all human affairs, and I had scarcely taken pains to consider the methods in vogue; my apology was not without reason. Sasse's school in particular was recommended by Academicians, and the drawings that issued from it, with their mechanical precision, were favoured by the examiners. Many students who worked there shaded their drawings with the most regular cross hatching, putting a dot in every empty space; thus the figure was blocked out into flat angular surfaces, which, ultimately blended by half-tints, produced the required modelling; for all such systems I had neither time nor inclination. My father was not satisfied with my excuse, because behind his declared misgivings was another, not warranted, that I was idle. Having come to the Museum one day in the winter soon after I began to draw in its galleries, he entered the Cast Room when I, with other students, were collected around the only stove on the premises to eat our biscuits, and discovered me just as I had interposed between two equally quarrelsome but ill-matched students who were coming to blows. I knew this misunderstood incident had disturbed his confidence in my assiduity.

Among my fellow-students I had recognised that some were in advance of myself in power of drawing, and of these a few were not so old as I was. I tried hard to judge the question of my relative position impartially before I decided that others were behind me. Some of the students, by natural defect, could not by any chance ever become artists, and many of these were by no means devoid of talent of another order; neither they, nor their compeers who were dull in other respects, were at all discouraged, each fresh effort they made was a failure to all but themselves; but they were supremely content. Some, indeed, had been favoured with probationership at the Academy, yet there could be no doubt of their incapacity. Was it possible, I questioned, that unwittingly I was as blind as they? After six months of close work, which, however, was still in great part on canvas with the brush, I tried again, without doubting that success would follow, but when I stood before the new list of probationers I had the bitterness of finding that my name was again absent. My father now spoke, with good right, very seriously. I was wasting my time and energy; he added that I could paint well enough to win admiration from friends, but to compete with genius, fostered by the best instruction and opportunities, collected from the whole country, was a very different matter. "Are you not yourself convinced?" he said in conclusion, and indeed his argument affected me strongly, for to be an artist only on sufferance was not my ambition; a student can scarcely judge his own position, and I had no one to tell me the truth. Ought I to conclude that want of success proved my want of ability? In less doleful mood I accounted for my failure by the fact that I had not developed the habit of methodical neatness.

It had appeared to me to be a waste of effort for an artist (not an engraver) to rival the precision of engine-turning on a watch, and to spend days even on the background of a study made to teach him beautiful form; but when I looked again on my rejected drawing, I could see that, although it might be free from slavish method, it was marked by slovenliness, and even an affectation of indifference to neatness and care, which might justly offend the eye of judges sitting on the works of candidates for promotion even to the lowest stages of strict training. It was on the strength of my determined reformation in handling, which should strike pitilessly at the root of an off-hand style, that I relied when I asked my father to delay for another six months the decision he asked from me to return to business life of some kind. If on the next competition at Trafalgar Square the verdict were against me, I promised to submit to his wish as final.

Henceforth I drew, not, indeed, on the geometric system, but with great care and delicacy. It being late in the summer, my fellow-students were holiday-making. One day, when absorbed in my work in the Sculpture Gallery, a boy who was going through the gallery darted aside and stood for a few minutes attentively behind me. After close scrutiny he went off as suddenly; observing that he had a black velvet tunic, a belt, and shining bright brown hair curling over a white turned-down collar, I recognised that he was the boy Millais whom I had seen receive the Academy antique medal. Later in the day I went into the Elgin Room with the intention of glancing in passing over the student's shoulder; he was drawing the Illysus. As I approached he suddenly turned with, "I say, are not you the fellow doing that good drawing in No. XIII. room? You ought to be at the Academy."

"That is exactly my opinion," I returned. "But unfortunately the Council have twice decided the other way." "You just send the drawing you are doing now, and you'll be in like a shot. You take my word for it; I ought to know; I've been there as a student, you know, five years. I got the first medal last year in the antique, and it's not the first given me, I can tell you." I asked him about the method of drawing most in fashion, explaining that I must not neglect any means of increasing my chance of acceptance. "Oh, the blocking-out system serves to make beginners understand the solidity of figures given by light and shade, modified by reflections and half-tints, and to get over muddling about with dirty chalk; you know all that. Very few fellows stick to it for long. I do sometimes use gray paper with white, but I like white paper just now. You see I sketch the lines in with charcoal, and when I go over with chalk I rub in the whole with wash leather, take out the lights with bread, and work up the shadows till it's finished; but I do sometimes work altogether with the point, and if either is done well it makes little or no difference to the Council. Don't you be afraid; you're all right. I say, tell me whether you have begun to paint? What? I'm never to tell; it is your deadly secret. Ah! ah! ah! that's a good joke. You'll be drawn and quartered without ever being respectably hung by the Council of 'Forty' if you are known to have painted before completing your full course in the Antique. Why, I'm as bad as you, for I've painted a long while. I say, do you ever sell what you do? So do I. I've often got ten pounds, and even double. Do you paint portraits?"

"Yes," I said, "but I'm terribly behind you."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Well, I'm seventeen," I replied.

"I'm only fifteen just struck, but don't you be afraid. Why, there are students of the Academy just fifty and more. There's old Pickering; he once got a picture into the Exhibition, and he quite counts upon making a sensation when he has finished his course, but he is very reluctant to force on his genius. Will you be here to-morrow?"

"No," I whispered, "it's my portrait day, but don't betray me. Good-bye."

"Don't you be down in the mouth," he laughed out, as I walked away more light-hearted than I had been for many months, my unexpected conference with the prize student in whose personality I had so long passively felt interest having cheered me up. It was long ere I saw him again. For some reason not remembered I made another drawing for the probationership, which I gained at the next trial, and in due order a student's place. It will be seen that I used to envy those who could work unremittingly only at drawing, since this was prescribed as the proper course; but eventually, although my time at the Antique and the Life was curtailed by continual practice with colour, I saw reason to change my favourable opinion of the approved routine. Many students who made excellent specimen drawings did them without profit for the end of study, and later they had all the difficulty of painting to encounter, as quite a strange and complicated mystery.

In the National Gallery I contrived to combine discipline with the need of providing means to purchase materials, for often I sold the copies I made, and sometimes I acted as journeyman for others, who, from want of a place on the oil list, or from the discovery of the difficulty of the task, could not do the commissions they had received. Once, late in my course there, a shrewd fellow-student asked me to do for him a copy of all the figures in Rembrandt's "Woman taken in Adultery." As we could not tell how much I could finish, it was agreed that the question of pay should be left till the conclusion of the work. In thirteen days I painted the whole group of figures and the immediate background, and considering the opportunity, I did it nearly as well as ever I could, for this incident is given somewhat in advance of date. I stated the time I had spent, and left the question of payment to him. He said he thought fifteen shillings would be fair. Astonished, I represented that a full palette with use of brushes would cost a shilling each day, but he turned the tables, saying, "But I observed that you were very wasteful, often having madders and expensive colours when the day's work could have been done with none but cheap ones." This was unanswerable. I bowed to him as to a superior genius, and took his price. In painting the background and slobbering his glazings over my work he effected its debasement. (I heard later that, by screwing in all transactions and leaving art altogether, he became a rich man.) Thus exercised, I gained a practical knowledge of the ancient masters then represented in London; and this was fast becoming of importance in my eyes, helping me for my own guidance to look more independently upon the state of art as developed by living men. I had gained much by my humiliation before being accepted as a student, the principal good lying in the discovery that an artist must ever sit in judgment upon his art himself, and throw away the "worser part." I was never successful in working for medals — many dunces made more presentable drawings than mine; but except that I should have been glad to cheer up my parents, I fretted little at my failures in competition. Feeling that I had many defects to eradicate, I strove with each new study until, discovering faults in the outline, I scored it to pieces with corrections rather than adorn it with fine work as an example of my latest power. Without self-satisfaction one's work is too joyless to please others, yet the satisfaction in undisturbed contentment is but ephemeral.

The British Museum, where I had commenced the special study of the human figure, was in many respects not the best drawing school for a tyro. The Pheidian marbles realise one type of perfect human form, but the mutilations they have suffered make few of them of instructive value for the copying practice of a novice who has not a connected knowledge of human proportions. The hours spent by *beginners* on slavish reproduction of the injured surfaces of the Theseus,[1] for instance, would be more wisely devoted to drawing from a figure whose proportions are less damaged, even though these bear less Attic dignity of design. Many of the better preserved and good figures which were in my youth placed in dark corners are now brought out in a good light and convenient to the student's service.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages suffered at the Museum, it provided the opportunity essential to every student of art to trace the growth of Sculpture from Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome, with their national differences. In the Print Room we surveyed the pious uprising of art in Italy, her robust glory, her intermittent decline, and final corruption, and we noted the national character in the intensity and humanity of German design. The works of the Van Eycks showed the first achievements of perfect realisation of natural form and colour, and their successors (who formed what for distinction is termed the Flemish School) revealed the fact that astounding facility and power do not always banish coarseness and vulgarity. We saw also how, with honest workers of humble aspiration in the neighbouring Dutch School, there could exist side by side with boorishness a never-to-be-surpassed power of representing sweet homely life with a perfect perception of the dignity of the human face, and with even poetic conception, as in the work of the home-staying Rembrandt. Related to these last, although of Latin parentage, came Spanish art, as perfect in external observation as that of the Low Countries, but without evidence of the barest breath of design, for which reason it fell like a tower of cards when the hand of Velasquez, its arch-builder, was withdrawn.

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[1] In referring to the pedimental figures I use the names in use in my student days.

Further, we had the opportunity of comparing with earlier men and with one another the compositions of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Flaxman, and other English workers, and summing up these observations we were led to ponder on the lesson of transmutation from stage to stage in all art of the past. It declared that, where men in humility strove against their worst nature and diligently wrestled to express the higher truth, their work bore the character of a message from heaven; but when their successors, provided with the skill gained by this hourly sacrifice, were inflated with vanity, the whole current of wisdom was turned aside, and it became ever after impossible to regain the path leading to national art life.

Seeing thus before one's eyes manifold proofs of rise, decline, and death, but never of the renovation of art except with the infusion of new blood, I felt the need soon arose of deciding in what respect I could accept the verdict of the world about the old masters, and what was the position of the British school which had been in its course so pre-eminently endowed with genius in individuals, but which had proved itself unable to hand on its teaching, and from the first had been impatient of submitting to that course of strict and childlike training which in earlier history had always preceded the greatest art. Day by day I tried to settle these questions, I carried them about with me, and weighed them in the galleries of modern art, that I might decide among the living whether there was any master to set up as a model, and, if so, with what reservation.

CHAPTER III

In the year 1822 Constable wrote, "The Art will go out, there will be no genuine painting in England in thirty years." And it is remarkable that within a few months of the date thus specified Turner should have died, almost literally fulfilling, as some of his admirers may think, Constable's prophecy. — *Autobiography of Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.*

Since virtuous superstructions have commonly generous foundations, dive into thy intentions and early discover what nature bids thee be, or tells thee what thou mayst be. — Sir Thomas Browne.

For over a year the British Museum had been my main school for drawing, and in the Academy vacation it was so still. In the old days of apprenticeship there was ever the watchful master at hand to save the boy from the penalty of rash judgment, and to give him the results of a wisdom which nothing but a lifetime of experience can furnish. In retrospect, the substitution for it of the self-guided system shows much to deplore; and I certainly did not escape evils from misdirected impulse any more than those arising from my late start in studentship, or the limitation of my time for drawing. But it was a compensation to find examples of strenuous effort in other students. Some would bring anatomical studies done from the subject elsewhere, others produce designs of the most ambitious character with the assurance that these would be painted for the next year's exhibition; our too sanguine belief that these, when presented to the public, would certainly eclipse all of similar nature that had appeared before, did us no harm. We early organised a designing club, which at least put our original faculties to the test. Sometimes one of the older generation appeared there, Mr. Hemmings, for example, with specimens of his reproductions of the friezes of the Parthenon, or Mr. Corbould with plates from drawings done by him from the pediment figures, and these old artists talked to their friends loudly enough for the student to profit by the information passing between them. Two models of the Parthenon were being made, one as it was when in perfect condition, another as it is now. However unequal to the exactness of modern elucidations these were, they were highly explanatory to the uninitiated. Occasionally the officials entered with visitors of State. H.R.H. Prince Albert was once the august and honoured guest; on another day Samuel Rogers was making an inspection of some new acquisitions, and again Sir Charles Fellowes was the attended stranger. And on every such occasion there was matter of importance communicated, more or less audible to all in the room. Had we known them, doubtless among the throng we should have recognised most of the great men who in that decade were working in large and small ways to clear darkness from the world; no place could be more certain to attract lovers of knowledge than the British Museum. It should be noted here that at the time I speak of, no gallery in the Museum on public days could be seen with less than thirty or forty visitors interested in the collection. In these days I note greatly diminished attendance and less interest in the visitors at that Museum; and also at the South Kensington collections the scantiness and listlessness of the public is disappointing, so that the question as to the truth of the "better education of the masses" can but rise to mind. Sixty years ago working men read the *Penny Magazine* and the *Saturday Magazine*, and one or two other journals, issued for the diffusion of useful knowledge. What do they read now? It gave me pleasure once when an old gentleman stopped and examined my drawing, making encouraging observations on it as he gave me advice; and when he had gone I found out from an attendant, to whom he spoke in passing, that he was Thomas Phillips, the portrait painter, who, as I knew, had looked on the faces of Blake, Napoleon Bonaparte, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and many other of the men whose exploits made up the history of the last generation. (His son, Henry Phillips, was my good friend, ten years later, and I was proud to tell him of the attention which his father had given me.) Sometimes students came to put in practice their first instructions in oil painting received from a known master. The father of one of these had as a painter stored up useful knowledge of the preparations of grounds and the methods of Gainsborough which he had derived from this great master himself, and the son showed us examples of his own done in obedience to the tradition. They were studies on a tempera ground commenced and carried far in water colours, and finished in oil. An old gentleman who came to delight his heart with his youthful studies whenever the occupation of portrait painting allowed him, took me much into his confidence, telling me that he made a living going from village inn to town and city hostel with specimens of his skill in his paint box, which he exhibited on his arrival, and so obtained employment enough for a week, a month, or even more; he let me into the secret of finding panels well seasoned and sound at old coach brokers. He instructed me which kind to choose, and how, when a panel was good otherwise, to correct an undesirable warp, and how to clean off black japan and varnish; secrets all of which were of great value to me. I mention these facts to show how the want of a master could be made up in some sort to a youth studying in public galleries, when the traditions of preparatory work had not altogether been lost.

Armstead was then a fellow-student. He was perhaps the only young sculptor who thoroughly practised drawing on the flat, and all his lifetime the gain to him has been manifest. I hope it is no betrayal of school secrets to say that on one occasion for some informality (at Somerset House, I think) he was suspended from studentship for a short time. The Print Room was in the interval his harbour of refuge, and he executed here with characteristic energy a careful copy of Marc Antonio's engraving from M. Angelo's composition of "The Battle of Pisa," representing the soldiers, after bathing, dressing hastily at the approach of the enemy.

Amongst the students, examples of early failure were frequent, as in the case of a senior who came one morning and offered his drawing board for sale at a very reduced price, declaring that he had found out too late the miserable chances of the profession, and was determined to waste no more precious time upon it. He was not by any means the only one who repented of his devotion to art. Many turned their steps towards photography and business connected therewith, and thus found a much more tranquil career and ofttimes ampler fortune. Somewhat later, I chanced to run against a dandy fellow-student whom I had not seen for several months. When I asked what had kept him away from his accustomed haunts so long, he announced that he had finally given up painting; he could endure it no longer, "because carrying a paint box revealed to all the world that you were only a poor devil of an artist." Others, electing between dandyism and art in favour of the latter, were not, alas! acknowledged by her. Their rejection did not always result from glaring indolence, but they were not sufficiently passionate seekers after their chosen mistress. When school hours ended, they were like men let out of office resting from a burdensome task. The real aspirant should from the first be on his guard against the companionship of such deluded idlers.

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In every assembly of art students the self-satisfied devotee is always liberally represented; he is generally distinguishable by a more artistic mien and dress than his fellows display, and he makes a loud profession of familiarity with the abstruse questions of his art. For a month his drawing is daily set upon its stand to be abandoned till the hour arrives for putting it away. For the passing day such beings may be amusing enough, but the young artist will be wise to recognise that his idling compeer is not an artist by nature, and will never understand more than the slang and cant of the pursuit, being only destined to be one of the many parasites who in ever-increasing proportion cling about art and obstruct its honest progress.

In the forties there was no systematic education to be obtained from the leaders of art; the best of them had had a hard struggle to keep their art and themselves alive during the days of poverty that followed the Napoleonic wars. Of these the bravest and yet the most unfortunate was Haydon, who, beginning without a master, and with paternal aid continuing only for a few seasons, devoted himself to the "grand style." It was not long before he was crippled by heavy debts, by the seizure of his works, and by all the harassing consequences of unsubmissive poverty, so that opportunity for leisurely consideration of his primal deficiencies never came to him. The grandeur which he aimed at needed the breath of grace and beauty to sanctify its force; the sensuousness which impels Nature's interpreters to combine the stray riches of her hues into concord and sweetness was never his to control the manly and ambitious designs he executed. With small and ill-lit studios, and without means to pay models, he could never do justice to his intellectual conceptions. It was probably because he felt the loss consequent upon having no master himself, that he gathered about him a school. He was a profound anatomist, with advanced theories of comparison of lower and higher forms of life, and in all respects must have been a fascinating teacher; he bore his troubles with abounding spirit until he imagined there could be no hope while he lived, either for his art or family. He committed suicide in 1844, the first year after I had embarked as an artist, and the gloom of his failure increased the anxiety of all the friends of young painters. This artist was the last who tried to revive the old masters' system of teaching, yet those who had become famous under his instruction did so in ways as different from his own as could well be conceived.[1]

It is to his courageous pen that England owes the retention in our country of the once-despised Elgin marbles. It was owing to his energetic pleading that the Government of the day invited British artists to compete for employment in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. It was he who originated the idea of the establishment of Schools of Design to improve the deteriorated taste of our manufactures; yet he received no sort of recompense or honorarium, although rewards were given to his adversaries. His first literary biographer, Tom Taylor, justified his own name on the title-page almost exclusively by a summary of the artist's character in which are these words:—"Haydon was self-willed to obstinacy. He rarely asked advice, and never took it unless it approved itself to him, without reference to the sagacity or information of the adviser. He was indefatigable in labour during his periods of application, but he *was often diverted from his art by professional polemics*, by fits of reading, and by moods of discomfort and disgust." With his wasted blood, let all such bitter condemnation be lost in mother earth, and let us do honour to his perennial worth.

Tom Taylor was too narrow-sided to take in the large proportions of Haydon. His full stature can only be seen in the diary of the painter, edited by his son.

But it behoves us now to consider the general state of

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[1] His son, on reading my remarks in the *Contemporary Review*, wrote assuring me that Haydon used the living model to the last. I could not doubt Haydon's use of all available means to give truth to his work. I saw him come to the British Museum to draw from the bust of Nero, and later I examined the pictures in the room where he died, and I could see that the same firm spirit which actuated him at first had to the last stirred him to study his forms from Nature. Yet in that little front room with heroic canvases in hand, how confined in every way had been the great soul!

British art in the late forties. Landscape till quite recently had been almost the only branch of painting, in addition to portraiture, which had obtained patronage in England, and the pursuit of open-air nature had forced artists to depart from the conventionalism of the system which allowed only a small proportion of light to have place on the general surface of what otherwise was only partially modified darkness.

The example which these landscapists then set, gradually encouraged in a few of the boldest figure painters the desire for more daylight effect in their paintings. It was thus, perhaps, that the English School was led to differentiate itself timidly, but yet recognisably, from the schools which had not been attracted by Nature to her teaching. Still, cases of daylight effect in subject paintings, not sophisticated to Academy rule, were very rare, and attempts at sunlight effects, except in inconsistent manner, might be looked for altogether in vain.

I was still searching for a perfect guide. Though I looked upon many artists with boundless wonder and admiration, and never dared to measure myself prospectively with the least of them, yet I could see no one who stirred my complete sympathy in a manner that led me to covet his tutelage. The greater number were trite and affected; their most frequent offence in my eyes was the substitution of inane prettiness for beauty, and the want of vigorous health in the type of it. Pictured waxworks playing the part of human beings provoked me, and hackneyed conventionality often turned me from masters whose powers I valued otherwise. What I sought was the power of undying appeal to the hearts of living men. Much of the favourite art left the inner self untouched.

I was one of the public in admiration of Landseer's facility, but as an aspiring artist my feeling towards him was very reserved. He ofttimes did works of real point and poetry. His picture of "Peace" must never be forgotten; but in his ordinary works the glossy coats of his animals do not atone for the want of action, nor for the absence of firm structure. His delight in the creatures of the field, which made him so popular with the sporting world, was seldom animated by the daring and wild adventure of the chase ; it was oftener that of the stealthy lier in wait to slay.

Etty, after twenty years of failure and irrepressible effort, had in his full prime become the rage. His "Syrens," "Holofernes," and the diploma picture will always justify his great reputation ; but in my youth he had lost the robustness he once had, and at last he composed classic subjects with the tawdry taste of a paper-hanger. He retained a consummate mastery over brush and paint, with a richness of tints and tones that ranked him among the famed colourists of the world ; but the paintings of his advanced age cloyed the taste by their sweetness, and his forms bore evidence of being copied with little fastidiousness from town models, distorted by the modiste's art. It was natural at first to look to Mulready as a master who would be a safe example, for to the last he was most painstaking and student-like. He was ever striving to reach finer perfection, as for example in his "Bathers," but his drawing was without any large line ; he was cramped by a taste for Dresden-china prettiness, and the uncourageous desire—then well-nigh universal—to win applause for beauty by avoidance in his drawing of that fulness of form which with perfect balance justifies itself. It was the equality of empty scales. Maclise was a facile draughtsman, and a genius with a sterling power of invention ; but a Milesian instinct for glamour and melodramatic parade seldom allowed him freedom to appear at his best, as he did later so triumphantly in his picture of "Waterloo."

Leslie, in the front rank of subject painters, was to me the most thoroughly inspired by the breath of Nature. His sweet simplicity, the taste for restrained colour, and the power of unaffected expression, placed him on the level of the great ; but he had developed out of amateur training, and was a *painter* only, not an all-round artist; he saw things only from one side, not as though he could model them. The insufficiency of his early teaching was evident in a flatness of detail which would not have sufficed for large work: the two scales of work need independent apprenticeship. William Collins at the last did some admirable pictures, with rustic, Crabbe-like realism; but he had become a figure painter gradually rather than by primal intent, his men and women having been originally but accessories in landscape, and life sufficed not for his fuller aims. William Dyce was the most profoundly trained and cultured of all the painters of the time. He had for several years been driven from the profession altogether by the critics, and had to be searched for at the advice of the painter Cornelius, who had known him in Rome, the German master giving testimony to the Englishman's powers when — to the lasting honour of his nation—he, the German, declined to accept the proposed commission to paint the Houses of Parliament (which, with true British prejudice, he alone was thought worthy to execute), saying, "You have an artist in England equal to any known to me." Dyce, when too late to find a fair field for his genius, had thus recommenced his career. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy so suddenly that the outside world said it was "by command." Had he had a better chance, he might have influenced the English School more than he did, for although he saw Nature mainly through the eyes of the quattrocentists, he was not, as many modern painters have been, a mere plagiarist of their postures and expressions: in his works could always be seen some sweet trait from the freshness of the passing day over and above the culture of the great masters whose living representative he made himself. The pity was that these inspirations from Nature were too often affected by German revivalism.

Turner was rapidly sinking like a glorious sun in clouds of night that could not yet obscure his brightness, but rather increased his magnificence. The works of his meridian day were then shut up in their possessors' galleries, unknown to us younger men. George Harvey each year sent from Edinburgh a painting remarkable for manly character. "Reading the Bible in Old St. Paul's" was a sterling example of his genius, if the fine workmanship in form and colour could reconcile the eye to the asphaltum gloss.

I cannot here pass over Herbert, who had exhibited a few years earlier his manly picture of "The Brides of Venice," and later a naïve and excellent, although slight, picture of "St. Gregory." George Richmond was then producing only excellent chalk and water-colour drawings. Except those younger contributors who employed themselves on subjects of a light and theatrical character, I cannot think of any others who could have been regarded as possible leaders for the student. Many of the Royal Academy Associates of the time have now fallen into unmerited disregard, although their ingenuity in invention will not fail to be observed and appreciated when some of the travesties of art at present in vogue have been condemned as wearisome folly. Ward's picture of "Dr. Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room" is marked by these qualities of good common-sense. The fault that we found in this younger school was that every scene was planned as for the stage, with second-rate actors to play the parts, striving to look not like sober live men, but pageant statues of waxwork. Knights were frowning and staring as none but hired supernumeraries could stare; the pious had vitreous tears on their reverential cheeks; innkeepers were ever round and red-faced; peasants had complexions of dainty pink; shepherdesses were facsimiled from Dresden-china toys; homely couples were ever reading a Family Bible to a circle of most exemplary children; all alike from king to plebeian were arrayed in clothes fresh from the bandbox. With this artificiality, the drawing was often of a pattern that left anatomy and the science of perspective but poorly demonstrated.

Augustus Egg, although of this school, was of robuster mind, in being more frankly historic than the rank and file of the younger generation. He had sterling invention and remarkable power of dignified colour; the individuality he imparted to his heads, to those of females particularly, was not usual then, if indeed it is now. Frith, an exception to this band in still being with us, may be noted as having already made his mark.

Many of the full members of the Academy, being engaged on frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, had then disappeared from the annual exhibitions: among these were Maclise, Cope, Herbert, and in time Dyce, besides certain new members. I had no acquaintance with any of the greater or the lesser men, except that one-sided knowledge of the professors contracted in the Life School.

The majority of my compeers and immediate elders were worshippers of Etty, and inquired not at all of the beginning of his greatness, nor indeed of its noonday, but strove to emulate the looser design and execution which he cultivated at the end of his career. Some followed other masters, but it amused me to observe that all alike adduced Pheidias and Raphael as the prophets to sanctify their course, and all revolted at any suggestion that the solid ground beneath their feet was the foundation on which sincere workers must stand. There was then no suspicion among many artists, any more than with the public, that Guido, Giulio Romano, Baroccio, Guercino, Murillo, Le Brun, and others of the same flock were birds of a different feather to Jove's bird, so that the name of the princely Urbinite was made to cover all conventional art. We knew less of Michael Angelo in England then than now, when we have the Sixtine Chapel and the Medici tombs photographed, while Tintoretto in his might was not known at all. Della Robbia, Donatello, Luini, and Angelico were mere names in books or, at the most, to be seen in the Print Room. In their places the decadents were honoured in all the painting schools, and sober discussion seemed unprofitable. When I put down my brush, which was not often, and was assailed for my opinions as monstrous, I preferred to joke, and to accept the railing accusation of "flat blasphemy," until my outspoken irreverence towards the reigning gods became a byeword ; though some students had no great faith in my seriousness when I said that Murillo's admired "Holy Family" in the National Gallery was vapid, and that in copying Guido's "Magdalen" one must in some degree mend the false drawing.

Altogether it was evident that I had to be my own master, getting dumb direction from the great of other ages, and correction of defects in my daily work from intelligent elder fellow-students and the paternal-minded Keeper of the Academy, Mr. George Jones, who was always eager to give extra attention to persevering students.

These confessions give my estimate of art instruction in England at the date when I was a student at the Academy, the National Gallery, and the British Museum and Institution. The first surprising illumination which I received, and one, moreover, which in some ways determined a great change in the course of my artistic life, came about in this wise. While engaged in copying "The Blind Fiddler," a visitor looking over me said that Wilkie painted it without any dead colouring, finishing each bit thoroughly in the day. The speaker was Claude Lorraine Nursey, some years afterwards master of the School of Design at Norwich ; he had been Wilkie's pupil, and had been taught his then singular practice, which he exemplified later by showing me his own work. I tried the method, and I now looked at all paintings with the question whether they had been so executed. I began to trace the purity of work in the quattrocentists to the drilling of undeviating manipulation with which fresco-painting had furnished them, and I tried to put aside the loose, irresponsible handling to which I had been trained, and which was nearly universal at the time, and to adopt the practice which excused no false touch. I was not able to succeed completely in all parts of my work, but the taste for clear forms and tints, and for clean handling, grew in me; while at the same time I wished to guard myself against a slavish imitation of the quattrocentists, which was then becoming a seductive snare to certain English painters. Notwithstanding that I was out of sympathy with the fashion then raging in England for making facsimiles of ancient Gothic architecture, yet the unaffected work which I saw in Francia, Ludovico Mazzolini, and their schools, also the newly acquired Van Eyck (then in its dignified ebony frame), became dear to me, as examples of painting most profitable for youthful emulation. In the effort to express my own conceptions, I attempted humble subject pictures, and sent them to the Exhibitions, where at times they gained admittance. They were honest, though bungling, examples of my advancing aims. Frequently these were better before receiving the final toning glazes, the adding of which it took long to abjure, the authority for thus finishing a painting being universal with all my immediate elders. While in the mood for battling with myself, careful observation and the reading of Lanzi were convincing me that all the great Italian artists, including the cinquecentists, had grown in a training of patient self-restraint, imposed by masters who had never indulged their hands in uncertainty and dash, and that the wise and enthusiastic pupils had delighted in the devotion of humility till far on in their maturity. The dandelion clock in the "St. Catherine" by Raphael, and the flowers—notably the purple flags—in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, were edifying examples of this spirit in the great masters, wilfully overlooked by modern students.

Dulwich Gallery was one of my haunts. There I observed that an early portrait of his mother by Rubens had surprisingly the characteristics of care and humility; and a portrait of a man with a stubbly white beard by Holbein fascinated me with its delicate painting. It is now over half a century since I first saw these, but more notable examples of early practice have confirmed the conclusions they forced upon me, that in art, as in other pursuits, it is a loss in the end both for schools and for individuals to begin as masters. My business was, however, only for

W. HOLMAN HUNT, BY HIMSELF (AGED 17).

myself. I had to find out a path for my own feet, and for mine only. By nature and the encouragement of my early painting-master, slovenliness was my besetting sin, and I was too impatient for result. To root out offhandedness is not to be done at one stroke. Once having decided what was my danger, I had continuing proofs of the need of self-restraint. What might even be profitable as a course for other students was forbidden to me; I sought in every direction for further guidance, and left others to follow their own light.

This was the state of my mind in the full height of my studentship days, when I had somehow or other to support myself by my brush in the intervals of regular study.

Rossetti had entered the Academy as a probationer about the same time as myself, but I did not know of him till later, for going abroad for a few months, he did not complete his three probationary drawings in the term allowed. He gained special permission to continue this task in the next season, and with this further term the finished drawings were approved.

Millais, after some interval, came again to the Antique School to make his drawings for the Life. The story told by himself of his purchasing biscuits and buns for the lunch of other students, and thus getting his own free, was only incidental to his first days at the Academy School, when he was still a child. He was now nearly sixteen, and although impulsive in character, was by no means inclined to disregard the dignity of his full estate.

The Antique School had no seneschal as it now has to suppress the eccentric impulses of the students, which were unbridled except for the half-hour when the Keeper made his rounds. Millais was still about the youngest in the school, although the first in honours. During the day he frequently made hurried but very clever sketches of grooms, jockeys, farmers, horses, and animals of all kinds, and incidents yet vivid in his mind of the country place where he had been staying. He kept up a lively accompaniment to this exuberant performance with the pencil, by reproducing with his voice all the chatter and clatter of the various creatures of the stables, the farmyard, and the racing paddock. The sketches were waited for by a surrounding appreciative throng, and carried off by the most persistent. The etiquette of schoolboys forbade my claiming his acquaintance, but when he met me he exclaimed, "I told you so. I knew you'd soon be in," and so we came to be on saluting terms. After this, he encountered me one day in the schools, and pointing with his finger in child-like suddenness, he cried out, "You've had your hair cut." The fact was obvious enough, but I had wished it to escape remark. My natural rejoinder was that I had not lost so much hair as some students had ; for all his handsome curls had been cut away, and he appeared then and thenceforth with what he called a cockatoo crop. One day he entered into conversation with a student named Ziegler and myself, and ended by asking both of us to come and see his pictures at home. When we went, other visitors happened to be present, and after ten minutes he was called away, so that we saw his pictures and his mother more than himself ; he had just finished the "Baptism of Guthrun," which was still on his easel. Talking with me afterwards in the schools, he referred to a little picture of mine in the last Academy exhibition, and asked what original work I was now doing. I was about to send a picture of "Nell and her Grandfather" to the British Institution, and I undertook to show it to him the next evening. This was done, and in a lobby at the Royal Academy he was full of generous recognition, pressing me to come and see his present painting in my turn. Steadily interested in and proud of his work, he was always more eager to hear in what he could go beyond the mark reached than to be content with his present achievement, and he showed ambition for something higher than mere school reputation. Millais' parents lived in Gower Street, then numbered 83. The front door opened into a passage which went through direct to the studio, leaving the sitting-rooms on the right. A small window at the end would have looked on to grim walls and tiles, but the young artist had painted its panes with Gothic figures and patterns in imitation of stained glass, and signs of tasteful order were seen inside the painting-room. With his picture of "Pizarro" on hand, it was necessary to have a large platform placed at an angle to serve for the palanquin on which the doomed Inca was being carried, so that the model serving for the prince should lie correctly on the upset platform, and the position of Pizarro and the adjutant reaching forward from outside be characteristically posed. Notwithstanding this disturbance of symmetry, all the rest of the room was in prim order.

It was in accordance with what was afterwards designated "Millais' luck" that Mr. E. Goodall had lately returned from a visit to South America, bringing with him an artistic selection of native ornaments and garments which he had lent for the use of his young fellow-artist. All of these—feathers, beads, etc.—not in actual use on the platform were arranged about the walls as an extra decoration to the small pieces of armour and the swords, which had probably seen their last active service on the fields of Dunbar or Worcester. Over the mantelshelf was a framed portrait of his half-brother Stephen; on the shelf below stood the cast of a delicately modelled cow and calf, and at either end were casts of equally well-finished greyhounds playing together. These were covered by glass domes.

The mother, whose usual place in the studio was indicated by the presence of a lady's work-table, was in earnest conversation with the original of the aforesaid portrait and his young wife, but with a friendly salutation they considerately walked out to continue the talk elsewhere. Millais told me that his brother had resolved to go to Australia, that the debate was about the necessary arrangements; further, that his mother and father were also saddened over the coming marriage and departure of their only daughter, a handsome girl of about twenty.

While we chatted he said, "I find you know some friends of my uncle; they give some nice dances, why don't you go?" I explained that for the present I left dancing to my sisters.

The picture he was now employed upon was in every respect remarkable for a young painter, looking more like the work of an artist in his prime; indeed, had he been judged by this production alone, its maturity of style might have seemed discouraging to the hope of development. Through life a happy characteristic of Millais in all his different modes of work was, that there were no disorderly scrapings and blotches about the surface such as often cause untidy painters to leave their works in unpresentable guise; parts were obviously unfinished, and others only in a stage of preparation; but all, like his room, was in perfect readiness to be shown to the chance visitor. Millais was unaffectedly eager to hear my appreciation, and led me on to the points with which he was himself best content; yet he invariably challenged candour, and ended with, "You'll see I'll make my next much better!" Tea was sent into the room, and before it was over the mother returned. I was pleased at being referred to as "the student who drew so well," and Johnnie emphasised his compliment by asking her whether he had not spoken thus of me to her before. She was dressed in black, and was of slight build for a matron; she had quick eyes, with a shrewd but happy expression; these features were surmounted by a brow of vertical build, the nose being slightly arched at the bridge. The hair was brought forward in curls kept in form by small combs at the side, as was usual at the time. She entered at once with great zest into the merits of Johnnie's picture. It was impossible for me not to regard as truly enviable the hearty pride with which Millais' work was looked upon by all the members of his family.

Between my portrait painting and copying at the National Gallery and the British Institution, I had managed to find time to go through my course at the Royal

Academy and get into the Life School. With this achieved I discontinued my day attendance at the Antique, only satisfying my school ambition by working each evening from the living model. One night after this change I encountered my new student-friend in the hall; he, with that fascinating mixture of child-like impulsiveness and the highest manly purpose, said:

"Look here, you know I'm painting a picture as big as Raphael's Cartoons, 9 feet one way by 16 feet the other. That's no end of a job, I can tell you. Twenty figures and more, all the size of life"; and coming close, he added confidingly, "It's 'The Widow's Mite'—it's a splendid subject, isn't it? You know there are the old frowning Pharisees, the reverential disciples, and the poor woman, giving all she's got, and of course there's the Saviour. Doesn't it afford grand opportunities? It was turned against the wall when you came last. I'm busy on it now, and am going to send it to Westminster Hall. I may get a prize; only think, the highest is £300. Are you doing anything for it? Now, you come and see me on Wednesday afternoon—mind you don't forget, Wednesday next."

At the appointed time I went. The father and mother were both present; the son came forward to receive me warmly, and turned to the elders repeating his previous compliments, and referring to my picture at the British Institution. The mother was busy with crochet work, which did not absorb all her thoughts, for she at once began telling me of "important visitors" who had come to see Johnnie's picture, and who had said it was "truly wonderful." She pointed out what had been most admired. The father I had scarcely known before. He excused himself for walking about the room putting things that had been disarranged back into their places—by which one saw how things were never allowed needlessly to remain in confusion.

He was perhaps a little above five feet ten in height, and slightly inclined to burliness. The son had inherited

Morning Prayer.

some lineaments from him, but his spirited expression came from his mother. The fresh colour and blue eyes, with an apparently unguarded manner, were all his father's; the latter's full forehead appeared rounder from an inclination to baldness already showing itself. His thorough-heartedness of interest in the passing moment dissipated all my feelings of shyness which his presence might have aroused. To make the introduction more complete, the son put one hand on his father's shoulder and the other on his mother's chair, and said:

"They both help me, I can tell you. He's really capital, and does a lot of useful things. Look what a good head he has. I have painted several of the old doctors from him. By making a little alteration in each, and putting on different kinds of beards, he does splendidly. Couldn't be better, could he? And he sits for hands and draperies too. And as for mamma, she reads to me and finds me subjects. She gets me all I want in the way of dresses, and makes them up for me, and searches out difficult questions for me at the British Museum—in the library, you know. She's very clever, I can tell you." He stooped down and rubbed his curly head against her forehead, and then patted the "old daddy," as he called him, on the back. The father was then only about forty-seven.

In the meantime the tea-tray was brought in, and while the mother prepared the meal, I was invited to look more closely at the painting. It was undoubtedly a most masterly performance for such a boy. I unreservedly expressed my admiration. The youthful painter pointed out what had taxed him most, and what he still felt were tough knots to undo; but he had a most serviceable sanguine temperament, which was never overcome and but seldom overclouded, and which would not admit a doubt of his being able to master all difficulties.

"The head of the Christ," the mother said, "every one admires. Mr. Dennis — the great connoisseur — called it admirable. You've heard of him; people call him Lorenzo di Medici, because he is so like the portrait."

Here the father joined in: "He has a broad-brimmed hat, wears his hair long, and steps in such a stately manner that he seems as though he had walked out of an old frame"; he added in laughing mood, as if in apology, "but he's a perfect gentleman."

"I was going to tell Hunt," the mother added, "that Johnnie is still tempted to work on the Saviour's head."

"I shall make it much better, you see, now," said the boy painter.

"Well, Johnnie was passing a door in Bedford Square when a gentleman was being let out. The servant was behind, and he struck Johnnie as being the very model for the head, for he is singularly handsome and superior-looking. We've seen his master and he's quite pleased; he has been to see the picture,—he asked to be allowed to come,—and the man is to sit the day after to-morrow," said the mother.

"Yes," added the boy, "it is really a lucky find. No trouble is too great to try and improve upon the Saviour's head."

Noticing my interest in a youthful head belonging to the principal group, he went on, "That's my brother Bill, you don't know him; he just suits, doesn't he? It's for St. John, the beloved disciple, and he's always made young." After further talk, he unexpectedly turned to his father and mother in pleading tone, saying, "I've been working very hard now for a long while, and I really feel thoroughly fagged; I am sure it would do me good to have a holiday, indeed it would." Then in a playfully lachrymose tone he proceeded, "You know they'll be sure to be playing cricket on Saturday at Holloway, and I should like to have a good day at it." Then he turned to me, inquiring, "Do you play cricket?" Meanwhile, his father and mother vied with one another in applauding his plan, and it was arranged that he should take the last day of the week for recreation.

When I was taking leave, Millais determined to come out with me. The old gentleman added to his pleasant "Good-bye," "You won't get into any mischief."

"Oh no, you may be sure of that," I replied, somewhat astonished.

"I only meant," he added, "that you would not go hunting cats in the Square, or anything of that kind. You know, it is not nice for young fellows like you and Johnnie to be larking about in any disorderly way."

"I quite agree," I said; "you may trust me, all the more perhaps because cats are my especial friends. I like them, and they like me."

When we had left the house, Millais wanted me to talk about his parents. "They are dear old creatures—aren't they?"

I returned, honestly, "They are particularly delightful, all the more so because I had rather expected from your name to find that your father would be a foreigner, but he's a thorough Englishman."

"Oh yes," he replied, "we belong to Jersey, where all regard themselves as more English than Englishmen are, because they are Normans pure and simple, who kept to their earlier home. My great-grandfather lost his property because at the beginning of the French Revolution he got infatuated with the principles of the Republicans and was thought to be compromised in the French attempt on the island, but the name is preserved as attached to old castles and buildings that once belonged to the family."

"Now I want to ask," I said, "did your father think that my ancestors who handed down the name of Hunt to me also gave me such a mad passion for the chase that I must follow it even though I could find nothing but straying cats to molest?"

"Oh no," he answered, "he was not thinking of the matter as connected with you at all. I'll tell you. You know Tybalt, the student at the Academy. Well, I went out with him one evening, and in the Square he set to work to entice cats, and then set upon them with a stick and stones ; I did not like it. I told the old people and they were much annoyed." Variable still as a child, he burst out : "Now, I say, do you think I'm growing? I want to be tall. Daddy is a good height, isn't he ? I hope I shall be as much, or more than he is." And with many assurances from me that he had plenty of time to attain full height, we parted.

He did not now attend at the Life School at all, and, except for curiosity, he never came to the painting school. Neither did I attend this last school for practice, for I had done quite as much copying as I felt to be desirable, except for the secrets of composition—of arrangement of light and shade, and of the combination of colour as found in examples by different masters, which I endeavoured to make my own by a series of rapid sketches done without dead colour at once on a white ground. Millais never spent any time in copying old masters, yet in furnishing pictures from memory for a doll's house National Gallery, which he and his brother formed in their early teens, he had made himself practically acquainted with the characteristics of all the great painters. With the exception of one copy made from a Linnell, I doubt whether he ever set himself to imitate the masterpieces of his predecessors. He was now putting aside "The Widow's Mite," because the date for receiving works was postponed for a year.

In the meantime I was giving more attention to original work. Seeing that I had altogether burnt my boats for retreat, my family had, with kind consideration for me, removed to Holborn, where, in the upper part of a large house, I could have a room for a studio. Here I could not paint pictures of ambitious character, but I chose a subject from *Woodstock*, because it belonged to the class of pictures most popular, and so offered a fair chance of sale, as well as due exercise in serious inventiveness. When I was bringing this to an end, my father, who had not failed to realise how much at the best I was checked for want of ampler opportunities, when we were one night returning home together, referred to the matter, and explained that he had been hampered in means for the last six years by having to pay off a mortgage which he had had to contract on adding to some house property which the surplus of a legacy from his aunt would not entirely purchase. He had now, however, just redeemed the debt, and should be more at ease in the future. He mentioned the fact that I might consider in what respect he could now be most helpful to me.

This kind determination served only to prove to me his benevolent disposition, for soon afterwards one morning at breakfast I saw him open a letter, which he read and re-read, turned over and over, and with studied reserve put carefully into his pocket. It transpired that before he had purchased the houses, he had been recommended to the head clerk of a solicitor's firm, who would examine the title and prepare the deeds for the transfer of the property. It was to save the high charges of the master that my father had entrusted the work to the servant, who, it turned out, had accepted the vendor's statement that his son (to whom, when under age, the property had been left) was dead. This son proved to be living, and now, through his lawyer, claimed not only the houses, but all the back rents. When the son was reminded that his father would be heavily punished and disgraced as a consequence of the threatened litigation, the aggrieved heir—who, it was proved, had known of the fraud and received great part of the proceeds—declared that he hoped his father would be transported. After advice of various kinds from many quarters, and much consultation and frequent veering round on my father's part from one point to another, he resolved to avoid the uncertainty of the law by making a compromise which compelled him to raise a further heavy mortgage, the burden of which he had to bear for the rest of his days. This was his death stroke, although he lived for another ten years.

I did not give up original subject painting, as now a prospect of room for me in the exhibition world seemed to dawn ; even though the painting of likenesses might have somewhat reduced the strain on the family purse, I painted only those portraits which came uninvited. In going on with pictures I must have appeared perverse, for so far they had been only an expense to me in materials, models, and frames, without the sign of a purchaser to reward me.

Once on my going to Millais' house, he was away, but his parents were at home. The father talked about the Academy school, and of the treatment Johnnie had formerly experienced there. "Being so very young," he said, "Johnnie became the sport of some of the rough, elder students, and he came home at times complaining and bearing marks of their coarse behaviour. They lifted him up above their heads and twirled him about, affecting to be acrobats. One brutal fellow, H—— (you must know him), carried the child up a ladder that happened to be in the school, encouraged the more by the poor little fellow's cries ; and once he held him up by the ankles and marched with him head downwards around the school, his hair sweeping the ground. What could I do ? It would not have done to make a scandal of it, but I told Johnnie to invite this burly fellow here to give advice on some design in hand. When he came I received him in friendly manner, and soon spoke of Johnnie's fragile form, saying that some elder students in the Academy were thoughtless about the delicacy of the young boy, that I felt sure *he* was a good, sensible fellow, but that some young men were without reflection and needed to be opposed, and that I would trust him always to protect Johnnie and save him from such horseplay. After that Johnnie was left unmolested, and we had every reason to rejoice in the effect of my appeal to H——'s better feelings." This restraint, however, was but of transient or partial value, for the man had at bottom a cruel nature. Millais with true instinct, although not at the time admitting to himself the reason, painted him in the "Isabella" picture as the brother cracking the nut, and at the same time kicking the dog.

When I went again to Gower Street, Millais was painting "Elgiva." It was a distinct advance in refinement upon his last picture, greatly, perhaps, because the subject afforded him the opportunity of painting women under conditions in which discriminating observation and delicate rendering of form could be given.

There were so many varied objects I had to keep in mind at that time, and Millais was so intent upon his work, that I scarcely saw him at all till the next season, when on meeting him he asked me to come and see a new picture he was painting. I found him nearly finished with "Elgiva," and now starting with "The Tribe of Benjamin seizing the Daughters of Shiloh," undertaken in competition for the gold medal. When I saw this picture it was already far advanced, and he was busy painting from a Jersey cousin, whose hands were appropriately sunburnt.

Our increasing intimacy induced confidential talk whenever we met; we discussed many theories of art and practice as seen both in old and modern painters, and I found him by no means bound to dogmas that gained general acceptance, but quite ready to re-examine settled views, even though they seemed to him at first above question.

At the conclusion of one of my visits to Gower Street, as a reason for deferring his coming to see my new work, I explained that I was going to spend a month in the country. "Where are you going?" his mother inquired. "To Ewell," I said. "Why, that's where Johnnie's going in the autumn," said she, surprised. I resumed my seat, and we had a talk about Captain Lemprière, Sir John Reid, Sir George Glynn, and all the notables of the place, and of the country's sweetness and charm.

CHAPTER IV

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The mill dam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise. . . .

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.
Miller's Daughter, TENNYSON.

Give me quickly the cold water flowing forth from the Lake of Memory.—*Orphic Tablets*, GILBERT MURRAY.

EWELL—Ye well—in Surrey, at the time I speak of, had a true claim to be a home of repose. The fount in its slab-formed cradle at the entrance of the village was, in fact, only the public appearance of the newly-born stream, the true *fons* being on the left side of the road hidden by a garden wall. And yet when the pedestrian, a-dust, athirst, and sun-dazed, stepped within the surrounding rails of the crystal well, his eyes rested on the refreshing waters ere he raised them to his parched lips. The wide earth's thank-offering of a spring of water outpouring in its sparkling purity is ever a delight to the soul of man. The village itself had no sense of modern bustling or hurry; all was arranged spaciously, all work executed with deliberation, and with such unostentation that externally there was but little to distinguish the chemist's shop from the baker's, or any other tradesman's house from that of his neighbour. On the outskirts of the trading centre there were gentlemen's homes and farmsteads; and Nonsuch Park, of Elizabethan fame, still gave a stately grace farther afield, although the quaint palace had long since gone from sight. Banstead and Epsom Downs formed the horizon to the south. The water from the spring bore itself away in an opposite direction, first carolling along a pebble-strewed channel into a shallow pool crossed by a flat bridge, whence by the quiet searcher might be seen red-spotted trout poised in mid-water, and casting their sleeping sun-shadows on to the mossy gravel below, steady as though painted there. In the region beyond, the stream expanded bordered by well-tended lawns, and patterned with gaily flowered garden beds; between these widened borders lay an islet with

A. Hughes.

EWELL SPRING.

weeping willows kissing the surface of the water. Peering down between the reflected boughs into the varnished shadows of the forest of weeds, the loiterer, lightly tiptoeing forward, might see the suspicious fish flitting lightning-like into unsearchable caverns. A stone's-throw off, the pulsing wheel drew one's attention, and enticed one's steps along a road to the face of the mill, where whitened men bearing sacks of flour descended and ascended inclined planks between upper doorways and vans. A further mill was so walled-up as to conceal the water in its channel. In the meadows below, the young current revelled in freedom, ofttimes taking a double course around mounds of earth well furnished with flourishing growth, then joining again and channelling itself through ditch-divided banks, under a forest of willows, with but occasional signs of any master's control. An opening in the wooded hollow led to a track of cart-ruts, winding round into the river, where it broadened out into a shallow ford ; the wheel-marks led the way and tempted reckless feet to ford the transparent glaze of shining water, leading to a road bordered by blossoming trees and an ancient orchard, the herald of a farmhouse telling of past centuries. Beyond the house was a nave of noble elms extending in perspective to the sky-line. Stopping at the entrance to the avenue, any lover of nature's shy creatures would be drawn towards a large lonely tarn, well-nigh carpeted with duckweed and white blossom wherever the reeds and flags had not pierced through the surface, or where far, or near, the wild-fowl, or farm ducks and geese, had not cleared a domain for themselves. The wild-fowl met their domestic cousins on the common plain, although not with trust and unreserve, unless indeed the cackling recognition of the inquisitive intruder was intended to be, as it certainly was, the signal for the uprising of an inconceivably large flock of shy birds from the further extremity of the lakelet, the brood fleeing away beyond pursuit of sight.

Our little river below had to narrow itself to pass under the span of a brick-built arch made for neat-booted lasses and swains; it then deepened and passed between banks, husbanding the current's force for man's further will; it rippled along, circling in dimples as it was driven under sheltering willows, its banks strewn with long-disused mill-stones, discarded roller-beams, and ruined timber cog-wheels. Soon the flood was imprisoned by sluice gates; close at hand were abandoned huts, shuttered, overgrown, and choked with rank weeds. Here the kingfisher arrowed his way, the wild pigeon chattered and cooed, and the distant cuckoo voice noted the season. Between all could now be heard the plash and cranking of a near water-wheel. Now cut off from confiding trust, not even the lonely angler ventured thus far; the region was out of the ordinary world; being thus beyond the limits of common experience when, in the remoter solitude, a being, black as a creature of dark Avernus, passed by, he seemed fitly to haunt the scene. He was, however, only one who, for extra pay and much idleness, passed the day and night in turn with another man visiting at intervals a neighbouring gunpowder mill, shovelling up the deadly mixture always being ground by a revolving crusher on a circular platform. The water served two neighbouring mills, and then for a mile or so it revelled in wanton freedom, cutting deep down into hollow meadows, nearly covered by border tangle. It emerged again between well-trimmed banks for further mill service before it got finally free in wide meadow-land.

All this luscious and lonely charm of dell and meadow had very early a fascination for me, and it was natural that I should attempt to register some of its mystery by my art. Accordingly, I began a painting of the pool above one of the first mills, with the sun glistening down and penetrating through every nook of the landscape. The difference between the scene as it was presented to my untutored sight, and any single landscape by the great painters that I knew, suggested the doubt, when I had begun the subject on my drawing-board, whether it was not one which a practical painter should avoid. This doubt was not removed when it grew increasingly evident that, spite of perseverance, the time remaining for the completion of my view would in no way suffice for its accomplishment. The fact was that no more than two or three days could be allotted to this work, and to achieve it in the manner in which it was begun would have needed about six weeks. I left off, blaming only my want of masterliness, when in fact it was more the lack of opportunity to persist in my course that was at fault.

A dear uncle and aunt who then lived at the Rectory Farm were my hosts in this pleasant place of retreat. Sometimes a cousin was also a visitor. He had a riding cob kept in the stables, and with this we made excursions, travelling ride and tie. Sometimes, with an extra mount for myself, we scampered over Banstead Downs to Epsom racecourse and to Ashford Park, and so I saw every variety of the country within miles of the weeping "eyne" of the valley.

Arriving on a visit to this favourite spot, while I was getting my canvases from the train, the gentleman known to me by sight as Captain Lemprière introduced himself, inquiring politely about my work, and referring to his young friend John Millais as a student whom I should be sure to know, and who, he added, frequently visited him. It will easily be understood how the delights of this locality afterwards became a frequent theme of enthusiastic appreciation between Millais and myself.

The old church was condemned to demolition, and the Rev. Sir George Glynn, the Rector, engaged me to make a painting of it. While I was doing this, an Art Union prizewinner wrote offering me for my "Woodstock" picture the twenty pounds he had gained, and although I had asked double the amount, my uncle wisely persuaded me that a stranger's recognition of a first picture was worth the twenty missing pounds. The money, with my other gains, I determined to apply to the painting of a work nearer in spirit to my personal ambition; all previous subjects had of necessity been chosen from consideration of their inexpensiveness for models and accessories during progress, and their saleability in the end.

But while I was deciding on a subject, an event of the greatest importance occurred to me. One student—Telfer—with whom, wherever he wanders, be everlasting peace!—spoke to me of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, and when he recognised my eagerness to learn of its teachings, all he could tell me, he gained permission from Cardinal Wiseman, to whom it belonged, to lend it to me for twenty-four hours.

Up to that day I had been compelled to think that the sober modern world tolerated art only as a sort of vagabondish cleverness, that in England it was a disgrace, charitably modified in very exceptional cases, to have a professional passion for it, and that if toleration of it lingered at all, it would not be in intellectual and elevated circles. The avowal reveals ignorance of the existence of the few dilettanti still remaining of the band which, at George III.'s initiative, had proclaimed a cult for art, and of those younger men like Lord Egremont, who with unaffected enthusiasm cherished that taste which in the survey of prehistoric eras at once distinguishes man from the brute. To get through the book I sat up most of the night, and I had to return it ere I made acquaintance with a quota of the good there was in it. But of all its readers none could have felt more strongly than myself that it was written expressly for him. When it had gone, the echo of its words stayed with me, and they gained a further value and meaning whenever my more solemn feelings were touched.

Shortly before this time Millais contracted a standing engagement with Ralph Thomas, the Chartist barrister, who lived in Stratford Place, and had turned picture-dealer, to paint for him daily, at a remuneration of one guinea per diem, every day or two a picture being finished for the employer. The young painter stayed to dinner, and during the meal the patron and his wife discussed the subject to be treated on the morrow. This was essentially of simple character, a mountebank showing his tricks, girls gathering fruit in an orchard, a shepherd driving sheep, a tired tramp having water given to him by children at a cottage door, and such-like. The preliminary business was to decide what models and objects would be needed in the morning, and these the employer undertook to procure. The enterprise bore good fruit to the painter in cultivating aptness and ready wit, in manipulation, and in the production of some remarkably clever pictures which brought ample profit to the dealer. Seeing this last essential advantage, Thomas's desire was to make the bargain a standing one. When Millais' attendance had been regular for some months, his parents began to question the prudence of its continuance, and urged the increasing importance of discontinuing these hurried pictures, which could not serve for exhibition, and would

J. E. Millais.

THE CONJURER (1844).

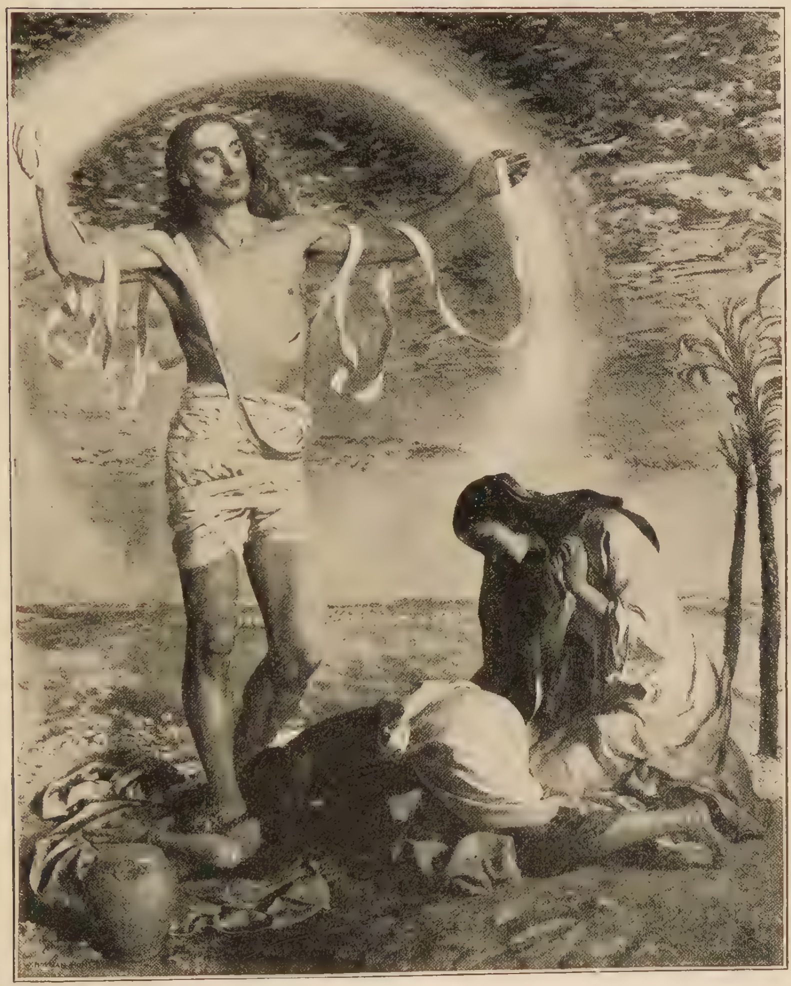
not extend their son's reputation. Millais at first defended his course on account of its lucrativeness, but finding this argument not accepted for long, he blurted out that he had signed a contract with Thomas to work at the rate arranged for a year or more, and that therefore he must go on with the engagement. The father laughed derisively, saying that Thomas was not such a bad lawyer as not to know that an agreement with a boy under age was not worth the paper it covered; and so the work ended.

We will now return to the time when interest was directed to the result of the Academy's decision upon the relative merits of the pictures sent in for competition illustrating "The Sons of Benjamin seizing the Daughters of Shiloh."

Before the momentous 10th of December arrived, the paintings for the gold medal award were arranged on the walls of the Lecture Room. The only picture that stood in the balance with Millais' was by a student of about twenty-five. The two works might be contrasted thus:—Millais' bore evidence of influence from the Etty cult of the day in being in "round-hand" taste as to arrangement both of form and colour, and in its lightness of handling in the accessories and background. Here the discipleship might be said to stop; in other respects the picture showed wonderful thoroughness and honesty of execution. The other was an example of proud competition with Etty himself in his latest and most unbridled indulgence in a puppet-show display of the beauty of favourite pigments, all put on with showy bravura in sweeping brush-marks and palette-knife plasterings. It was undoubtedly a dexterous counter-coinage, and some of the students believed that its ingenious fabricator would be the successor of J. C. Hook, the victor in the last contest. Mr. George Jones occupied the President's rostrum. When the decision that Millais was the successful candidate was announced, the works were commented upon by the Keeper with instructive frankness. He cautioned the young against the course followed by the imitator of the unequalled colourist of the English School, pointing out with much discrimination how Etty reached his pre-eminence only by a course of struggles to overcome difficulties, and that this discipline continued for years, while any young artist emulating his present consummate power precipitately, could only acquire a mere superficial dexterity — a handful of tricks doomed to failure and disappointment ; in the work of the successful student in this contest, he said, the judicious would find qualities that promised not ephemeral, but lasting triumph. While I appreciated the tenor of these remarks I felt sympathy for the losing candidate in his painful humiliation.

Millais on his part was not inflated with pride ; his habitual success gave this new triumph only the character of an ordinary step forward ; it must not, however, be supposed that his priority did not provoke captious feeling on the part of his less brilliant compeers.

One evening Millais reminded me of his wish to come to my studio, and offered to accompany me at once ; nothing could be more desirable to me, and I agreed ; but when the time came to start, it turned out that another student was not so content. I had been helping him in some mechanical parts of drawings for his admission to the Life School, carried home from the Academy by us each evening, and worked upon for half the night. Now that the drawings were done, and it was simple friendliness in him to come for companionship only, he probably counted upon my being alone. When he could not doubt that the reigning student was coming out with us, he betrayed uneasiness, but yet kept close as we walked into the street. He had before shown most unaccountable prejudice against Millais, so I deemed it would be enough to say that he was coming home with me to see my picture ; but as the passers-by were not disposed to let three men walk abreast, my discontented companion found opportunity to mutter, "Can't you get rid of your infant prodigy?" My reply was that Millais' opinion of my picture would be of great value to me, and that already the promised visit had been delayed. Coming into rank again, I talked to Millais, but finding the other grumbling



W. H. H.

CHRIST AND THE TWO MARIES (1847). *(Unfinished.)*

once more under his breath, yet loud enough to threaten inquiry, I made an excuse to let strangers come between us and Millais, and walked in the road a minute. "Why doesn't the precocious genius criticise his own productions better?" said our displeased companion.

"I have a higher estimate of his talent than you have," I replied, wishing to put a stop to the discussion.

"Pooh!" he continued.

I persisted that since my present picture was one of new character, Millais' opinion would be invaluable.

"What nonsense!" I heard grumbled; "how many medal students have there ever been who did anything afterwards?"

But Millais took up our talk with, "You know I always want you to speak to me candidly; well, I'll do the same with you. I've no fear, I can tell you. I know what you can do."

As we were now reaching a corner of the street, the other whispered his determination to leave me to myself with my "medal student," as he contemptuously termed him, whereupon he turned and wished me "Good-night."

I was not displeased, for his presence would have been a fatal hindrance to the unreserve with which it was desirable that the intended talk should be conducted.

I had grown dissatisfied with the principal figure in my picture of "Christ and the Two Maries" as it was painted at first; the canvas had had to be enlarged, and when it came back from the colourman's I found, now that the new design for this figure was ready, still more space was needed; so that, having spent all my money, and not seeing myself within reach of the picture's completion, I was disposed to be down-hearted. Whether to give it up for the time and begin another subject for the next exhibition was a question; but Millais gave me such hearty encouragement as to the character of the work that I was saved from the impatient conclusion tempting me that whatever I did was sure to fail. Relieved in mind on this point, I explained to him the system of painting without dead colouring, which I had more than ever before been following in the progress of this work. I maintained that at least for my particular aims it seemed the most suitable practice, and that soon I hoped to be able to trust to it without any retouching.

While the autumn still lingered it was important to make studies of palm-trees to be introduced into my picture of "Christ and the Maries." Early one morning I went to Kew Gardens and worked industriously; seeing my enthusiasm, the curator in the evening considerately offered me a branch of about twelve feet in length lopped from the tree. My good fellow-student, James Key, was with me, and cheerfully made light of any difficulty in carrying it by undertaking to walk behind holding the tip while I carried the stem over my shoulder. We walked thus to Turnham Green in the increasing dusk, when suddenly my friend stopped, declaring that some mysteriously disagreeable object had fallen inside the collar of his coat down his back; it was as large as a hand, and seemed to crawl, cold and dry. I stopped, and examining into the mystery with care, eventually fished out a dead bat which had been carried unnoticed thus far in the swaying branches.

I had been talking to Millais of Keats, and one day took occasion to show him my design for "The Eve of St. Agnes," representing the escape of Porphyro and Madeleine from the castle; he confirmed me in the intention of painting this subject.

After this visit to my studio we became unreserved friends, and the father and mother treated me with great cordiality in my frequent visits to their house. He was now a tall youth; his bronze-coloured locks stood up, twisting and curling so thickly that the parting itself was lost; he dressed with exact conventionality so as to avoid in any degree courting attention as a genius. Gentle and affectionate as he was to his parents, he showed an increasing independence of judgment, so that I dismissed the thought of considering their prejudices when talking to the son on matters of vital interest to our art.

My first attempt to communicate to Millais my enthusiasm for Keats was for the moment a ludicrous failure. Going to his studio, I took the volume of *Isabella* from my pocket, and asking him to sit down and listen, read some favourite stanzas. Either from the solemnity of the verses, or perhaps because I had unknowingly contracted a droning delivery, after half-a-dozen verses he burst out with, "It's like a parson!"

Although nettled, I laughed. "I'll lend you the volumes, and you'll find the poems will bear a wonderful deal of spoiling. The poem of *The Eve of St. Agnes* is earlier than *The Pot of Basil*, and not at such a high level, but it is brimful of beauties that will soon enchant you; the subject which I have now begun to paint you will see at the end."

He had now undertaken his picture of "Cymon and Iphigenia," and during its early stage he made a change in the treatment of his family, which required persistent strength of will to carry through.

When on one of my visits to Gower Street the street door was opened to me by the servant, there was no time to make an inquiry before the parlour door suddenly opened and revealed the mother, who was full of fire, and eagerly conjured me to listen.

"Johnnie is behaving abominably," she said. "I want you, Hunt, to hear; you would not believe it; he shuts us out of the studio altogether; he is there now all alone. For twelve days now neither his father nor I have been allowed to enter the room. I appeal to you; is that the way to treat parents? He cannot expect to prosper; can he, now? I hope you will tell him so. It is quite unnatural. Isn't it disgraceful?"

Before the dear lady had got thus far I saw the studio door at the end of the passage open, and Johnnie inquired whether it was not Hunt. Recognising me, he cut short the argument by calling out, "Don't mind what they say. Come here."

And so, making the best assurance I could that they would find that there was some important reason for the suddenly adopted course, I joined the provoker of this discontent.

As he shut the door he said, "I'm sorry for my dear old mother, but the time has come when I can't have my studio made into the general sitting-room, and there's no way of making the change gradually. It must be done abruptly and firmly. Now how are you getting on? You're not giving up the 'Christ and the Two Maries,' are you?"

"Not, I hope, finally," I said; "but you see I'm obliged to paint portraits to get money. I shall spend less on 'The Eve of St. Agnes'; I can do much of it by lamplight, and I think it is more likely to sell. We are now in the middle of February, I began it on the 6th, and I could not hope to do both. I must finish 'The Resurrection Meeting' another year."

We then talked about his own work. He had committed himself to a great undertaking, but he had already drawn in the whole composition and had painted in a few of the heads very much as they were finally left. They had been painted almost or entirely at once, and to my eager eyes they seemed to have gained an immaculate freshness and precision and a nervous vitality which put them on a higher footing than his previous work. We talked about what he had done and what yet existed only in his mind. Suddenly he again reverted to the picture of mine he had last seen, inquiring what it was that prevented me from going on with it. If doubtful about the treatment of our Lord, why not look, for example, at some of the old Masters to be found in the Print Room?

I replied: "My dear fellow, my difficulties arise from whims in my own mind, which may be debatable, as to the whole treatment of the Saviour's figure, for when one phase of the question seems settled, another as formidable presents itself. My four years in the City deprived me seriously of opportunity for art practice, but my duties spared me many broken occasions for reading and reflecting, through which notions have grown in my head which I find it not easy to resolve. Some of my cogitations may lead me to see lions in the path which are only phantoms, but until I have faced them I can't be satisfied; in the mental wrestling, however, I have investigated current theories both within art and outside it, and have found many of them altogether unacceptable. What, you ask, are my scruples? Well, they are nothing less than irreverent, heretical, and revolutionary." My two years' seniority gave me courage to reveal what was at the bottom of my heart at the time. I argued, "When art has arrived at facile proficiency of execution, a spirit of easy satisfaction takes possession of its masters, encouraging them to regard it with the paralysing content of the lotus-eaters; it has in their eyes become perfect, and they live in its realm of settled law. Under this miasma no young man has the faintest chance of developing his art into living power, unless he investigates the dogmas of his elders with critical mind, and dares to face the idea of revolt from their authority. The question comes to us whether we are not in such a position now? Of course, we have got some deucedly gifted masters, and I love many of the old boys, and know they could teach me much; but I think they suffer from the fact that the English School began the last century without the discipline of exact manipulation. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought it expedient to take the Italian School at its proudest climax as a starting-point for English art; he himself had already gone through some patient training which had made him a passionate lover of human nature; he had culled on the way an inexhaustible store of riches, and was so impatient to expend his treasures that the parts of a picture which gave him no scope for his generosity were of little interest to him.

"Under his reign came into vogue drooping branches of brown trees over a night-like sky, or a column with a curtain unnaturally arranged, as a background to a day-lit portrait; his feeble followers imitate this arrangement in such numbers that there are few rooms in an exhibition in which we can't count twenty or thirty of the kind; it is not therefore premature to demand that the backgrounds of pictures should be equally representative of nature with their principal portions; consider how disregard of this requirement affected Sir Joshua's ambitious compositions. The more he departed from pictures of the nature of portraiture, the more conventional and uninteresting he became. Look at his 'Holy Family' in the National Gallery, with nothing in the child but a reflection of the infant in Correggio's picture of 'Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid to read,' and the absence of any natural treatment in other parts of the composition. His 'Infant Hercules with the Philosophers standing around' is equally unprofitable. The rules of art which he loved so much to lay down were no fetters to him, because he rose superior to them when his unbounded love of human nature was appealed to, and then his affection for Ludovico Caracci and the Bolognese School became light in the balance; his approval of togas went for nothing when a general stood before him in red coat with gold facings; and the playful fancies of children suggested to him vivacious fascination such as no painter ever before had noted. His lectures were admirably adapted to encourage the young to make a complete and reverential survey of what art had done in past times, for there was a danger that English painters would follow the course which Morland soon after took of treating common subjects, with only an indirect knowledge of the perfection which art had reached in the hands of the old masters. Probably Wilkie owed his more refined course to Sir Joshua's teaching. Reynolds was not then in sight of the opposite danger of conventionalism as affecting the healthy study of nature to the degree which has since been seen. The last fifty years, however, have proved that his teaching was interpreted as encouragement to unoriginality of treatment, and neglect of that delicate rendering of nature, which had led previous schools to greatness. The English School began on the top of the wave, and consequently ever since it has been sinking into the hollow. The independent genius of the first President could not be transmitted, but his binding rules were handed on. You remember how Mr. Jones spoke of the evils of precocious masterliness, but he only denounced the indulgence when in excess of the accepted standard. I would go much farther, for his words would not touch the academic tradition. I am bound, because of my past loss of time, to consider my own need, and for that I feel sure it is important to question fashion and dogma: every school that reached exalted heights in art began with humility and precision. The British School skipped the training that led to the making of Michael Angelo; but even now, late as it is, children should begin as children, and wait for years to bring them to maturity."

"I quite agree with what you say; for as to Reynolds," replied Millais, "he would think nothing of making the stem of a rose as big as the butt-end of a fishing-rod.[1] You'll see I intend to turn over a new leaf; I have finished these heads more than any I ever did. Last year it was the rage to talk about 'Collinson's finish' in his 'Charity Boy': I'll show 'em that that wasn't finish at all."

I added: "With form so lacking in nervousness as his, finish of detail is wasted labour. But about the question of precedent. I would say that the course of previous generations of artists which led to excellence cannot be too studiously followed, but their treatment of subjects, perfect as they were for their time, should not be repeated. If we do only what they did so perfectly, I don't see much good to the world in our work. The language they used was then a living one, now it is dead: though their work has in it humanly and artistically such marvellous perfection, for us to repeat their treatment for subjects of sacred or historic import is mere affectation. In the figure of the risen Lord, for instance, about which we began to talk, the painters put a flag in His hands to represent His victory over Death: their public had been taught that this adjunct was a part of the alphabet of their faith; they accepted it, as they received all the legends painted at the order of the Church. Many of these were poetic and affecting; but with the New Testament in our hands we have new suggestions to make. If I were to put a flag with a cross on it in Christ's hand, the art-galvanising revivalists might be pleased, but unaffected people would regard the work as having no living interest for them. I have been trying for some treatment that might make them see this Christ with something of the surprise that the Maries themselves felt on meeting Him as One who has come out of the grave, but I must for every reason put it by for the present. In the meanwhile, the story in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* illustrates the sacredness of honest responsible love and the weakness of proud intemperance, and I may practise my new principles to some degree on that subject."

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[1] I never knew what particular picture he had in his mind; certainly in later years he appreciated the excellences, and regarded with no severity the failings, of the great portrait painter.

I blundered through this argument, not without many ejaculations from my companion; but here, laughing, I turned upon him with—"You see what a dangerous rebel I am, but you are every bit as bad as myself! Here are you painting a poetic subject in which you know all authorities would insist upon conventional treatment, and you cannot pretend that this work of yours is academic. If Howard or Frost undertook the subject, you know perfectly well that while they would certainly have made some of the nymphs fair, and some dark to give contrast, there would be no kind of variety in the shape of the faces, not one would be out of the oval in any degree, none would have nose, eyes, or mouth a bit different in shape from the other; all their limbs, too, would be of the same pattern; in fact, every care would be taken that they should rather be waxen effigies than living creatures. It would be in their several manners the same with Mulready, Eastlake, Maclise ; it is the evil of a declining art, yet all the cognoscenti say, 'How classically refined, how entirely this conception belongs to the world of imagination and perfection.' Now what have you done? You've made beings of varied form as you see them in Nature. You've made living persons, not tinted effigies. Oh, that'll never do! it is too revolutionary."

"I know," he said, half apologetically ; "but the more attentively I look at Nature the more I detect in it unexpected delights : it's so infinitely better than anything I could compose, that I can't help following it whatever the consequences may be."

"Well, neither of us is sophisticated enough to appreciate the system in vogue, not to feel that it ends in an insufferable mannerism and sameness of feature that soon pall upon the senses beyond toleration. From the time of the Egyptians, all great artists have founded their beauty upon selection, and not upon the falsifying of Nature," said I. "Those English artists who, since the commencement of their opportunities, have won honour for our nation, have firmly dared to break loose at some one point from the trammels of traditional authority. What gave the charm to Wilson's works was his departure from the examples of the classical painters whose general manner he affected. Wilkie, in his 'Blindman's Buff,' found no type of its sweet humour and grace in the Dutch masters ; and Turner's excellence had no antecedent type of its enchantment in Claude or any other builder-up of pictorial scenery. Flaxman and Stothard are always most able in those works in which their own direct reading of Nature overpowers their obedience to previous example, and so it is with the best painters of our day. For young artists to remain ignorant of the course of their predecessors would be boorish folly, or knowing it, to despise the examples set by great men would be presumption, courting defeat ; you and I by practical study know as much of the great works of antiquity and of the principles represented in these as any students need. Let us go on a bold track; some one must do this soon, why should not we do it together? We will go carefully and not without the teaching of our fathers: it is simply fuller Nature we want. Revivalism, whether it be of classicalism or of mediævalism, is a seeking after dry bones. Read, my dear fellow, the address of Oceanus in Keats's *Hyperion*, and you will see how the course of life on creation's lines is inevitably progressive, and only under debasing influence retrogressive. Nothing but fatal deterioration can come from servilely emulating the past, no matter how admirable the original; that sculptors should desire their works to be called pure Greek, or that painters should desire their pictures to be either Peruginesque, Titianesque, or Rembrandtesque, is to my mind a perversion of ambition. Every age brings new knowledge into the world: the artists of past days imagined and composed their works for the intelligence of their contemporaries, and we should work with equal desire to address the intelligence of our own day. We have, as an example of trammels, the law that all figures in a picture should have their places on a line describing a letter S—the authorities for convention finding this ground plan in Raphael's groups. I recognise it in many, but not in all: the best that can be said for the edict is, that it varies the two sides of a composition, one being hollow and in most cases rich in shadow, while on the opposite side of the picture the objects form a protruding mass open to the light. Experiments with this canon are quite desirable for young artists—you have used it in your 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' and I in my new picture—but I am convinced that the universal use of it is paralysing to the need of making each design accord with the spirit of the subject. Again, should the several parts of the composition be always apexed in pyramids? Why should the highest light be always on the principal figure? Why make one corner of the picture always in shade?

For what reason is the sky in a daylight picture made as black as night? and this even when seen through the window of a chamber where the strong light comes from no other source than the same sky shining through the opposite window. And then about colour, why should the gradation go from the principal white, through yellow to pink and red, and so on to stronger colours? With all this subserviency to early examples, when the turn of violet comes, why does the courage of the modern imitator fail? If you notice, a clean purple is scarcely ever given in these days, and green is nearly as much ignored. But while our leaders profess submission to ancient authority, they don't dare to emulate the courageous independence of ancient art where it is remarkable. Look, to wit, at the audacity with which the columns are placed in Raphael's 'Beautiful Gate,' cutting the composition into three equal parts, giving thus a precious individuality to the picture."

Millais continued his rattling commentary as I went on, often endorsing the convictions I hazarded, and so encouraging me to be bolder. The pictures I have here cited to justify the views expressed were not the sole examples brought forward to illustrate the contention, for many works ancient and modern were summoned to bear their testimony to our argument.[1]

In the midst of our earnest talk a quiet knock came at the door. "Who's there?" asked my companion.

"I have brought you the tea myself," said the mother. I was hurrying forward, when Millais stopped me with his hand, and a silent shake of the head.

"I really can't let you in, mamma," he returned; "please put the tray down at the door, and I'll take it in myself."

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[1] Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" is chosen as an excellent example of the principles enforced by academic rules; it will enable the attentive reader to trace the serpentine line as the ground plan of the arrangement of figures and salient accessories, and also the pyramidal forms of groups in the composition. As to the first and secondary lights and their relation to the tertiary lights and deepest darks, and also the cutting off of a corner by shadow, it is also edifying.

I spoke then. "We are debating matters, Mrs. Millais, that would really be very dull to all but artists up to their necks in paint, and our talk is the deepest treason against our betters."

She knocked again. "I call on you, Hunt, as a witness of this bad behaviour to his mother."

Millais' only apology was, "You'll see in time how right I am"; and when she left he waited a minute ere he went for our tea.

WILKIE'S "BLIND FIDDLER."

We resumed our talk, reverting to the difference between vigorous and moribund art. I continued, "The beauty aimed at now is exactly the opposite to that of great art: in old days the ambition was to combat sickly ideas of beauty; the modern ambition is utterly without health or force of character, either physical or mental. It is conceived to satisfy the prejudices of the modiste; ladies by some are portrayed with waists that would condemn the race to extermination in two generations, and men are made such waxwork dandies that savagedom would soon sweep a nation with such an aristocracy into the melting-pot. Art's office is not to encourage such maudlin culture, for true refinement in design, as in word poetry, is to raise aspirations to the healthy and heroic ; it certainly should not lead its admirers to court the moribund, by decking up the sentimentally languid in fine feathers. Lately I had great delight in skimming over a certain book, *Modern Painters*, by a writer calling himself an Oxford Graduate ; it was lent to me only for a few hours, but, by Jove! passages in it made my heart thrill. He feels the power and responsibility of art more than any author I have ever read. He describes pictures of the Venetian School in such a manner that you see them with your inner sight, and you feel that the men who did them had been appointed by God, like old prophets, to bear a sacred message, and that they delivered themselves like Elijah of old. They seemed mighty enough to overthrow any vanity of the day. He glories most in Tintoretto, and some of the series described, treating of the life of the Virgin, and others illustrating the history of the Saviour, make one see in the painter a sublime Hogarth. The Annunciation takes place in a ruined house, with walls tumbled down ; the place in that condition stands as a symbol of the Jewish Church—so the author reads—and it suggests an appropriateness in Joseph's occupation of a carpenter, that at first one did not recognise ; he is the new builder! The Crucifixion is given with redoubled dramatic penetration, and the author dwells upon the accumulated notes of meaning in the design, till you shudder at the darkness around you. I wish I could quote the passage about Christ. I'll tell you more of the book some day. I speak of it now because the men he describes were of such high purpose and vigour that they present a striking contrast to the uninspired men of to-day. This shows need for us young artists to consider what course we should follow. That art is dying at times is beyond question. The 'Oxford Graduate' reverses the judgment of Sir Joshua, for he places the Venetian in the highest rank, and disdains the Bolognese School, which until these days has never been questioned for its superiority, both under the Caraccis and Le Brun, whom the President also lauds. Students in those days would have been wise had they realised their doleful condition, and taken an independent course. I venture to conclude that we are now in a similar plight, and the book I speak of helps one to see the difference between dead and living art at a critical juncture. False taste has great power, and has often gained distinction and honour. Life is not long enough to drivel through a bad fashion and begin again. The determination to save one's self and art must be made in youth. I feel that is the only hope, at least for myself. One's thoughts must stir before the hands can do. With my picture from *The Eve of St. Agnes* I am limited to architecture and night effect, but I purpose after this to paint an out-of-door picture, with a foreground and background, abjuring altogether brown foliage, smoky clouds, and dark corners, painting the whole out of doors, direct on the canvas itself, with every detail I can see, and with the sunlight brightness of the day itself. Should the system in any point prove to be wrong, well! I shall be ready to confess my mistake and modify my course."

In the midst of my talk Millais continually expressed eagerness to get away altogether from the conventions denounced, and adduced examples of what he agreed were absurdities, declaring that often he had wondered whether something very interesting could not be done in defiance of them. "You shall see in my next picture if I won't paint something much better than 'Cymon and Iphigenia'; it is too late now to treat this more naturally; indeed I have misgivings whether there is time to finish it as it is begun."

We had had our talk out for the night. He was putting things away, and collecting his brushes and otherwise making signs of departure. I held out my hand to say "Good-bye."

"Oh no!" he said, "you must come in and see the old people," which brought to my mind the prospect of a terrible quarter of an hour.

The parlour comes to my sight now. Over the fireplace was the oval portrait of Johnnie, painted when he was fourteen by Phillip (it had been done in return for sittings given for the head of Bruce in a picture representing that hero at College); below this portrait on either side were the small likenesses of the father and mother by their son; above the entrance door was Millais' admirable chalk-drawing of the Apollo's head. The mother sat in an arm-chair near the window and the father on the other side of the fire.

Johnnie burst into the sitting-room; I came up bashfully behind. "Now we've come to have a nice time with you, mamma and papa."

"We don't wish," said the mother, "to tax your precious time at all; we have our own occupations to divert us and engage our attention," and the crochet needles were more intently plied.

"Hoity-toity, what's all this? Put down your worsted work at once. I'm going to play backgammon with you directly"; and he straightway fetched the board from its corner and laid it on the table before her.

"You know, Hunt, how shamefully he has been behaving, and I appeal to you to say whether it is not barefacedness to come in and treat us as though nothing had occurred," appealed the mother.

The *us* was chosen because at the time Johnnie had gone to his father with the guitar, placing it in his hand, and remarking, as he put his arms round the paternal shoulders: "Now, as we are too busy in the day to see one another, it's more jolly that we should do so after work, so just you be a dear old papa, and now prove to Hunt what a splendid musician you are. Hunt used to practise the violin once, but his family didn't like it, and he could not be annoying them in music and painting too, so he gave up his fiddling, but he's very fond of music. You play that exquisite air out of Rigoletto." And then turning to me he added, "There's no one in England has such an exact touch as he has"; while to him he railingly said, "You want pressing like a shy young lady."

His father was, however, already tuning the strings, when the son went over to the still irreconcilable mother, took her needles away, kissed her, and wheeled her in the chair round to the table where the opened chess-board was arranged awaiting her. The father had already commenced the air, which at my solicitation he repeated, and afterwards played "The Harmonious Blacksmith." The radiant faces of both parents gradually witnessed to their content, and while the son beat time to the music, he paid no less attention to the game with the mother.

After an hour of this renewed good understanding I left, without fear that the course my friend was taking would diminish the mutual affection of the father, mother, and son.

Since I had become a student in the Life School, which was held only in the evening, I had felt justified in giving more of my daylight to original work at home, but at the appointed hour I hurried away to the little "pepper-box" at the top of the building in Trafalgar Square.

It was here that the gods were seen in actual flesh. One evening in the past summer, running up the spiral staircase three steps at a time to secure my place before the model posed, I was brought to sudden sobriety of pace by overtaking Etty, that veteran master of colour in his generation, who was labouring to reach the top. It was with a feeling of shame that I found I had disturbed his toilsome climbing. I was too late to retreat, for he turned and saw me. I made my gentlest salutation to the bearer of the burden of life, the more reverently, seeing that his infirmity did not quench his ardent habitual effort. He could scarcely speak, but stood aside and made signs for me to pass. I apologised, with assurance that I would follow. Beckoning me close to him he said, as he put his hand upon my shoulder: "Go. I insist! Your time is more precious than mine." I felt sure that he wished me to take him at his word, accordingly I obeyed his directions.

He painted on a sized but unprimed mill-board; he made the outline hastily with charcoal, dusted this out slightly, then took out his prepared palette and fastened it with a screw to the left-hand upper end of his board. His colours were set in order from white through reds, browns, blues, and greens to black. He began using them by rubbing in the darks with umber and rich browns, and then painted on the general lights in masses with accentuated prominences of pure white, tempering this gradually from patches of blanched reds and lakes kept in squares of different strengths on his prepared

ETTY IN THE LIFE SCHOOL.

palette. At this stage, he made the half tints by leaving the ground more or less to show through the scumblings. After each touch his weighty head overbalanced itself to right and left, while he drew himself back for a more distant glance. At every fresh sally he recommenced by enlarging the swoop of his brush on the palette. The next evening he began to clear away the excess of dried and undried paint with cuttle-fish, and circled away again with colours differing only by the inclusion of yellows and the more delicate lakes. In his after layers he never seemed to give an entire equivalent for the enchantments of his first indications of effect.

His choice of paints was not beneficial as an example to the young, for while at first he seemed to have brought certain vivid pigments for the background only, they all came gradually into the vortex of his sweeping hand, and before he had painted half an hour, emerald green and Prussian blue appeared to be made to do service in flesh. He was intoxicated with the delight of painting, and when, after a careful reloading of his brush, he drove the tool upwards in frequent bouts before his half-closed eyes, I don't think that, had he been asked suddenly, he could have told his name.

We did not always have as instructors the members whose deserved renown made them coveted teachers, but in midsummer on one occasion—regarded as a fortunate one by all the students—Mr. Mulready was the visitor. I listened to his criticisms, when my turn came, with much attention, and he continued his instructive remarks so patiently each evening that it seemed he treated me with more than average favour. Perhaps it was relying upon this apparent partiality one evening, when the class had broken up and he was leaving the school, which led me to follow him through the door and down the steps. Hearing me, he halted and turned round. I apologised for my intrusion by explaining that I sought information which would enable me to acquit myself of a duty delayed for some years. I then referred to

Mr. Varley as having been good enough when I was a boy to see me and to give me advice upon drawing, when he furnished me with lithographs to be copied as exercises at home; ultimately he lent me a crayon drawing, which he called a Rembrandt. While I spoke I could not but observe the visitor's features darkly clouding over, but I persevered, being confident that, on learning all, he could find no cause of offence. Suddenly he compelled a pause, and burst out with, "And how *dare* you, sir, assume that this affects me in any way?"

"May I explain, sir," I went on, "that Mr. Varley once said he was proud in being able to speak of you as in some manner a connection of his; remembering this, I thought you might direct me how to find his son, whom I have never succeeded in tracing, since on going to the house shortly after Mr. Varley's death I found it abandoned, and from that day I have not had an opportunity of returning the drawing." Here the annoyance to which I was unconsciously subjecting Mr. Mulready was beyond toleration.

"I am astounded at your temerity, sir, in addressing me on such a matter!" he exclaimed. "He had no right to make the statement you speak of, and you, sir, have no excuse for taxing my attention with it."

I stammered out, "I fear, sir, that I have made some great mistake, but pray believe me that I had no idea I should vex you."

"You have, sir, made a great mistake, a very great mistake indeed, one that I cannot at all understand." And so he turned and went down the steps, still storming as he went, while I stood dumbfoundered. The next night, when he came his round, I stood up, bowing respectfully as I offered him my place at the drawing, but he only glared at me with his face set like a mask, saying, as he went round me, "Oh, it's you, is it?" I had most innocently made him my declared enemy. Yet models who posed to him told me that he always inquired as to what I was doing at home, adding, "Ah! you'll see, he will do something one day."

Some years later I heard what accounted for his ill-humour. He had married at seventeen a sister of John Varley of the same age; it proved to be a most unhappy union, and before the prime of life they had separated for ever, each thinking the other to blame, so that intimates refrained from mentioning the relationship. He probably assumed that I ought to have known of this.[1]

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[1] With regard to conversations with Millais, I cannot of course pretend to have recorded every exact word set down. But the illustrations and criticisms used, and the names of the works of art cited, are as fresh in my memory as if they had been spoken only yesterday, and therefore a revival of the conversational form of the interview seems to me the best way in which to convey an idea of what passed.

CHAPTER V

1847

> Persist if thou wouldst reach thine ends,
> For failures oft are but advising friends.
> Every failure is a step advanced
> To him who will consider how it chanced.
>
> GEORGE MEREDITH.

> Whenever you have to do a favour, do not, as some are tempted to do, dwell upon the greatness of the sacrifice you make; but on receiving a kindness do not omit to recognise your benefactor's generosity.—HINTS ON ETIQUETTE BY A LADY OF QUALITY (1840).

AT twenty, one may not only be happy in a garret, but all the opportunities of life come more richly and the hours last longer for effort than in later days. Backward as I was with my intended contribution to the Academy of "The Eve of St. Agnes," I saw no reason at first to give up my attendance at the evening Life School. Coming home at nine, I worked on my canvas by the light of a lamp. The architecture I had to paint with but little help of solid models, but the bough of mistletoe was hung up so that I might get the approximate night effect upon it; the bloodhounds I painted from a couple possessed by my friend, Mr. J. B. Price; my fellow-student, James Key, sat to me for the figure of the sleeping page and for the hands of Porphyro, so I was enabled to advance the picture with but little outlay. Still I was pinched both for want of time and money. Some days in each week I had to sacrifice to paint a

The Eve of St. Agnes.

portrait. When I was able to work at home in the morning, a visitor who had been brought by Mr. F. G. Stephens occasionally came; he used to sit by the fire without giving any sign that he cared for my painting. His discourse was of country places, of old churches and their architectural features, of brasses, monuments, and other antiquarian matters of rare interest to me. Yet it seemed unaccountable that he should find any pleasure in coming to warm and air his memory at my glow-worm of a hearth; but blind as his choice was, it seemed impelled by kind Fate, as the sequel in time showed. The date for sending in works came alarmingly near. Millais had progressed more bravely than I, but he had yet more to do, and we agreed that neither of us could finish without working far into, and even all through, the last nights. For company's sake, he invited me to bring my picture to his studio; his parents also urged this, and so we worked, encouraging one another hour by hour. On one occasion, becoming fatigued, he suddenly, with boyish whim, conceived a prejudice against the task of painting some drapery about the figures which had still to be done, and entreated me to relieve him. "Do, like a dear fellow, work out these folds for me; you shan't lose time, for I'll do one of the heads of your revellers for you." His father was called in as his model, and I can to this day distinguish the part he did for me, adapting his handling to my manipulation by precise touch. The head of the baron in the host's chair at the table, and the left hand of the man throwing his body back towards the spectator, were his work, while I did a part of the drapery of the Iphigenia.

When all the inmates of the house were sleeping we were still steadily working. Occasionally we refreshed ourselves with a little coffee; it was this, perhaps, which gave us extra energy for talk about the new views we had ventured to form of the art which in other circles was esteemed as above judgment, and of the ideals we were raising up for ourselves. There was perhaps much boyish bumptiousness in our verdicts upon the old art, and in our aspirations for the new, but we wrought out the reason of each question, intending that it should be tried in the fire. We revealed all our innermost thoughts to each other, and used our conclusions to form ardent resolves for the future. It is on quiet and confidential occasions such as this that burning convictions are tested and refined, and ours at this time were beaten upon the anvil of what experience we had already had. Here the scaling dross was shaken off, and the pure iron converted into tempered steel.

Often when standing before them we had talked over Raphael's cartoons ; now we again reviewed our judgment of these noble designs. We did so fearlessly, but even when most daring we never forgot their claim to be honoured ; we did not bow to the chorus of the blind, for when we advanced to our judgment on "The Transfiguration" we condemned it for its grandiose disregard of the simplicity of truth, the pompous posturing of the Apostles, and the unspiritual attitudinising of the Saviour. Treating of the strained and meaningless action of the epileptic, I quoted the arguments of Sir Charles Bell, saying, "You must read them for yourself."[1] In our final estimation this picture was a signal step in the decadence of Italian art. When we had advanced this opinion to other students, they as a *reductio ad absurdam* had said, "Then you are Pre-Raphaelite." Referring to this as we worked side by side, Millais and I laughingly agreed that the designation must be accepted.

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[1] "Two of our greatest painters, Raphael and Domenichino, have painted demoniacal boys. In the convent of Grotto Ferraba, in the neighbourhood of Rome, Domenichino has represented St. Nilus in the act of relieving a lad possessed. The Saint, an old man, is on his knees in prayer ; the lad is raised and held up by an aged man, the mother with a child is waiting the consummation of the miracle. Convulsions have seized the lad ; he is rigidly bent back, the lower limbs spasmodically extended so that only his toes rest on the ground ; the eyes are distorted ; the pupils turned up under the eyelids. This would be the position of Opisthotonos, were not the hands spread abroad, the palms and fingers open, and the jaw fallen. Had the representation been perfectly true to nature, the jaws would have been clenched and the teeth grinding. But then the miracle could not have been represented, for one, under the direction of the Saint, has the finger of his left hand in the boy's mouth, and the other holds a vessel of oil with which the tongue is to be touched, and the grandeur of the old man makes this one of the most admired paintings in Italy.

"I have here given a sketch of the true Opisthotonos, where it is seen that all the muscles are rigidly contracted, the more powerful flexors prevailing over the extensors. Were the painter to represent every circumstance faithfully, the effect might be too painful, and something must be left to the taste and imagination. The original sketch is in the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

On the date for receiving the works of outsiders at the Academy, our pictures were forwarded, literally at the eleventh hour of the night, and very glad each of us was to go to his long-neglected bed.

The first use which Millais and I made of our release from the pressure of work on a succeeding morning was to accompany the noted Chartist procession; it marched from Russell Square across Blackfriars Bridge to Kennington Common; we did not venture on to the grass with the agitators, but, standing up on the cross rails outside the enclosure, we could see the gesticulations of the orators as they came forward on the van drawn up in the centre of the green. When the address was beginning to evoke tumultuous cheers, a solitary policeman, square and tall, appeared from the northern corner, walked through the dense artisan crowd to the foremost stand, and beckoned to Fergus O'Connor to return with him to the Superintendent of Police, under assurance of non-

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I took it from soldiers wounded in the head at the battle of Corunna. Three men were similarly hurt, and in short successive intervals similarly affected, so that the character could not be mistaken.

"In the same painter's great picture of 'The Transfiguration' in the Vatican there is a lad possessed, and in convulsions. I hope I am not insensible to the beauties of that picture, nor presumptuous in saying that the figure is not natural. A physician would conclude that this youth was feigning. He is, I presume, convulsed; he is stiffened with contractions and his eyes are turned in their sockets. But no child was ever so affected. In real convulsions the extensor muscles yield to the more powerful contractions of the flexor muscles; whereas, in the picture, the lad extends his arms, and the fingers of the left hand are stretched unnaturally backwards. Nor do the lower extremities correspond with truth; he stands firm; the eyes are not natural; they should have been turned more inwards, as looking into the head, and partially buried under the forehead. The mouth, too, is open, which is quite at variance with the general condition, and without the apology which Domenichino had. The muscles of the arms are exaggerated to a degree which Michael Angelo never attempted; and still it is the extensors and supinators, and not the flexors, which are thus prominent."—Bell's *Anatomy of Expression.*

detention. I felt respect for both men and for the crowd as the speaker quietly descended, and a lane was made by the thousands present, while the two walked over the common as staidly as though they alone were on the ground. The Chartist champion was detained only a few minutes. He came back by himself, knowing that concealed measures had been taken to quell any outbreak of disturbance, and that the roofs of the neighbouring houses were manned with riflemen. On re-ascending the van, he advised the law-abiding people to disperse, which they did without delay. We essayed to return by the road we had come, but at Blackfriars Bridge a cordon of police barred further passage. We turned towards Bankside. Here at the entrance a set of stalwart roughs armed with bludgeons were determined to have their fight, and we heard, as we were about to pass, the sound of bloody strife. Who that has heard such even in its mildest form can forget the hurtle? We felt the temptation to see the issue, and Millais could scarcely resist pressing forward, but I knew how in a moment all present might be involved in a fatal penalty. I had promised to keep him out of wanton danger, but it was not without urgent persuasion that I could get him away. We went along, accompanied by but few of the crowd, till we reached London Bridge; passing this we arrived at the Bank of England and the Mansion House, crested with sand-bags to mask the soldiery. We succeeded on our round in gaining a thorough knowledge of the state of affairs. Returning by way of Holborn, the sombre sky opened its silent artillery on us with spots of rain as large as grape shot, and cleared the streets of agitators, mischief-makers, and idlers alike. With the last we scampered home as swiftly as any of the reformers.

Neither of us lost time. Millais, with his ready power of drawing, was impatient to produce some new composition. We were each of us members of the Cyclographic Club; according to the rules, a design had to be furnished about once every month, together with a criticism upon the drawings of other members; this criticism was taken out by the artist with his drawing when the portfolio came back for a further contribution. For some reason I had never attended any meetings, nor did I hear of any from Millais or other members.

William Rossetti, however, speaks of a meeting which he attended with his brother. I know it was about this date that when the portfolio was opened at Millais' house, some designs of D. G. Rossetti's attracted our regard as

W. H. H.

RUTH AND BOAZ.

an exception to the general level of the contributions, which could not be considered high in character; indeed the Club was already in danger of splitting up, owing to the glaring incompetence of about three-quarters of its members, and the too unrestrained ridicule of the remainder.

Millais had now become as ardent an admirer of Keats as myself, and we soon resolved to begin a series of illustrations in slightly shaded outline; we worked these with a fine brush in line in preference to a pen for the sake of greater freedom. The drawings were to be preparations for copperplate etchings in illustration of the magnificent poem of *Isabella*. Before I could attend to such work, I had to replenish my empty purse by portrait painting of the dullest kind ; and the design for Rienzi, which I had determined upon as the subject of my next picture, being more urgent than the etching designs, I devoted the first hours I could steal, to its composition and to making an independent sketch in oil of its colour scheme. While I had made thus but scant progress with my Keats outline, Millais had completed his. We could not apply ourselves to finishing the whole Keats series until we could hope to tempt a publisher to co-operate with us in the venture.

Living near the British Museum, I went there whenever I could ; I was now advanced enough to make riper use of it than when I first began to draw there ; the rooms were then thronged with a band of youths so warmly intimate, that they seemed destined to be companions for life ; but already their haunts knew them no more, and their places were taken by blank staring strangers.

When, after the lapse of fifty years, I walk again among the unchangeable masterpieces of antiquity, all the old familiar faces of my fellow-students are close around me. I see them still with their imagined futures unopened ; and then a second scroll unrolls with those whom I have known in later life, in which the circumstances of the actual lives appear, and the younger and the older man seem strangers to one another.

My first art friend, James Key, I met originally at the city portrait painter's ; later I walked with him to and from Montague House,[1] not without profit to myself. Eventually he went into the Wesleyan Church ; now he is pastor at St. Petersburg, and a man of most estimable influence. Another fellow-pupil in the city studio was a youth, a year or two our senior ; he had large prominent eyes, full features, swarthy complexion, and was of Semitic type. He talked proudly of his privileges behind the scenes of theatres with a somewhat precocious manliness. His name has since become of repute as the author of *The Dead Heart.* I met him later, and found him then ambitious of literary as well as artistic fame ; yet I did not at that time see signs of that publicity which Watts Phillips, as a dramatist, was to achieve in the end, and which indeed did not come fully till some years after his death. At the Museum there was one tall, handsome youth, with full yellow hair and clear blue eyes, who could never be forgotten ; he drew with great earnestness, capacity, and modesty. His name was Tom Muloch ; and frequently his sister Dinah, the authoress of *John Halifax*, would sit by his side. He died quite young.

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[1] Montague House, out of which was then being formed the British Museum.

When the Academy Hanging Committee had completed their work I was surprised and distressed to learn that Millais' painting of "Cymon and Iphigenia" had not been placed. The only justification could have been that the work was incomplete. He was exceedingly brave about the disappointment, and—as was characteristic with him throughout life on encountering any check to success—he was very reticent on the subject, and now he hid the picture away. My picture of "The Eve of St. Agnes," being not nearly so large, had more easily met with better fortune, notwithstanding the absence of close finish. It was hung somewhat high up in the Architectural Room, but in a good light, as was proved on the touching-up morning by the amount of attention which fellow-exhibitors bestowed upon it.

Millais had gone out of town at this time—partly, if I remember right, to arrange about a commission for the execution of a series of paintings in monochrome at Leeds. Before returning to town he stayed at Oxford and Shotover till the end of summer.

Rossetti came up to me, repeating with emphasis his praise, and loudly declaring that my picture of "The Eve of St. Agnes" was the best in the collection. Probably the fact that the subject was taken from Keats made him the more unrestrained, for I think no one had ever before painted any subject from this still little-known poet.

No other copies of his works than those published in his lifetime had yet appeared. These were in mill-board covers, and I had found mine in book-bins labelled "this lot 4d."[1] Rossetti frankly proposed to come and see me. Before this I had been only on nodding terms with him in the schools, to which he came but rarely and irregularly. He had always attracted there a following of clamorous students, who, like Millais' throng, were rewarded with original sketches. Rossetti's subjects were of a different class from Millais, not of newly culled facts, but of knights rescuing ladies, of lovers in mediæval dress, illustrating stirring incidents of romantic poets; in manner they resembled Gilbert's book designs.[2] His flock of impatient petitioners had always barred me from approaching him. Once indeed I had found him alone, perched on some steps stretched across my path, drawing in his sketch-book a single female figure from the gates of Ghiberti. I had recently been attentively drawing some of the groups for their expression and arrangement, and I told Rossetti then how eloquent the Keeper had been in his comments on seeing me at work from the group of "The Finding of the Cup in Benjamin's Sack," saying that Ghiberti's principles of composition were in advance of his time in their variety of groupings, and that his great successors had all profoundly profited by these examples. As an instance he had pointed out how Raphael in the cartoon of "The Charge to St. Peter" had put a little quirk of drapery projecting out under the elbow of the last disciple on the right to break the vertical line of the figure, just as Ghiberti had here introduced the ass with projecting pannier for the same purpose. The Keeper for these reasons regretted that the gates were not more often studied by young painters. Thus chatting and dilating on these quattrocento epochal masterpieces and their fascinating merits gave us subject for a few minutes' talk ; but our common enthusiasm for Keats brought us into intimate relations.

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[1] In the article I wrote in the *Contemporary Review* I mentioned that the volume had been lost by lending. A hitherto unknown friend, on reading this statement, most generously made me the possessor of a daintily bound volume in place of my original copy.

G. F. Watts had quoted some lines of Keats to his exquisite figure of "Echo."

[2] A later recurrence to this manner of drawing may be found on page 115.

A few days more, and Rossetti was in my studio. I showed him all my pictures and studies, even those I had put aside for the nonce, which, at the stage I had entered upon of advance by leaps and bounds, often involved final abandonment ; for in youth a month, and even a day in some cases, is an age in which, for all inventive purpose, the past acts as a sepulchre to its idea. My last designs and experiments I rejoiced to display before a man of his poetic instincts ; and it was pleasant to hear him repeat my propositions and theories in his own richer phrase. I showed him my new picture of "Rienzi," in the painting of which at the outset I was putting in practice the principle of rejection of conventional dogma, and pursuing that of direct application to Nature for each feature, however humble a part of foreground or background this might be. I justified the doing of this thoroughly as the only sure means of eradicating the stereotyped tricks of decadent schools, and of any conventions not recommended by experienced personal judgment.

While engaged on the question of the practice of painting, he confessed to me that he was very disheartened about his position. He had, some short time ago, applied to Madox Brown to take him as a pupil. This the established artist had generously agreed to do on terms of amity. In accordance with all sound precedent, the master had set him to copy a painting of his own of two cherub angels watching the crown of thorns, and this he had managed to finish. The next task was a study of still life from a group of bottles[1] and other objects which happened to be lying about in the studio. This discipline Rossetti had found so abhorrent that it had tormented his soul beyond power of endurance.

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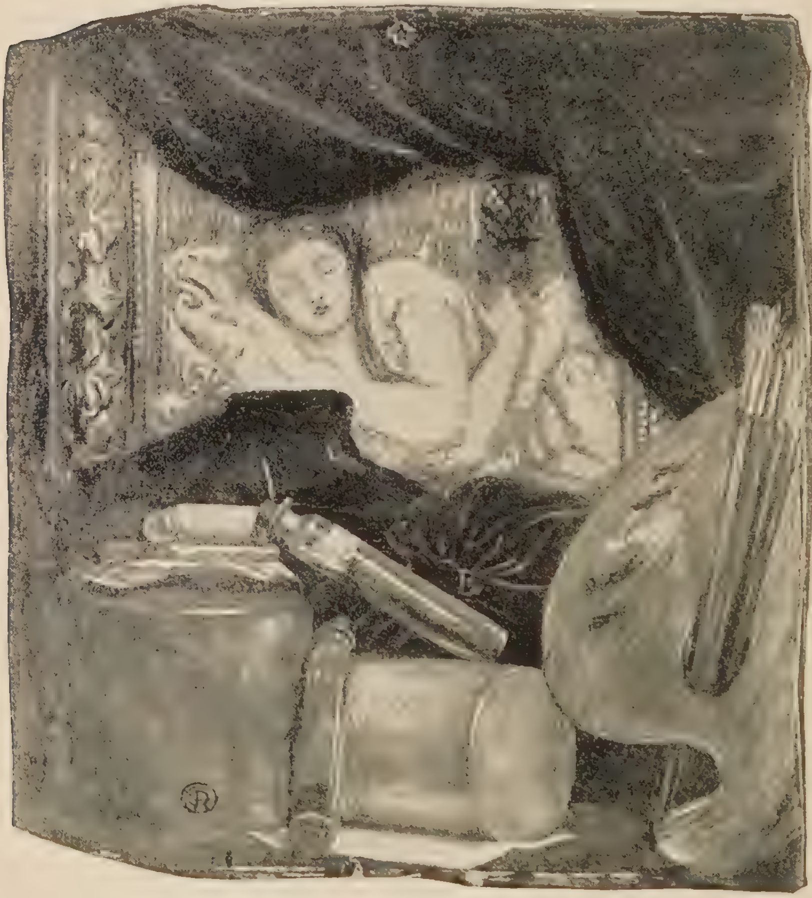
[1] See p. 108.



STUDY OF BOTTLES, BY D. G. ROSSETTI UNDER F. M. BROWN, WITH FIGURE SKETCHED YEARS AFTERWARDS.

Thus disheartened, he had given up painting for the time and had turned for counsel to Leigh Hunt, asking him to read his small collection of poems, and to tell him whether he might not hope to rely upon poetry for his bread. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." My namesake had replied about the verses in the most appreciative manner, but implored him, if he had any prospect whatever as a painter, on no account to give it up, since the fortunes of an unfriended poet in modern days were too pitiable to be risked.[1] Rossetti had thus been again driven to painting. In subsequent visits I learnt that he had not returned to Brown, but had been working alone at the studio of Hancock, a sculptor fellow-student, and there he had broken down again. "Was it necessary," he asked plaintively, "to go again to still life?" I assured him of my great deference to the judgment of his master, adding that although, in ordinary cases, I should prescribe the same course to any pupil, for him I should try whether the object might not be gained by leaving him to choose one of his recent designs (seen and admired by Millais and myself as they had come round in the folio of the Cyclographic Club), and that with the composition put upon canvas, the painting should be begun with the still life. I believed that invested with vital interest as links in an idea to be welded together, he would find each day's labour interesting and instructive until he had acquired sufficient proficiency to paint the figures in the picture. This suggestion he accepted with unbounded delight, and wanted at once to put it in practice, asking whether he might come and be directed in my studio. For many reasons it was then impossible to agree to this proposal, principally because I had already a professed painting pupil, whose family had conjured me to help him, and it would have been impossible to do my own work with two *habitués* together; but I promised to come to him, and explain all from time to time as he progressed.

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[1] W. M. Rossetti in the Life of his brother, commenting upon the above statement, shows that Leigh Hunt's reply—which he gives—was dated March 31, 1848, and in it he excuses his delay in writing, and explains that Gabriel's letter to Brown was only sent in March. He adds, "Looking at these dates, I rather question whether his communication to Leigh Hunt could have been consequent upon his affliction over the pickle jars." Now let us scrutinise the possibilities. Say the elder poet had received Gabriel's letter on the 20th, this would quite account for the phrase "at length" used in the answer, seeing that it was written from only one postal district to another on the same side of London, and then there would have been twenty days for the young pupil to have received Brown's visit and to have grown impatient at the discipline imposed, and W. M. R. will agree that if other youths were slow in making up their minds about the abhorrent nature of a task, his brother was not. The visit to me would not have been earlier than the 10th May, so that after Leigh Hunt's counsel to return to painting, Rossetti would have had another six weeks of bitter experience and despairing cogitation upon the possibility of enduring Brown's tedious discipline. The dates, in fact, show why the question was such a burning one with him. I am glad of this occasion to point out that, with desire to be concise in the articles referred to by Mr. W. M. Rossetti (the first of which was of necessity corrected for the printers only by Mr. Quilter), the appeal which D. G. Rossetti made to me to take him as a pupil may have appeared to anticipate the request made by him at a later date.

I was then living with my parents in a house, in the lower part of which was an upholsterer's show-room. The articles and the furniture and hangings there displayed could not but challenge observation as wanting in artistic taste to a degree greater than could be found in any previous age or country whatever. With my practical experience in designing patterns for fabrics, I had grown to regard all decorative design as part of a true artist's ambition, and I declared that until our craft again employed itself in devising beautiful forms, taste in furniture, in costume, and even in architecture would remain as bad as, or grow worse than it had been for the last fifty years, during which time the practice of design had been left to tradesmen only. The employment of Flaxman and Stothard fifty years before was the last example of artistic devotion to decorative design, and since then painters and sculptors had given their attention exclusively to imitative art.

In the interval of chat upon questions of our profession Rossetti produced a manuscript copy of his own poems, amongst others *The Blessed Damozel*, *My Sister's Sleep*, and *Jenny*. They were not so complete as in their later forms, the first poem being shorter. He urged that I should read them critically, and give him my frank opinion of them. He drew the confession from me that I wrote verses, which indeed I did only to record impressions of Nature, in simple couplets, or at the most in the Spenserian stanza, and these would not here be mentioned except as prelude to the avowal that his advanced proficiency, and what seemed to me professional facility, had the effect of preventing my further indulgence in verse of any form.

To provide funds, I had again to apply myself to portrait painting, but when the list of Art Union prize-holders was published, there seemed a possibility of good fortune in the fact that Mr. Bridger, my idle visitor during the progress of "The Eve of St. Agnes," had obtained a prize of £70 with which to purchase a picture from the current exhibitions. The amount being the exact price I had instructed the Secretary to put on my picture, I wrote thereupon to the prize-owner pointing out the coincidence, and saying that it would make me very happy if he did me the honour of selecting my work. His reply was, curtly, that he should look at all the pictures, that if any other was better he should select that; otherwise he might take mine. This left me under pressure to work for immediate means, but in the end Mr. Bridger bought the picture.

My uncle having generously refused to accept repayment of the money he had provided for the frame of the Keats picture, I now had funds—about seventy-eight pounds—with which to make a start in life. I had not, however, lost the summer for my picture, for seeing that there was a fig tree in the garden of Mr. Stephens's father at Lambeth, I had accepted an invitation to bring the canvas there, and had painted the tree direct upon it, its leaves and branches in full sunlight, with what was then unprecedented exactness. In the foreground I painted also a patch of grass with dandelion puffs and blossoms, and over one of these last a bumble-bee hovered with gold and dun banded body; this was afterwards held up by the orthodox as a mark of the pettiness of our aims, and by less impatient critics it was asked whether it did not stand for the last letter in our mystic monogram P.R.B. Being determined that the new picture should go further in obedience to my advancing aims, instead of the meaningless spread of whitey brown which usually served for the near ground, I represented gravelly variations and pebbles, all diverse in tints and shapes as found in Nature. While the fine weather still lasted, I also gained the opportunity to paint a row of young saplings on a sloping hillside of grass spangled with blossoms and flowers run to seed. Beyond the line of the slanting field I introduced the top of a foliated tree; these latter features were painted at Hampstead. They were done thus directly and frankly, not merely for the charm of minute finish, but as a means of studying more deeply Nature's principles of design, and to escape the conventional treatment of landscape backgrounds.

I had now determined to quit my father's house, so as to be more free for my work. Immediately Rossetti heard of my resolution he again broached the project of working under me for my hourly superintendence and instruction in painting. He had, so far, made no way in the new plan of work. This he accounted for by his want of confidence in himself; he did not believe that my daily visits to his house alone would serve. He proposed now that he should pay half the rent of the studio and so reduce my expenses; but I had provided myself with a turn-down couch to sleep upon in my studio, and I wished to adhere to my plan without further explanation to any one. However, at a later interview I gave way to his insistence, and arranged to make the required additional space by taking a bedroom in the upper storey of the house, he paying a portion of the studio rent.

While we were giving orders for the preparation of the room, Rossetti, whose enthusiasm for our principles grew with greater familiarity, talked much of Woolner as one to whom he had explained the resolution of Millais and myself to turn more devotedly to Nature as the one means of purifying modern art, and said that Woolner had declared the system to be the only one that could reform sculpture, and that therefore he wished to be enrolled with us. Woolner occupied the next studio to that of Hancock, the young sculptor who had allowed Rossetti to paint in his workroom. Woolner was somewhat beyond me in age, about five feet eight in height, and of robust build; he had thick blond hair inclining to brown, and with his dark eyes he was a well-looking youth; I recognised him as one whom I had seen visiting the Elgin Room at the

W. H. H.

STUDY OF MILLAIS FOR RIENZI PICTURE.

British Museum. He had an expression of great self-confidence, which his manner and talk accentuated. He turned from a bust that he was carving, chisel in hand, and as daylight had not yet gone, marble dust could be seen upon his face and clothes. He was then working for a fashionable bust-maker, who had allowed him to bring the block of marble with the cast to his own studio ; he divided the room, which was large, with another sculptor, Bernard Smith, whose massive size formed a great contrast to the small bas-reliefs he was designing.

Woolner, on the other hand, had erected a giant figure ten feet high, abandoned for the nonce and swathed in its damp cloth ; some smaller work (a model of Puck, for example) he showed us with much paternal fondness. When darkness came on we talked about the varieties of poetry, and travestied by joint composition the most blatant and vapid of its kind.

My new quarters had to be put in order. The white-washing and colour-washing still not being completed by the expected date, we spent one day in a visit to Rochester Castle, and on the morrow we went down the Thames to Greenwich (reading Monckton Milne's *Life and Letters of Keats* on the way), and thence to Blackheath to sketch ; Rossetti began, but soon turned to writing poetry. After this holiday I resumed work in the renovated painting-room at the end of August 1848, with Rossetti as my painting pupil and companion.

The subject for my new picture was suggested by Bulwer's romance, which gives, with but little garnishing, the facts of Rienzi's early life. Like most young men, I was stirred by the spirit of freedom of the passing revolutionary time. The appeal to Heaven against the tyranny exercised over the poor and helpless seemed well fitted for pictorial treatment. "How long, O Lord!" many bleeding souls were crying at that time. The composition of the picture necessitated patient working out of parts in separate studies. For the sake of getting the foreground and hillside completed while the summer lasted, I had deferred drawing some of the figures from the nude, and these I now set myself to do. The costumes, armour, and distant architecture needed research, and this made the task longer and more costly than many that might have been undertaken. My good friend, who had helped me with originals for bloodhounds in my last picture, now supplied me with models for the horses. For the shields and spears I went with my canvas to the Tower.

SKETCH BY D. G. ROSSETTI (1848).

Before Rossetti had well got to work in my studio, and while the autumn still left light for the evening meal, I once returned from the Academy class at dusk and found Gabriel—for this was his name when his brother was also of the circle—and Thomas Woolner in possession. When I entered, the latter was finishing the survey of my abandoned picture of "Christ and the Two Maries," which Gabriel, without my having authorised him to do, had turned round for inspection. I felt so much irritation at this unforeseen consequence of having a pupil as a fellow-tenant, that I would scarcely trust myself to notice this breach of etiquette; I turned the canvas again to the wall, and talked on other topics.

Woolner, who had lately returned from a brief visit to Paris, produced a case of brown wood bound with bright brass, and containing an elegant clay pipe, stamped on the heel of the bowl 46, a number held sacred, as was explained, by student smokers in the French capital. Of Caparal tobacco he had still a precious remnant; he took out the prized calumet with a dainty care such as a lady displays in handling a fragile jewel; his flexible fingers and thumbs were developed by habit of delicate manipulation as a sculptor. The merit of the elegant clay it was natural for a modeller to appreciate, but the love for the rank tobacco was artistic only in the proof it gave of Parisian Bohemian taste. He expressed enthusiastic admiration of the works of Ary Scheffer, and was proud of having spoken to the artist himself. From the first there could be no doubt of Woolner's gifts as a *raconteur*, but the art for which he entertained such admiration left it yet uncertain whether he had the spirit to swim against the stream. In the Westminster Hall competition the sculptor, then quite a youngster, had sent a small model of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the king's arm, and this had given him an opportunity of making acquaintance with some distinguished men, who were of great interest to young artists like ourselves. He told stories which brought these stars into tangible shape and substance, but his telescopic powers reached even further, and the illumination he shed on the heroes more remote from our ken equally delighted us. Of his master Behnes he expressed the highest appreciation as an artist, an opinion which he justified by reference to early work, such as the bust of the Queen as a child. While Woolner was still a boy in Behnes's studio, Haydon was leaving after a visit, and the pupil reverently hastened to hold the door open to him as an honoured guest; the painter, not satisfied at simply acknowledging this courtesy, turned and examined the boy's cranium, and based on

W. H. H.

BLACKHEATH PARK.

its bumps words of encouragement as to his future possibilities.

G. F. Watts, who had gone to Italy, had become a mystery to us; he had been a fellow-student at the Academy with Woolner, who, to our gratification, soon removed the obscurity investing him. Of all artists of the same standing, F. R. Pickersgill had won Woolner's highest admiration. His worship, however, was given then, and indeed afterwards, to Mulready of all English artists, and he spoke of works of his which I had not then seen. The one called "Train up a Child in the Way he should go," he pronounced as unsurpassable, particularly for the beauty of the women; personally I also think much may be said of the charm of certain passages in its colour. He related stories of a painter, Duncan, who had died young, but who had been known to be of the most brilliant genius. At his death his designs had fallen into the hands of his surviving compeers, who had by their use gained reputations quite beyond their powers to keep up. Woolner was thus early constantly challenging our poorer credulity, but beyond doubt our new friend was an entertaining reporter of the professional opinions of the time, while the unswerving faith he expressed in his own intended purpose did not fail to impress us with confidence in his future.

Rossetti had chosen his subject for painting from three prepared designs, "Margaret in Church" from Goethe's *Faust*, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," and Coleridge's "Genevieve"; he had preferred the second. The first step for him was to make studies from the nude of all the figures, and transfer these to the canvas. To induce him to put the perspective right was, from this stage throughout, a business needing constant argument. In general terms he denounced the science, and objected strongly to each result of its application, declaring that what it proved to be wrong was obviously better. The painting process was commenced with the architectural wall and pavement, and Gabriel brought weighty tomes

D. G. Rossetti.

GIRLHOOD OF THE VIRGIN.

from home for the books on which the vase with its lily stood. When a little advance was thus made, I advised him, ere the season grew too late, to find a conservatory in which he could paint the vine, and for this part of his work he was absent about a week. He brought the painting back with foliage bearing clear evidence in the intensity of its hue that the paint he had used was too crudely emerald green, but it was resolved that this should stand unmodified for a time while he progressed with the embroidery and its frame. So far the plan of work for Rossetti promised all that we had hoped of it.

To Rossetti's occasional expressions of unbounded enthusiasm for Brown's past works I could not always give unmodified approval. I had seen his cartoon of "The Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror," and had greatly admired the artistic qualities of the work; the drawing was robust and nervous, and the costume was treated with manly taste, giving actuality to the historic scene; the colour as seen in the large study painted with wax was honest and acceptable, and although without mysterious charm of hue, altogether appropriate and sound. These merits were not alone powerful in fixing the design on the memory, but Brown had adopted a glaringly unreasonable reading of the fact that William went into battle with the bones of the saints round his neck, over which relics Harold had made his renunciation of the crown. Instead of painting a reliquary, he had hung femur, tibia, humerus, and other large bones dangling loose on the hero's breast, surely a formidable encumbrance both to riding and fighting. In the lower corner of the picture were a Norman and Saxon engaged in a final struggle, the uppermost biting the throat of the lower, while the latter, with both arms stretched around his foe, was drawing with all his force the blade of a huge dagger deep into his enemy's back. These grotesque incidents in the first of his works seen by me somewhat counterbalanced the merits I saw in the conception, and tended to puzzle spectators by no means narrow in taste.

His other contribution to Westminster Hall was a cartoon of about 14 feet in height, illustrating the Spirit of Justice; the upper portion of the composition was occupied by Justice and her attendant virtues personified; these were well designed and drawn gracefully. The lower part of the cartoon was devoted to the accused and the accusers, and in these much demanded admiration, but attention was distracted by the Gothic quaintness of the central design, in which figured four knights armed *cap-à-pie*, and arranged at equal distances symmetrically in a row across the picture, their faces covered by large tilting-helms inclined alternately to the right and left; but even to those who saw these peculiarities as defects, the whole design had the counterbalancing merit of grace and vitality.

I had neither the time nor the means of visiting stray exhibitions to follow up Brown's works, but somewhere I saw his earlier large painting of "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots." There were parts in this justifying the early expectations of him, but it had lugubrious elements of tragedy without stirring an emotion of pity. The painting was burdened with black velvet robes and over-sized pearls. The surface had what, at the time, marked the Baron Wappers School, a greasy sheen rather than the crystalline lustre of varnish, and had to be accepted as a Continental big boy aspiration inspired by the fashion for such subjects as the executions of monarchs being then the rage even in England.

In the British Institution, where I also exhibited, I next saw Brown's picture of "Parisina." It had been painted, as was then usual on the Continent, for lamplight effects, with the subject lit up in an inner chamber, the canvas being outside in daylight, a condition which forced the artist to give a hot glare on the group much in excess of that observable when estimating the tone in the lamplight itself. The painting throughout was accomplished and facile; the drawing defied criticism as to correctness, but not as to grace and beauty. The surface was less unctuous in its sheen than was the earlier picture, but the gloom was without mystery or transparency; the style was a combination of that of Rembrandt and Rubens as interpreted by the then leaders of the Belgian School. The subject, objectionable even in verse, was incalculably more so when realised on canvas. From his Flemish manner he turned to that then flourishing in Munich, and, lastly, faced about to the opposite of his Antwerpian mode, to the new school under Overbeck and others, who set themselves to imitate all the child-like immaturities and limitations of the German and Italian quattrocentists. Brown, however, added quaintnesses which marked his strong vitality, but often did so without calm judgment, which left many of his true appreciators to wonder if he was not mocking them. There were in Brown two incongruous spirits, one, desire for combination with a power in favour with the world, the other in open defiance of sedate taste; with all his variableness it was certainly not then notable that he had become a seeker after new truths. It must be remembered that the originator of a new character of work does not attain to the perfection of his idea in a sudden revulsion from a previous practice, but, following a new conviction, he must test his way, advancing only by gradual steps until he reaches the new standard of excellence he has in mind. *The early Christian style*—the term used by himself —was first shown by him in two of his compositions, one an elaborate drawing some three feet in height and two in breadth, now entitled "Our Lady of Good Children," then known paradoxically as "Our Lady of Saturday Night," and a painting here reproduced from Rossetti's copy, "Cherub Angels watching the Crown of Thorns."

It will thus be seen that I had to form an estimate of Brown from much more meagre data than that which connoisseurs have at hand in our day. Rossetti's outbursts of enthusiasm, tempered as they were by frequent merriment and volleys of laughter at his late master's eccentricities, were received by me with due reserve.

However, the nervous force of Brown's first works had so impressed me that I felt there was under all his vagaries a strong manly independence, and I was glad when Gabriel suggested that we should go over and see him in his studio in Clipstone Street. He was my senior by about seven years. Being a widower, he lived alone in lodgings close at hand, while his infant daughter Lucy was nursed in the country by relatives. He had a small annuity which provided him with means to meet the expenses of his profession.

Gabriel's tone in speaking of Brown's present work was not so actively eulogistic as that adopted towards his earlier productions, although he had followed the master in his latest change of manner. His enthusiasm for certain of Brown's designs, made two or three years back, which illustrated Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear,* was expressed in the fullest measure.

The studio was down a mews, and had originally been a carpenter's workshop. The roof was made up in great part by a skylight, and the front was principally of glass. Brown managed with hangings and blinds to let the light in or keep it out as he wanted it. The painting in hand was "Chaucer reading his Poems to the Court of Edward the Third." The canvas occupied one angle of the studio from the floor to the ceiling; against the wall were two wings to the central composition, each about six feet wide and as high as the middle compartment. The surfaces of the last-named canvases were divided into Gothic arches to enshrine figures of poets of classic fame treated statuesquely; below were quatrefoil recesses, in which the names of other celebrities were displayed on medallions.

The story of Brown's first meeting with Gabriel, told me by the latter at the time, and narrated fully further on, will illustrate a certain captiousness and suspicion in the painter's temper, while it also shows the generous warmth of his heart. His deliberate manner of speech and the reserve of his demeanour at this first interview suggested

Ford Madox Brown.

CHAUCER READING HIS POEMS AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III.

to me that he was offended at the manner of my intrusion between him and his former pupil. He had spoken generously to Rossetti of exhibited works of mine, so that I knew he had no former prejudice against me. I was too awkward and bashful to attempt to explain how unsought for on my part was my position as teacher of one whose pupilage under him had proved to be of but short duration. I now have my doubts as to whether Gabriel had deemed it expedient to explain the new arrangement at all ; in any case, Brown's growing cordiality soon made it clear that no unfriendliness was intended.

It may appear presumptuous that I systematically examined the pretensions of my elders. That I should dare at first introduction to sit in judgment on an artist who had made such profitable use of his advantages may indeed savour of irreverence. I am obliged, therefore, to repeat that the first principle of Pre-Raphaelitism was to eschew all that was conventional in contemporary art, and that this compelled me to scrutinise every artist's productions critically. Impressed as I felt by his work as the product of individual genius, I found nothing indicative of a child-like reversion from existing schools to Nature herself.

The striking characteristic of Madox Brown's design in his large painting is, to use his own word, its architectonic construction. Had the composition he was then employed upon been for a wall divided into a triptych with spandrils on the side panels, the device for filling the spaces might have been approved, and would have defended him from the charge of artificiality of treatment ; and the resemblance in the central design to a builder's elevation would not have seemed so uncalled for. In Germany, subject painters had conceived a passion, encouraged by mural practice, for groups built one upon the other and contoured against the background, as if cut out of cardboard. In the composition before us, with figures in the wings, attired conventionally, each part was so studiously balanced by an opposite quantity that the method of construction forced itself laboriously upon attention, and thus oppressed the mind by the means employed to gain the effect, not at all recognising that only the veiling of the means to this end liberated the spectator's soul for the enjoyment of the idea treated. He ignored the admirable dictum, "Ars est celare artem." Thus this "Chaucer" design failed to represent the unaffected art of past time, and it stood before me as a recent mark of academic ingenuity which Pre-Raphaelitism in its larger power of enfranchisement was framed to overthrow. That no fixed condition as to size or shape of canvas led to the character of the composition was proved by "Wykliffe" Brown's last cabinet picture, in which, though in simpler form, the same symmetrical fashion was prevalent, as was conspicuous in engravings of Bendemann's picture, "Jeremiah weeping over the Ruins of Jerusalem," and Ary Scheffer's "Christ Consolateur," and others seen in every printseller's window at the time.

While I was silently revolving this judgment, Rossetti began a sweeping tirade, with what struck me as scant reverence, against the choice of poets in the side designs; growing quite warm, he declared that Shelley and Keats should have been whole-length full figures instead of Pope and Burns, and the introduction of Kirke White's name, he said, was ridiculous. Brown combated the criticism as unreasonable and new-fangled, but Gabriel urged his point with great heat until we took our leave. On our departure the young poet justified himself, saying that he knew "Bruno" would respect his opinion, because shortly before, when he had read his own poem of "My Sister's Sleep," the listener had been greatly affected.

By Brown's early return visit to my studio I was glad to find that my new acquaintance was not in any way offended with either of us. When he had finished his criticism on his old pupil, I was careful to ask him to give me the advantage of his impressions on my work. Frankly and kindly he made his comments; and as he enlarged upon the theme, he cited certain artists as unappreciated whom he championed earnestly and humorously in turns, meanwhile indulging in playful irony upon what he termed my "microscopic detail."[1] He was the sincerest knight-errant that ever braved adventure in the search after rectification of vulgar opinion. As a critic he always gave weighty counsel, urged by careful reasoning and naïve anecdote.

As Woolner was a proposed new member of our Brotherhood (the story of the foundation of which has yet to be told), I went with the two Rossettis on a visit to his studio in Stanhope Street, where Bernard Smith remained of the party. Woolner with his work certainly filled more than his equal share of the chamber, which looked vast and boundless by night; he received and guided us through the labyrinth of modelling-stools, pails of clay, plaster moulds, and casts on our way to the stove. On every side were signs of his industry and energy. The colossal figure, never illumined by candle-light much above the knees, stood in mid-space. At this date Woolner was still working as a marble carver for others. While thus engaged, the large clay model, the object of his highest ambition, received attention only morning and night, when the wet cloths were changed and reapplied with the tenderness of a surgeon dressing a wound. It was an illustration to the text, "Lo, one generation passeth away, and another cometh"; the past generation was represented by a figure prostrate on the base, while the advancing epoch was striding over him somewhat disdainfully. The modelling had occupied many months of active study, and the author told us that when working at it in original fervour he had made his sleeping chamber of a spacious recess between the covering of the general passage and the rafters of the studio; this economy he had now given up. The many indications of Woolner's energy and his burning ambition to do work of excelling truthfulness and strong poetic spirit expressed in his energetic talk were enough to persuade me that Rossetti's suggestion that he should be made one of our number was a reasonable one; in due course, therefore, Millais having known him at the Academy, he was approved as a member.

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[1] Perhaps a former reference to my acceptance of Brown's frankness of criticism on my pictures, like other frank tributes of mine to my compeers of the time, encouraged the conclusion that Brown was in fact the teacher of all, and that I admitted the pre-eminence of those to whom I paid compliment. This could only be assumed in ignorance of the custom of artists in their studios to invite the criticisms of any intelligent visitor who may, by unprejudiced observation, reveal any oversight which the complexities of the design have temporarily obscured from the eyes of the worker himself.

The talk at my studio was often on the further extension of our number. In Gabriel's subscription Life School he was soon joined by his brother William, who applied himself at night in a steady manner to the pursuit of drawing, and regularly executed conscientious, although rigid, transcripts of the nude. Gabriel was soon persuaded that, in spite of William's lateness in taking up art, he would shortly become proficient enough to be justified in throwing up his appointment at the Inland Revenue Office and taking to painting, and with this prospect he proposed that we should make room for him in our Body. In addition to this proposal, I agreed to submit to Millais the question of the acceptance of James Collinson, who had already distinguished himself by paintings of the *genre* kind, and was now writing poetry in the highest Church spirit. He promised now to paint in the severe style, declaring himself a convert to our views. The idea of extending our numbers so trustfully was thus originated by Gabriel. Youth is sanguine, and I offered no opposition to the experiment; and when the enthusiastic desire of these fellow-students was declared to be a sure earnest of future zeal and power, I introduced to my friends F. G. Stephens, who had not yet achieved anything as an artist. I urged that he also, with the whirl of enthusiasm in operation, and under seal of promise to us, might become an active artist.

When on Millais' return to town I went to his studio, he shouted out, "Where is your flock? I expected to see them behind you. Tell me all about it. I can't understand so far what you are after. Are you getting up a regiment to take the Academy by storm? I can quite see why Gabriel Rossetti, if he can paint, should join us, but I didn't know his brother was a painter. Tell me. And then there's Woolner. Collinson 'll certainly make a stalwart leader of a forlorn hope, won't he? And Stephens, too! Does he paint? Is the notion really to be put in practice?"

"Well," I replied, "in order I'll tell you. Gabriel implored me to take him and teach him to paint, and he's such an eager fellow that my one doubt as to his success is that he may be ever beginning and never finishing. He is now working in my studio on a little picture of 'The Virgin and St. Ann,' the most mediæval of his last three designs. You saw the drawing of it. It seems that lately he has seen a great deal of Woolner, and talked to him of our plan of going direct to Nature for all things, and the sculptor expressed a desire to join us. I didn't know him, but now I think he might help to spread our principles in his branch. Probably you know his powers better than I do. Now comes the *forlorn-hoper*; it appears that the Rossettis are much attached to him, and Gabriel, having taken possession of him, declares he can attain to a higher kind of work than he has yet accomplished, and Collinson himself has been pressing me to get him accepted. I like the meek little chap. All I can say is that there was a good idea in his 'Charity Boy,' and that the manipulation was conscientious, so that with higher inspiration he might do something good. I must not forget William Rossetti. Well, Gabriel proposes that he too shall become an artist and join us. It is very late in life; he is as old as you, without having drawn at all yet, but his brother declares that he will soon make up for lost time. Now these are proposed by Rossetti. The numbers grew so fast, and his confidence in our power was so extensive, that I determined to put a limit to the number of probationary members, which I did by adding my nominal painting pupil Stephens. So far I have not yet been able to awaken in him the novice's indispensable passion, but being treated as a real artist may awaken his ambition."

Millais' rejoinder was, "Yes; but all this is a heavy undertaking."

"It looks serious, certainly," I said, "but then there is this to be considered. If they fail, I don't see how they can interfere with us; and if they are made truly good artists, our Body will become the stronger, and we may more perfectly revolutionise taste. Remember, however, that the whole question now rests with us, and I have said I can agree to nothing finally till your return to town."

The conference was ended by Millais proposing to ask them all to his studio one evening that he might see how things looked, for he, no more than I, foresaw evil in the plan proposed.

The meeting at Millais' was soon held. We had much to entertain us. Firstly, there was a set of outlines of Führich in the Retzsch manner, but of much larger style. The misfortune of Germans as artists had been that, from the days of Winckelmann, writers had theorised and made systems, as orders, to be carried out by future practitioners in ambitious painting. The result was an art sublimely intellectual in intention, but devoid of personal instinct and often bloodless and dead; but many book illustrators had in varying degrees dared to follow their own fancies, and had escaped the crippling yoke. The illustrations by Führich, we found, had quite remarkable merits. In addition to these modern designs, Millais had a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa which had by mere chance been lent to him. Few of us had before seen the complete set of these famous compositions.

The innocent spirit which had directed the invention of the painter was traced point after point with emulation by each of us who were the workers, with the determination that a kindred simplicity should regulate our own ambition, and we insisted that the naïve traits of frank expression and unaffected grace were what had made Italian art so essentially vigorous and progressive, until the showy followers of Michael Angelo had grafted their Dead Sea fruit on to the vital tree just when it was bearing its choicest autumnal ripeness for the reawakened world.

Every circle of students has its fringe of members who are the most earnest of the whole body in all but actual work, and in lieu of this they offer such liberal substitute of assurances, that it is only much later that the thought of their being practical allies is given up. Together with these are some who exhibit an enchanting gift which may be likened to "la beauté de la jeunesse," inasmuch as it comes as a distinct gift of youth. It enables the endowed to surprise their friends with what seems to be the product of real genius. Later seasons dispel the precocious estimate, and prompt the doubt whether the first-fruits were indeed native products or only gleanings from the profusion of earlier workers, or were only unconsidered trifles picked up by the needy aspirants from their compeers. We were sanguine enough to aim at obtaining for our colleagues men who would be practical workers, who would find their riches at first hand, direct from Nature herself. All that words could express had been accepted by the new candidates, and the examples of unaffected art before us should have made our original purpose the more unmistakable. With the knowledge of the world attained at only twenty and odd years, our hope seemed not unreasonable. To have accepted men who had made even one success would have been over-reckless, but we were making a still more random venture.

Putting aside the question of the thorough purgation of Rossetti from his remaining German revivalism, Woolner had still to give proof of power beyond that of subtlety in his sincere workmanship as a modeller and a carver of marble. In design we trusted more to his profuse enthusiastic anticipations of sublime conceptions yet to be elaborated. Collinson had done work which proved capacity in painting; but this stopped short of severity of either invention or treatment. After him in preparedness came Stephens, who had been through the first drawing school of the R.A., but so far had done no practical painting at all, and was yet only a prospective designer in any form. William Rossetti as yet had not drawn at all. For all deficiencies, however, we accepted promises for the future, and persuaded ourselves that they would have authority to represent our aims only in proportion to their future industry and success in art.

Millais would not ratify the initial acceptance of the four candidates without check on their understanding of our purpose, for he feared the distortion of our original doctrine of childlike submission to Nature. The danger at the time arose from the vigour of the rising taste for Gothic art rather than from the classical form of design, whose power was fast waning, having few men of force to support it. For the last thirty or forty years architecture had become mainly mediæval in character, and the fashion for feudal forms had grown altogether slavish. At the introduction of the Renaissance in Italy new life and growth had been imparted to the Greek types chosen; our manner of adopting Gothic examples had not been so wise. To follow ancient precedent line for line had become a religion. The imitative Gothic which was in fashion demanded that art used in its embellishments should be in accordance with it. To reproduce the English round and pointed styles with the barbarous embellishments wherewith the rudest of ancient masons had often satisfied their patrons, was the limit of modern ambition. The Palace of Westminster was then being fitted up externally with coarse images undeserving the name of statues; faults of proportion and clumsiness of shape were even a merit in the eyes of the revivalists, and artists with a strong strain of quattrocento antiquarianism were thus preferred for the interior work; the fashion for this resuscitation had originated in Germany, while the current was so strong here that all over the country clergymen and gentlemen with public funds in their hands were nursing it, and were busy in putting up in churches stained-glass windows and decorations by painters whose school seemed to have been that of heraldic design interpreted in garish colours. Had all the artists so employed been mere resurrectionists they could have misled only the whimsical, but in fact some of the masters employed at St. Stephen's were men of such elevated capacity that they gave more than a passing charm to their imitations, by unwonted brilliancy of effect and by touches of individual genius, and this made their example a greater snare to the young and timid, who always need the support of precedent.

Millais felt that Collinson's discipleship to Wilkie had ignored the grace which had elevated that master's work; he wanted more proof of original design in Woolner, and was further avowedly dubious of the other two.

We had recognised as we turned from one print to another that the Campo Santo designs were remarkable for incident derived from attentive observation of inexhaustible Nature, and dwelt on all their quaint charms of invention. We appraised as Chaucerian the sweet humour of Benozzo Gozzoli, which appeared wherever the pathos of the story could by such aid be made to claim greater sympathy, and this English spirit we acclaimed as the standard under which we were to make our advance. Yet we did not curb our amusement at the immature perspective, the undeveloped power of drawing, the feebleness of light and shade, the ignorance of any but mere black and white differences of racial types of men, the stinted varieties of flora, and their geometrical forms in the landscape; these simplicities, already out of date in the painter's day, we noted as belonging altogether to the past and to the dead revivalists, with whom we had determined to have neither part nor lot. That Millais was in accord with this conviction was clear from his latest designs and from every utterance that came from him with unmistakable heartiness as to his future purpose, and may be understood now from all his after-work. Rossetti's sentiment of these days is witnessed to, not from his painting in hand (which was from a design made earlier, when he was professedly under the fascination of the Early Christian dogma), but by his daily words put into permanent form in the short prospectus for *The Germ* (2nd series), issued a year or so later, in which Nature was insisted upon as the one element wanting in contemporary art.[1] The work which was already done, including all the landscape on my "Rienzi" picture, and my past steps leading to the new course pursued, spoke for me, and thus was justified the assumption that all our circle knew that deeper devotion to Nature's teaching was the real point at which we were aiming. It will be seen that the learned commentators have ever since declared that our real ambition was to be revivalists and not adventurers into new regions. Why and how this misunderstanding arose it devolves on me henceforth to trace out.

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[1] The endeavour held in view throughout the writings on art will be to encourage and enforce an entire adherence to the simplicity of Nature, and also to direct attention, as an auxiliary medium, to the comparatively few works which art has yet produced in this spirit. It need scarcely be added that the chief object of the etched designs will be to illustrate this aim practically, as far as the method of execution will permit, in which purpose they will be produced with the utmost care and completeness.—Preface to *Germ*.

CHAPTER VI

1848

I believe it is no wrong observation that persons of genius, and those who are capable of art, are always most fond of Nature, as such are chiefly sensible that art consists in the imitation and study of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the niceties and fantastic operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural.—Pope.

I say to painters, Never imitate the manner of another; for thereby you become the grandson instead of the son of Nature.—*Trattato della Pittura*, cap. lxxxi., L. da Vinci.

Not alone was the work that we were bent on producing to be more persistently derived from Nature than any having a dramatic significance yet done in the world; not simply were our productions to establish a more frank study of creation as their initial intention, but the name adopted by us negatived the suspicion of any servile antiquarianism. Pre-Raphaelitism is not Pre-Raphaelism. Raphael in his prime was an artist of the most independent and daring course as to conventions. He had adopted his principle, it is true, from the store of wisdom gained by long years of toil, experiment, renunciation of used-up thought, and repeated efforts of artists, his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. What had cost Perugino, Fra Bartolomeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo more years to develop than Raphael lived, he seized in a day—nay, in one single inspection of his precursors' achievements. His rapacity was atoned for by his never-stinted acknowledgments of his indebtedness, and by the reverent and philosophical use in his work of the conquests he had made. He inherited the booty like a prince, and, like Prince Hal, he retained his prize against all disputants; his plagiarism was the wielding of power in order to be royally free. Secrets and tricks were not what he stole; he accepted the lessons it had been the pride of his masters to teach, and they suffered no hardship at his hands. What he gained beyond enfranchisement was his master's use of enfranchisement, the power to prove that the human figure was of nobler proportion, that it had grander capabilities of action than seen by the casual eye, and that for large work, expression must mainly depend upon movement of the body. Further also, he tacitly demonstrated that there was no fast rule of composition to trammel the arrangement dictated to the artist's will by the theme. Yet, indeed, it may be questioned whether, before the twelve glorious years had come to an end after his sight of the Sixtine chapel ceiling, he did not stumble and fall like a high-mettled steed tethered in a fat pasture who knows not that his freedom is measured. The musing reader of history, however ordinarily sceptical of divine over-rule, may, on the revelation of a catastrophe altogether masqued till the fulness of time, involuntarily proclaim the finger of God pointing behind to some forgotten trespass committed in haste to gain the coveted end. There is no need here to trace any failure in Raphael's career; but the prodigality of his productiveness, and his training of many assistants, compelled him to lay down rules and manners of work; and his followers, even before they were left alone, accentuated his poses into postures. They caricatured the turns of his heads and the lines of his limbs, so that figures were drawn in patterns; they twisted companies of men into pyramids, and placed them like pieces on the chess-board of the foreground. The master himself, at the last, was not exempt from furnishing examples of such conventionalities. Whoever were the transgressors, the artists who thus servilely travestied this prince of painters at his prime were Raphaelites. And although certain rare geniuses since then have dared to burst the fetters forged in Raphael's decline, I here venture to repeat, what we said in the days of our youth, that the traditions that went on through the Bolognese Academy, which were introduced at the foundation of all later schools and enforced by Le Brun, Du Fresnoy, Raphael Mengs, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to our own time were lethal in their influence, tending to stifle the breath of design. The name Pre-Raphaelite excludes the influence of such corrupters of perfection, even though Raphael, by reason of some of his works, be in the list, while it accepts that of his more sincere forerunners.

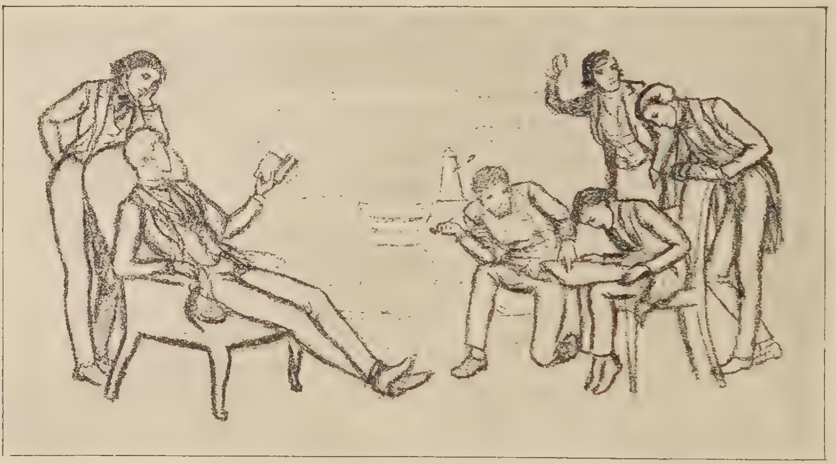
It is needless to trace the fall which followed pride in other schools; the Roman case is the typical one. At the present day it is sometimes remarked that with such simple aims we ought to have used no other designation than that of art naturalists. I see no reason, however, to regret our choice of a name. Every art adventurer, however immature he may be in art lore, or whatever his tortuousness of theory, declares that Nature is the inspirer of his principles. All who call themselves *self-taught* are either barbarians, or else are ignoring indirect teaching. Life is not long enough in art for any one who starts from the beginning, to arrive beyond the wide outposts. Wise students accept the mastership of the great of earlier ages. True judgment directed us to choose an educational outflow from a channel where the stream had no trace of the pollution of egoism, and was innocent of pandering to corrupt thoughts and passions. We drew from this fountain source, and strove to add strength to its further meanderings by the inflow of new streams from nature and scientific knowledge. Our work was condemned by established artists for its daring innovation. Now unobservant critics, seeing that certain after-works of our elders possess the characteristics which these elders, amongst others, originally cavilled at, call them our teachers. At the time of our boyish combination we had no thought that such pretensions could ever be made; we were too strongly engrossed with the desire to supply a defect in modern training to think of personal penalties.

In the ages intervening between the great Italian triumvirate of art and our own there had been many attempts—some with noble results—to get down, Antæus-like, to the solid earth again; but the profit had been only for individuals. The marriage between the Gothic and the Renaissance occurred while art was still of one household; there were emulations in the family, but these were as the rivalries of brethren; what each gained in strength and riches was added to the parental store. This happy unity was gradually dissolved, and never since in any nation has there existed a perfect system of handing on to the young the wisdom of the elder.

Millais and I had thought at first of husbanding only our own fields, but the outspoken zeal of our companions raised the prospect of winning waste lands, and of gaining for English art a new realm from the wilds, such as should be worthy of the race; for, manly and poetic as single painters had been, the means had been lacking of handing on their lifelong experience to their successors; still less had there been an opportunity of improving upon it, so each young artist began his struggle without the guidance of affectionate initiation, and therefore without an advancing standpoint.

To those who look upon art as a pretty toy, the earnestness of the notes which were passing through the minds of some of us at this critical time, and which I recall, may seem out of place even as sacred music at a ball. Such objections reveal the idle regard for art which is the natural outcome of fitful and unnational ambition of our disunited forerunners. Our impetuous hope was to replace this mere egotistical whim for art by a patriotic enthusiasm.

We were to work out our several natures not the less independently for our union. Millais was the best trained of all; he had a precocious capacity for both drawing and colouring. Not an hour of his life had been lost to his purpose of being a painter. The need of groping after systems by philosophic research and deductions was superseded in him by a quick instinct which enabled him to pounce as an eagle upon the prize he searched for. Favoured and young as he was, he had passed through an early tempering which left him firmer in will than many men ever become. This steadfastness was softened by generous enthusiasm, a sweet reasonableness, and a strong sense of the ridiculous. It was strange how from behind his practical qualities an inspiration to convey a poetic meaning would take possession of him, which was not less mystic genius because he could give no logical reason for it, or because no type of it could be found in earlier art. He felt the fire of his message; it seemed to make his face shine, so that Rossetti, to justify an expression of his in "Hand and Soul," said that when he looked at Millais in full, his face was that of an angel. The expression marks Rossetti's exaltation of mind when in his more earnest moods. He possessed, as was already proved in his black and white designs, a true novice's devotion to poetic mysticism and beauty, and a power of invention the exercise of which is meat and drink to the real artist. In this day there would seem to have been no merit in our early confidence in his artistic future; he is judged now by what he did later, but then it needed the bold gift of prophecy to decide that he would ever discipline himself enough to become a real painter. Since he had recommitted himself to the pursuit, he ceased to express fear of defeat. It will be seen he entertained equal confidence for others, for he was with all his heart a proselytizer, and for those who had gone even less far on the painter's road than himself, he made light of difficulties; but Millais and I, it must be confessed, often doubted, spite of our friendly probation of the unproved candidates, whether Gabriel did not unduly overlook the argument against their success in the evidence that their indifference to art so far did not show the want of natural instinct for it; his unfaltering certainty in their future shamed our scepticism. No one, however, could be more sudden or wholesale in correction of a too favourable estimate of his impulsively recommended protégés, whether they were those we had adopted, or outsiders over whom he at times went into paroxysms of wild laudation, until the disillusion came. In fact, he was then as extreme in his condemnation as he had been in his too extravagant praise.



THE PRE-RAPHAELITE MEETING, 1848, BY ARTHUR HUGHES, FROM SKETCH BY W. H. H.

In my own studio soon after the initiation of the Brotherhood, when I was talking with Rossetti about our ideal intention, I noticed that he still retained the habit he had contracted with Ford Madox Brown of speaking of the new principles of art as "Early Christian." I objected to the term as attached to a school as far from vitality as was modern classicalism, and I insisted upon the designation "Pre-Raphaelite" as more radically exact, and as expressing what we had already agreed should be our principle. The second question, what our corporation itself should be called, was raised by the increase of our company. Gabriel improved upon previous suggestion with the word Brotherhood, overruling the objection that it savoured of clericalism. When we agreed to use the letters P.R.B. as our insignia, we made each member solemnly promise to keep its meaning strictly secret, foreseeing the danger of offending the reigning powers of the time. It is strange that with this precaution against dangers from outside our Body, we

E. Landseer.

MONKEYANA.

took such small care to guard ourselves against those that might assail us from within. The name of our Body was meant to keep in our minds our determination ever to do battle against the frivolous art of the day, which had for its ambition "Monkeyana" ideas, "Books of Beauty," Chorister Boys, whose forms were those of melted wax with drapery of no tangible texture. The illustrations to Holy Writ were feeble enough to incline a sensible public to revulsion of sentiment. Equally shallow were the approved imitations of the Greeks, and paintings that would ape Michael Angelo and Titian, with, as the latest innovation, through the Germans, designs that affected without sincerity the naïveté of Perugino and the early Flemings.

The designs for the etchings to Keats's *Isabella* by Millais and myself were made to explain the position of the lover in the house of the two brothers. In spare hours I made progress with my black and white design of Lorenzo at his desk in the warehouse. In this my business experiences were of some help, as Gabriel, when I was blaming my fate for having taken me away from school so early, and having placed me so long in the City, pointed out soothingly, that the knowledge of men and human ways which it gave was not the only example of what I had obtained as equivalent to the loss of early acquirements gained from teachers, labelled by him at the moment as "of very little use in life." Rossetti proposed to combine with us in the series, but he never produced his contribution.

Before leaving my last studio I had already painted the face of Rienzi in my picture from a fellow-student with a fine head, but soon I became convinced that the racial character would be more satisfying if Gabriel would serve as my model. This he good-naturedly did, and accordingly I cleaned the canvas and made the new head a portrait of him, as far as the expression needed would allow, and as the character of the strong man of action I had to represent would warrant.

W H H . 1850 PRB.

“HE KNEW WHOSE GENTLE HAND WAS AT THE LATCH
BEFORE THE DOOR HAD GIVEN HER TO HIS EYES.”—KEATS.

Monthly meetings held in turn at the studios of the members were our means of considering the progress of affairs and the manner of extending our operations. In my notebook of the time I come upon a scribble of the six other members when they happened to have arranged themselves in a form that seemed worth impressing upon the memory.[1]

To no one at this period did Rossetti reveal himself with less reserve than to me. I have to report of matters connected with his art career alone. If I am ever led outside the margin of this interest with him as with other friends, it is because other writers have already passed this sacred barrier of reticence, and have given false impressions which I alone am left to correct. The pictures and the poems that Rossetti published will ever render him a personage of real interest, worthy of keen study in all points in which his life was public and professional.

Rossetti is before my mind's eye now, as daily communion with him at the most impressionable period of life made him appear. Imagine, then, a young man of decidedly Southern breed and aspect, about five feet seven in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not caring to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parted lips, searching with dreaming eyes; the openings large and oval; grey eyes, looking directly only when arrested by external interest, otherwise gazing listlessly about, the iris not reaching the lower lid, the ball of the eye somewhat prominent by its fulness, although not by lack of depth in the orbits; the lids above and below tawny coloured. His nose was aquiline, delicate, with a depression from the frontal sinus shaping the bridge; the nostrils full, the brow rounded and prominent, and the line of the jaw angular and marked, while still uncovered with beard. His shoulders were not square, and only just masculine in shape. His singularity of gait depended upon his width of hip, which was unusual. Altogether, he was a lightly built man, with delicate hands and feet;

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[1] Page 140.

although neither weak nor fragile in constitution, he was altogether unaffected by athletic exercise. He was careless in his dress, which was, as then not very unusual with professional men, black and of evening cut. So indifferent was he to the accepted requirements of society, that he would allow spots of mud to remain dry on his clothes for several days. He wore a brown overcoat, and, with his pushing stride and careless exclamations, a special scrutiny would have been needed to discern the refinement and tenderness that dwelt in the breast of the defiant youth; but any one who approached and addressed him was struck with surprise to find all critical impressions dissipated in a moment, for the language of the painter was wealthy and polished, and he proved to be courteous, gentle, and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuits of others, while he talked much about his own, and in every respect, as far as could be shown by outward manner, a cultured gentleman. He delighted most in those poems for which the world then had shown but little appreciation. *Sordello* and *Paracelsus* he would give from memory by twenty pages at a time, and in turn came the shorter inventions of Browning, which were more within the compass of attention suddenly appealed to. Then would follow the grand rhetoric from Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, in the scene between the herald and the Court at Ghent, with Philip in reply, a scene very much to my taste, with my picture standing on the easel designed to show the sword of Justice, inevitable in the fulness of time, on all such as being strong scourge the weak, and being rich rob the poor, and "change the sweat of nature's brow to blood." To this would follow the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott's *Rosabel* (which latter I have always thought originated Rossetti's interest in the area of reflection to which belonged the subject called "Found"). Patmore's *Woodman's Daughter* was a novel interest to all of us eager to find new poems. Tennyson's

> You might have won the Poet's crown,
> If such be worth the winning now,

came out at the very time, and nowhere was its scorn more profoundly echoed than round our hearth. Poe's *Raven*, his *Ulalume*, and other of the woeful singer's polished strains succeeded, with countless varied examples of melodious pathos; all showed a wide field of interest as to poetic models, but it will be noted that these were nearly all of sad or tragic tenor.

He told me the story of his parentage, which, as far as I can remember, ran thus. His father, Giuseppe Rossetti, was born in the Abruzzi about the time of the first French Republic; in his early years he went to Naples when one of the many revolts under the Bourbon kings broke out. He had come as a young poet, writing songs for the people of inflammatory discontent and roseate promise in reform. The king's government recognised that Giuseppe's strains encouraged the rebellious to prolonged resistance, and when the army gained the mastery the police were directed to apprehend the writer. He was in hiding, and an English admiral who was cruising in the Bay received information of his plight and his place of retreat. A company of sailors was landed, and marched through the city as if to see the sights. In anticipation a suit of sailor's clothes had been sent to the place of refuge, and the concealed offender had arrayed himself as a British tar. As the real seamen were marking time, as if retarded in their progress, in front of the house, Giuseppe slipped into their ranks; imitating his new comrades, he followed down to the quay, where all descended into the gig which was waiting, and the fugitive was soon on board the English flag-ship. Shortly after, a summons was received from the government to deliver up the proscribed poet. The answer was that he was now under the English flag; soon the sails bore him to England, where he quickly found friends. The post of Italian professor was given him at University College, London, and he prospered as a private teacher. The Polidori family was already established here, and the escaped revolutionist proved the innate love of peace in his breast by winning one of the daughters, who became the mother of Maria, Gabriel, William, and Christina.

Giuseppe had written a commentary on Dante, in which he interpreted the story as altogether allegorical. He naturally possessed a large store of trecento poems; thus Gabriel and the other children had grown up familiar with the imagination of the earliest Italian poets, and a strong although vague inclination towards early art.

It may be doubted whether the Rossettis knew that an accomplished painter of their name flourished in the cinquecento. His picture of "The Deposition" is an excellent work; to be seen at Volterra.

Native disposition had not led Gabriel to profess respect for natural science; never would he evince any regard for the remote stages of creative development or the lower steps of human progress. He regarded questions on such points as altogether foreign to poetry. The language used in early times to describe the appearances of Nature he accepted as the sanctified and ever-sufficient formulæ. Modern scientific discoveries had no charms for him; neither had the changed conditions of the people who were to be touched by art any claim for special consideration; for when men were different from the cultured of mediæval days they were not poetic in his eyes; they had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time.

I have no intention of criticising his philosophy. It was inherent in him; the character of the literature he had most dwelt upon had fostered it, and Brown's taste for chivalric personages and his recent indulgence in quaint mediævalism had confirmed the predilection.

It was impossible then to decide whether the determination he expressed was altogether final, for at the same time he proclaimed that the radical want in modern art was a stricter study of Nature. Our estimate of the genius he already showed and our confidence in the leading of the new inspiration had removed all doubt of his fitness for combination with us.

We often trenched on scientific and historic grounds, for my previous reading and cogitations, without making me profound, had led me to love these interests and to regard them as of the greatest poetic and pictorial importance for modern art ; I argued that the appeal we made could be strengthened by adopting the knowledge which human penetration had discovered.

In my boyhood, when first opening the volume of Shakespeare with misgiving of my ability to understand the reasonings of the master, I was astonished at the condescension of his mind, and it gave me infinite encouragement to find that many of his fancies had passed through my own idle brain, and had so moved me that I had attempted to express them to my intimates with nothing gained thereby but derision. As a dramatic teacher he did not despise the groundlings ; indeed I concluded that the great measure of welcome awarded to this kingly genius was but a just response to his own large-hearted sympathy with his fellows of every class ; he catered for the unlearned not less than for the profoundest philosopher. In *Hamlet*, for instance, the plot is made so clear that it enthrals the mind of the child who yet for many years cannot understand its reflections on the mysterious problems of life, problems which no other teacher conceives so healthily or expresses so richly.

The charity of his example had led me to rate lightly that kind of art devised only for the initiated, and to suspect all philosophies which assume that the vulgar are to be left for ever unredeemed. Dantesque shapes of imagery became Rossetti's alphabet of art, and in his designs, as in his poems, his mind expressed itself in a form independent of new life and joy in nature. This partiality had never been counterbalanced by rough experience of the battle of life ; he spurned new fields of interest for the work of either poet or painter, and disputed my contention that the aid of inexhaustible science should be used to convey new messages of hope to fresh broods of men. It surprised me that Rossetti, of Italian blood, had no longing to satisfy his eyes with the sight of native soil sanctified by great memories, just as did also his indifference to the actuality of a poetic subject ; it was the finished phraseology, the mode of delineation, that dominated him.

We yearn most for what seems denied to us. Long and bitter to me had been the days when, turning eyes from book visions of the renowned cities of Greece, of Italy, and of Egypt, I saw only blank walls, unchangeable summer and winter, and the threat thereon written large, that my fate was to know only through others of the sky-piercing mountains, of the sea calm and wild by turns, and of adventures by flood and field. The trial had been borne sadly ; my father had endured it before me, and yet had delight in the wonders of the world. A prison many a time has become a study and a workshop ; in my old office I had found some geometrical and mathematical books, and my master had helped me with the problems ; he had also set me to do geological and astronomical diagrams, and these studies seemed to me full of poetic suggestion. But Rossetti despised such inquiries ; what could it matter, he said, whether the earth moved round the sun or the sun circled about the earth, and in the question of the antiquity of man and his origin he refused to be interested. This led up to the view which he expressed, that attention to chronological costume, to the types of different races of men, to climatic features and influences, were of no value in any painter's work, and that therefore oriental proprieties in the treatment of Scriptural subjects were calculated to destroy the poetic nature of a design. He instanced Horace Vernet's Bible pictures treated orientally, "Rebecca giving Eleazer to drink," and some others, to justify his opinion. I insisted that Vernet, though a remarkably skilful composer and executant, being destitute of poetic fire, was not, and could not under any conditions or systems enchant any but the dull. It was the question of the value of my plan, carried out five years later, of going to Syria to paint sacred subjects which brought this discussion to a head. My contention was that more exact truth was distinctly called for by the additional knowledge and longings of the modern mind, and that it was not outside the lines of the noblest art; however, in wishing for more liberty of judgment for myself, I would not, as many reformers do, stint that of others.

Despite differences, we both agreed that a man's work must be the reflex of a living image in his own mind, and not the icy double of the facts themselves. It will be seen that we were never realists. I think art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any of us had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in nature. Independently of the conviction that such a system would put out of operation the faculty making man "like a God," it was apparent that a mere imitator gradually comes to see nature claylike and finite, as it seems when illness brings a cloud before the eyes. Art dominated by this spirit makes us esteem the world as without design or finish, unbalanced, unfitting, and unlovely, not interpreted into beauty as true art makes it. It is needless to give modern examples; alas! they have multiplied of late. I can instance Polembourg as one of the old landscapists who made God's sky look hideous, although his handling and surface were careful; we once all agreed that a bright March sky was too crude, and too much like this man's work to be painted.

It is now high time to correct one important misapprehension. In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than to insist that the practice was essential for training the eye and hand of the young artist; we should not have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Pre-Raphaelite. I can say this the better because I have retained later than either of my companions did, the restrained handling of an experimentalist.

There are reasons why my original account of

Rossetti should not be withdrawn or recast. This was published soon after his death, dictated by a desire to treat his memory with liberal appreciation and gentleness. This has not been met by equivalent recognition of what was due to Rossetti's fellows; my tributes to his honour have been too often interpreted as an acknowledgment of his "leadership," and though this was very far from my intention, yet as my words were strictly accurate, I have no compunction in reprinting them. In some cases, to avoid what would have seemed like egoism, I made reports of his talk without mention of the initiatory programme which had called forth his amplification of the idea. Repeating my tribute I now add other facts which prove to be essential to the correct balance of the story; this would be but of trivial importance if the issue were merely a personal one, to determine whether Millais, Rossetti, or I most had the responsibility of Pre-Raphaelitism, but it involves the question as to the exact purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism. This is so vital in my eyes that if it were decided to mean what the Brown-Rossetti circle and all the critics, native and foreign, inspired by them, continually ascribe to it, Pre-Raphaelitism should certainly not engage my unprofessional pen.

My past experience in pattern designing, and my criticisms upon the base and vulgar forms and incoherent curves in contemporary furniture, to which I drew Rossetti's attention on his first visit to me, encouraged visions of reform in these particulars, and we speculated on improvement in all household objects, furniture, fabrics, and other interior decorations. Nor did we pause till Rossetti enlarged upon the devising of ladies' dresses and the improvement of man's costume, determining to follow the example of early artists not in one branch of taste only, but in all.

For sculpture Gabriel expressed little passion; he professed admiration of many men engaged in plastic work, but he could not understand their devotion to what in those days never rose to the height of human interest; the fact was, the reason of this baldness lay in neglect of drawing and painting by exercise in which, the great sculptors of old made themselves subtle designers and masters of form, light, shade, and colour. We agreed that architecture also came within the proper work of a painter, who, learning the principles of construction from Nature herself, could apply them by shaping and decorating the material he had to deal with. Music Rossetti regarded as positively offensive; for him it was nothing but a noisy nuisance. It may be that this opinion was not permanent.

In our scheme, when we obtained recognition, each of us was to have a set of studios attached to his house, some for working in ourselves in diverse branches of art, some for showing our productions to admirers, who would be attended to by our pupils when we were too busy to be disturbed. We were also by such means to introduce worthy students, and to make art take its due place in life.

All these castles in the air were pleasing visions; only when Rossetti in bandying hopes extended the grandeur of the dream of our fortunes, I expressed some curiosity to know how due appreciation could be counted on from a people so committed to the idea of subdivision of labour, and so self-complacent in their tastes as were our contemporaries, who had none of that far-seeing spirit which made Locke profess his ignorance in order to learn more. Rossetti dismissed such fears to the winds, asking me if I could not understand that there were hundreds of young aristocrats and millionaires growing up who would be only too glad to get due direction how to make the country as glorious as Greece and Italy had been. I was fain to hope that this view was the correct one, as with his father's experience as a professor among persons of high degree I assumed they had met such modern Mæcenas; I was glad to encourage in myself the belief that the rich would in time know how to use their influence and to spend their money worthily.

There remain now but a few more personal particulars of the interests of that time to be recorded. Our combination had much of happiness in it. Gabriel had progressed greatly with his picture, and had painted St. Joachim and the draperies of the principal figures. The grey dress of the Virgin gave him trouble because he had, in order to write and design, allowed himself to leave the paint to dry, which while wet had been in good state for completion. On his consulting me, I decided that it should be rubbed off and recommenced, but he was reluctant to resort to such draconian measures, and essayed to treat the half-dried pigment like the tone on a mezzotint plate. Scraping through to the white canvas below with the point of a knife, he hatched and stippled the lights, and then the darks were expressed with touches from a brown brush, so that the effect at a distance was quite happy, and we agreed that it might stand for the nonce. This dry method did not produce lasting satisfaction, and after its first public appearance it was obliterated by a coat of paint applied in the usual way.

There were frequent days when he would leave his appointed task to engage himself with some other invention in form or in words that had taken possession of his fancy. When he had once sat down, and was engaged in the effort to chase his errant thoughts into an orderly road, and the spectral fancies had all to be kept in his mind's eye, his tongue was hushed, he remained fixed and inattentive to all that went on about him, he rocked himself to and fro, and at times he moaned lowly, or hummed for a brief minute, as though telling off some idea. All this while he peered intently before him, looking hungry and eager, and passing by in his regard any who came before him, as if not seen at all. Then he would often get up and walk out of the room without saying a word. Years afterwards, when he became stout, and people, not without some reason, found a resemblance in him to the bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, and, later still, when he had outgrown this resemblance, it seemed to me that it was in his early days only that the soul within had been truly seen in his face. In these days his inner life was untainted to an exemplary degree, and he worthily rejoiced in the poetic atmosphere of sacred and spiritual dreams that then dwelt within him in embryo, though undoubtedly some of his noisy demonstrations hindered many persons from recognising this inspiration at once.

To be a guest at the dinner-table of the Rossettis was a pleasure full of novel interest to me. I was invited soon after their son came to my studio. The old gentleman was then relinquishing the use of English. He was beginning to be an invalid whose sight needed protection by a projecting shade. Gabriel has left an excellent drawing of him at a slightly later date. The mother was the gentle and presiding matron we see Saint Ann to be in "The Girlhood of the Virgin." The elder sister was overflowing with attention to all, expressing interest in each individually, and Miss Christina was exactly the pure and docile-hearted damsel that her brother portrayed God's Virgin pre-elect to be. The father arose to receive me from a group of foreigners around the fire, all escaped revolutionists from the Continent, and addressed me in English in a few words of welcome as "Mr. Madox Brown," a slip on which his eldest daughter rated him pleasantly. He was so engrossed in a warm discussion going on that some minutes afterwards he again made the same mistake. The conversation was in Italian, but occasionally merged into French, with the obvious purpose of taking into the heat of the conference refugees unfamiliar with the former language. The tragic passions of the group around the fire did not in the slightest degree involve either the mother, the daughters, or the sons, except when the latter explained that the objects of the severest denunciations were Bomba, Pio Nono, and Metternich, or, in turn, Count Rosso and his memory; with these execrated names were uttered in different tones those of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Louis Napoleon, who had once been a visitor at the house. The hearth guests took it in turn to discourse, and no one had delivered many phrases ere the excitement of speaking made him rise from his chair, advance to the centre of the group, and there gesticulate as I had never seen people do except upon the stage. What I knew then of French was only by reading, and I was surprised to discover that it helped me scarcely at all to follow the native tongue spoken excitedly and quickly. Each orator evidently found difficulty in expressing his full anger, but when passion had done its measure in work and gesture, so that I as a stranger felt pained at not being able to join in practical sympathy, the declaimer went back to his chair, and while another was taking up the words of mourning and appeal to the too tardy heavens, the predecessor kept up the refrain of sighs and groans. When it was impossible for me to ignore the distress of the alien company, Gabriel and William shrugged their shoulders, the latter with a languid sign of commiseration, saying it was generally so. As the dinner was being put on the table some of the strangers persisted, despite invitation, in going ; some still stayed round the fire declaring solemnly that they had dined.

It was a novelty to me to begin dinner with maccaroni, and there were other dishes and dressings not usual at English tables, but in all respects we had an excellent meal. Our circle conversed in English ; the father talked with his friends from the hearth, and at the end of each course he got up and joined them, until he was once more called to the head of the table by the appearance of a new dish. At the conclusion of the meal the brothers and I saw the remainder of the company established at dominoes and chess before the arrival of the other members for the P.R.B. meeting upstairs. We *de facto* members were anxious to see what the probationary ones were preparing for future work to justify our expectation of them. William Rossetti could not yet give up his Inland Revenue clerkship, but he showed us some of his extremely painstaking if very angular outlines from the life, and these were a proof that he kept in mind his obligation as a P.R.B. to become an artist. Other probationers from whom we expected work, appeared with neither work nor apology, an omission which we tried to construe into evidence that extensive designs were being prepared as a surprise in store.

CHAPTER VII

1848–1849

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
HERRICK.

Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world need fear no colours.—*Twelfth Night.*

As iron sharpeneth iron, so is the wit of man sharpened.

AT the beginning of the autumn of 1848 Millais had still some panels of the series of decorative designs in monochrome for Leeds to bring to completion, and these occupied him so late in the season that there seemed a danger that the first essay in our new manner would suffer; but once free of his contract he painted a small portrait of Mr. Fenn, so strong in form and finish, and so rich in well-justified colour, that it resembled a perfect Van Eyck or Holbein, and yet its excellence was in no way mere truth at second-hand. This was the earnest of what his picture would be, but in that he would have to ride not a single horse but to drive a team. It was towards the end of October 1848 that his new canvas was installed on the easel. Any fresh design must have been undertaken with the disadvantage of not having been re-judged after the heat and prejudice of the original drawing had died away; he therefore settled upon the composition made for our intended series of etchings for Keats's *Isabella.*[1] Both his and mine were illustrations of the household life of the actors in the story. It certainly seemed to be a great undertaking for the time available before the date of sending in, but a very few days' work on the picture, each part being completely finished at a sitting, was convincing that the artist's estimate of his own range of power in the character and in the extent of work he had to do was perfectly justified ; so exact was the pitch of tone and colour of each fresh venture, and so unerring and rich in unexpected graces was the performance in all respects, that it was easy to see how much strength it would give to the status of our movement. Every visitor to his studio brought away a higher report than the last. Gabriel, who sat for one of the figures in the picture, became perfectly unbounded in his admiration, and William, who had also acted as a model, turning his head aside, raising his eyebrows, and extending his hands, intoned in separated notes, "It certainly is distinctly marvellous," and so the reputation of the picture grew with its own growth.

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[1] Page 143.

Once, in a studio conclave, some of us drew up a declaration that there was no immortality for humanity except that which was gained by man's own genius or heroism. We were still under the influence of Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron, and Shelley, and we could leave no corners or spaces in our minds unsearched and unswept. Our determination to respect no authority that stood in the way of fresh research in art seemed to compel us to try what the result would be in matters metaphysical, denying all that could not be tangibly proved. We agreed that there were different degrees of glory in great men, and that these grades should be denoted by one, two, or three stars. Ordinary children of men fulfilled their work by providing food, clothing, and tools for their fellows ; some, who did not engage in the labour of the earth, had allowed their minds to work without the ballast of common-sense, and some of these had done evil, but the few far-seeing ones revealed to us vast visions of beauty. Where these dreams were too profound for our sight to fathom, our new iconoclasm dictated that such were too little substantial for human trust; for of spiritual powers we for the moment felt we knew nothing, and we saw no profit in relying upon a vision, however beautiful it might be.

Arguing thus, Gabriel wrote out the following manifesto of our absence of faith in immortality, save in that perennial influence exercised by great thinkers and workers:—

> We, the undersigned, declare that the following list of Immortals constitutes the whole of our Creed, and that there exists no other Immortality than what is centred in their names and in the names of their contemporaries, in whom this list is reflected:—

Jesus Christ * * * *
The Author of Job * * *
Isaiah
Homer * *
Pheidias
Early Gothic Architects
Cavalier Pugliesi
Dante * *
Boccaccio *
Rienzi
Ghiberti
Chaucer * *
Fra Angelico *
Leonardo da Vinci * *
Spenser
Hogarth
Flaxman
Hilton
Goethe * *
Kosciusko
Byron
Wordsworth
Keats * *
Shelley * *
Haydon
Cervantes
Joan of Arc
Mrs. Browning *
Patmore *
Raphael *
Michael Angelo
Early English Balladists
Giovanni Bellini
Georgioni
Titian
Tintoretto
Poussin
Alfred * *
Shakespeare * * *
Milton
Cromwell
Hampden
Bacon
Newton
Landor * *
Thackeray * *
Poe
Hood
Longfellow *
Emerson
Washington * *
Leigh Hunt
Author of *Stories after Nature* *
Wilkie
Columbus
Browning * *
Tennyson *

William Rossetti publishes an expression of Gabriel's astonishment made in his last years that men should assume that he denied an after life, seeing that what he had painted and written ought to convince them of his belief in immortality. For my part, it may be pointed out that not many weeks after the signing of the document I was designing my "Christian" picture to honour the obedience to Christ's command that His doctrine should be preached to all the world at the expense, if need be, of life itself. Our non-belief in the immortality of the soul, therefore, was not long retained. The treatment we accorded in our document to painters and poets illustrates the character of our tastes and aims at this time.

Beginning with an agreement that three stars should only be given to the greatest, it will be seen that the author of Job and Shakespeare alone gained that distinction, but there was one Captain of men who could not by us be left out of the list of heroes, One who had not only sung persuasively of the way conducting to peace, but had trodden the thorny way Himself. A poem as well as a poet He was; commander and at the same time foremost of His army, He had even against His own human nature been a conqueror to the end.

He must, we said, be above all, and on this account we were obliged to extend our purpose, and place four stars after the name of Jesus Christ, that He might stand supreme above all others.

Some twenty years ago I came upon my copy of this document in an old desk, and tore it up, from no horror of the practical atheism it professed, a man should come face to face with himself on such a momentous question; the list included further names than those in the present copy, amongst them were many contemporaries now utterly forgotten. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* My good father had copied the first draft carefully, and it is from this copy of his that I have printed the list here.

James Collinson had been an amiable fellow-student, painstaking in all his drawings, and accurate in a sense, but in his own person tame and sleepy, and so became all the figures he drew. "The Apollo Belvidere," "The Laocoon," "The Wrestlers," "The Dancing Faun," and the drunken gentleman of that race, all seemed to belong to one somnolent family. No one, a year later, could have trusted his memory to say whether our quiet friend had or had not been in the schools, so successfully had he avoided disturbing any one in any way. It was a surprise to all when, in the year 1848, he appeared in the Exhibition with the picture called "The Charity Boy's Début." To represent the bashfulness of a poor boy appearing before his family in the uniform of his parish was an honest idea, and although the invention did not go far beyond the initial conception, the pencilling was phenomenally painstaking throughout. It transpired that he had roused himself up of late and entered the Roman Church, and had summoned effort to paint this picture. All the students blamed themselves for having ignored Collinson, but Rossetti went further, and declared that "Collinson was a born stunner," and at once struck up an intimate friendship with him. It will be seen that Rossetti had decided that Collinson only wanted our enthusiasm to make him a great force in the battle. Accordingly we gave him permission to put the secret initials on his works, to attend our monthly meetings, and to receive us in his turn.

Whether we were at Collinson's in the Polygon, where a dragoness of a landlady, six feet in height, provided quite a conventional entertainment—for he still had a liberal allowance from home—or at our Bohemian repasts in Cleveland Street, or elsewhere, he invariably fell asleep at the beginning, and had to be waked up at the conclusion of the noisy evening to receive our salutations. In figure he was far from being like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, for he was both light and small. He could but rarely see the fun of anything, although he sometimes laughed in a lachrymose manner, and I fear our attempts to enliven him were but futile.

Once, concluding a meeting at my studio, on going to the door with him near midnight, we discovered that it was a magnificent moonlight night, and we resolved that, instead of going to bed, we would take a long walk in the country. He pleaded that he must go home to bed, and when we pointed out that for a real change, which might be of great permanent benefit to him, he should consider that he had had enough sleeping, he insisted that he must really go back to change his boots; and eventually we let him depart with the promise that he would be ready for us when we should call in half an hour. We arrived punctually, but knocked for a time in vain. In ten minutes a voice from the second-floor window thundered out to ask why we went on knocking when we knew Mr. Collinson had long since been in bed. It was the conclusion that he was asleep which had made us knock so loud, we said, and we hoped the landlady would take no further notice while we continued the same measures to wake him; on which she invited the aid of a passing policeman, who, however, was persuaded that we were strictly within the law in insisting upon seeing the gentleman himself. Collinson came to his window sleepily entreating to be left alone; but we explained that we had chosen a northerly course solely on his account, and that he must not now disappoint us. He gave in, and came with us on our walk.

The long night stands out in my memory ever clear, precious, and surprising, although many midnight skies have since in distant lands revolved over my wandering steps. Passing through streets which were fast emptying, some of them echoing to our ears the footsteps of Keats, we climbed the hill that shut us off from the true country. Above and beyond lay moonlit and moon-shaded heath and common land, decked with drowsy trees against the unchanging and unclouded heavens. Walking down the vale we saw a settlement of haze, level as water sleeping in the hollow, broad as the ancient river must have been which scored it out, and this vapour gradually immersed the trees on the descending slope from roots to topmost branches. As we reached its margin we played with the phantom water and descended step by step, until, breast deep, we reached out our arms feigning to swim; lower and lower we went under chill thick mist; arriving at the little bridge over the dwindled stream, as we looked up we saw the haloed moon casting spoke-like shadows of the trees round about us. From the depth of this rayed region we ascended to the further margin of the mist lake into the crystal air. Continuing our journey, we arrived at a village a mile beyond, where, surrounded by a semicircle of cottages, we seated ourselves on the pedestal of the village pump. Our conversation at first was exclusively for our own benefit, but in the end we set up a lusty shout with a view to waking Collinson for the homeward journey. It was a great hurrah; at the same instant we saw a candle lighted in the first-floor window of each cottage of the little hamlet, and twenty or thirty nightcapped heads were thrust out simultaneously at the surrounding casements.

On our return journey, moonlight was slowly exchanged for ever increasing dawn and sunrise, with London, seen from Hampstead Heath, offering its first incense to the waking day. Frequently our poor Collinson dozed on the way, leaning on one or other of us, and we aided him with gentle support, but I must confess that no treatment adopted thoughtfully for his good either on this journey or other where seemed permanently to relieve his overweighted mind.

The doubt more than once returned to me whether Gabriel, after all, would ever discipline himself steadily enough to become a proficient painter, for when he had been so constant to his canvas as to secure a certain advance, some new invention would become his idol, and to this he would devote himself so passionately that his main task was apparently in danger of being forgotten.

When he had fairly got entangled in a new design he would refuse the attraction of home, meals, out of door engagements, or bed, and sit through the night, sleeping where he sat for an hour at the time, recommencing his work when he woke. He ate whatever was at hand when hunger suggested, and when time came for bed on the second night he would ask me to leave him ; in the morning I would find him still at his engrossing task. "The Girlhood of the Virgin" was a composition with but little intricacy in it, and therefore a penitential return to the easel soon made up for truancy. There was a special trial, however, in store not to be lightly passed by, for when he advanced to the painting of the child angel, for whom he had four or more models in succession, an untried one ever promising to be more manageable than the last, he increasingly lost patience. The unsteadiness of one mild little girl so overtried his temper that he revealed his irritation beyond bounds, storming wildly, overthrowing his tools and stamping about, until the poor child sobbed and screamed with fright, clinging to her conductress, much too alarmed to listen to any comfort he repentantly offered her. After this scene, which had raised clouds of dust and destroyed my tranquillity of mind, further work that day was out of the question. This was one of sundry experiences which caused the doubt whether his real enthusiasm for art would survive the needful pressure of self denying labour ; I thereupon invited him to go out walking with me, and in the shining wintry sun, on the broad walk of Regent's Park, bade him consider the certain consequences of action such as his, and argued that indulging all his humours would be fatal to his prospects of becoming a painter. This he had an undoubted right to give up for himself, but he must not destroy my chance of getting my picture done, since its completion was a very vital matter to me. I added that his want of self control affected my power of work more than he imagined, and that unless he could observe a calmer demeanour we must separate at once, whereas I could assure him that latterly, when he had made good progress, I had hoped not only that he would learn all that he desired, and bring his picture to a conclusion in the fulness of time, but that he might do so early enough to appear with Millais and myself at the next Academy Exhibition. He took my remonstrance in the best possible spirit, and assured me that he would put an effectual curb upon his impatience for the future. He held to his promise manfully, and with a fresh model for the angel brought this part of his work to an end. It was a striking mark to me of his increasing self reliance that about this date when in a difficulty he called me to his aid, and I as usual held out my hand for his brush and palette, he asked me to trust to him to carry out my instructions, seeing that he felt it would otherwise be said that I had painted the picture throughout. Undoubtedly at this pass the "drudgery" of Brown's system did stand him in good stead, giving him greater efficiency of handling.

The visitations of Gabriel's numerous friends during the precious daylight, which, being of no account to them, they treated as without value to us, occasionally became a vexatious condition of our partnership. I could not remonstrate, because with the visitors were some whom it was a pleasure to know, and I could not state my objection to others.

I cannot conceal that as the spring advanced I felt many anxieties for my "Rienzi." It was so intricate in composition, and I was working with such minute finish, that a day's labour rarely made any show ; moreover, from dread of injuring the paint while working at other parts I had left the sky to the last, and as there were several gaps of white canvas between the groups, the parts that were already finished showed to but small advantage ; my calculation of the number of days' work to be done gave me sufficient time, but I could not pretend that the effect of the picture warranted my confidence.

Each night on returning from the Life School, after boiling my coffee, I sat down to my meal and read with enjoyment. I had counted my ways and means, and for economy's sake and from the example of Shelley, I abjured meat. When Gabriel and William joined me as guests at my simple meal, the hour of relaxation was all the pleasanter. More than once the former appeared with a small company of his own Life School fellow-students, whom I had never before seen. Once when the strangers were unusually many, and the novelties of the studio had been shown, it did not seem necessary to display the motley tea service of my establishment, but Gabriel suddenly intimated that the delay was too protracted by saying, "Now, Hunt, don't keep us waiting any longer, I have promised them all supper." At this the table was set, and we made the best of a simple menu.

If this history may appear to be a revelation of personal events disconnected with professional efforts, it is because I feel myself under pledge to recount faithfully the individual trials of an artist's career in those days, and therefore I am led to reveal the burden brought to me in a dark hour when I was altogether beaten down. On the way back from the Life School one night, I chanced to run against Mr. James, the surveyor, who told me that he was anxious to understand more fully than he had been able to do at casual meetings what I had been about since leaving my father's house. I explained that it had seemed better to defer invitation for him to see my work until all was completed, but that if he were free then, the picture was not too much out of order for him to understand it; indeed, as there was but a fortnight to the sending-in day, his frank opinion might be of use to me. We walked on, I being confident that my studio was vacant that night. Entering, I brought my picture to the light, and explained the subject in all its details. My old friend only sighed mysteriously from time to time, and finally turning to me, asked impressively, "Did you tell

Rienzi.

me that there is only another fortnight in which to finish, and that what is done has already cost eight or nine months?" I assented. "Do not then, Willie, I charge you, cherish the futile idea of being able to complete the picture; indeed, if for a moment we assume the difficulty were overcome, and even that the painting were accepted, could you persuade yourself that such a weak piece of work could command any attention? It is obvious enough that all the minutiæ introduced must have taxed the greatest patience and labour, but who do you think would trouble their heads about that? No, take my advice. Look! turn up your canvas end way up; it's of beautiful proportions. Now, do a tragic-looking head screaming war, famine, and slaughter; in one hand make him holding a flaming torch above his head, throwing a lurid glare on the face, let him carry a threatening sword in the other, and make the background black as possible." He looked exultant, putting an encouraging hand on my shoulder. "In a fortnight you will get it finished, and so you will gain your object of having a picture in the Exhibition, and one, too, which no spectator could fail to see." He was so insistent upon the idea while I conducted him down the fitfully lighted stairs to the street, that he had no suspicion what was behind my spasmodic and irrepressible laughter.

I remounted to the room; a chill had come over my spirit, it trickled between my shoulder blades. I shut the door, turning the key, and sank doubled up in a chair to hear this accusation formulating against myself. "Why, when with only enough means to do your appointed task with undisturbed leisure, did you hamper your hopes by subjection to daily hindrances? to have restricted your attention to Rossetti by visits to his own room in the evening would have been all that you could afford or he expect; now, you see many days of your life have been spoiled, most of your money spent, you have not gone the way to keep your health; a sensible friend comes and laughs at the calculation that you can finish your work in time, and you know that you had before dreaded that it might be as he thinks; at the best, you see the work is incapable of making any impression. What is the good of struggling? your chances in life are overweighted, and you have not the tact to make the burdens less." After having sat a time frozen through listening to these fancied reproaches, a step ascended the stairs; it stopped on the landing, and a hand was put familiarly upon the door knob, turning it without effect. At first I did not feel inclined to move, but on Gabriel shouting out twice or thrice I opened the door; he came in, peered about and said, "Who's here? I heard some one talking to you. Who the devil was it?" "It was the devil," I replied. "Whatever is the matter? Why is your picture put endways up? Isn't there some one else here? The fire is out, you haven't had your coffee yet. I say, bring it out and let's have the stove alight at once."

Soon we were seated down at a comforting meal, and gradually I was drawn on to tell and act Mr. James's visit and remarks; Gabriel enjoyed it as a screaming joke, and ended in a burst of laughter, exclaiming, "But the man's a born fool." "No, Gabriel, he's not, he is a really superior man; I have a true affection for him and quite a considerable respect for his opinion as an index of the intelligence of that portion of the public who have a little knowledge of art; his verdict seems only a forecast of theirs, and gives a dismal enough outlook for me."

"Tell me," Gabriel next asked, "do you really believe in the devil?"

"Well," said I, "we don't wish to go into an examination of the question of a personal devil; we might as well undertake an inquiry into the mystery of free-will and fate, which equally twists itself round and round the differences of meaning attached to the same words by opposite disputants; we won't waste time over this matter, but I have no more hesitation to admitting belief in a force of evil than I have in acknowledging a power of good in life, and I believe that one or the other takes possession of each person, temporarily or permanently, as they are encouraged to gain the mastery. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly two interests are often found battling together, and the combatants are called good and evil; but this conclusion is gratuitous; why should not each be equally justifiable? They are simply two different tempers," replied Rossetti.

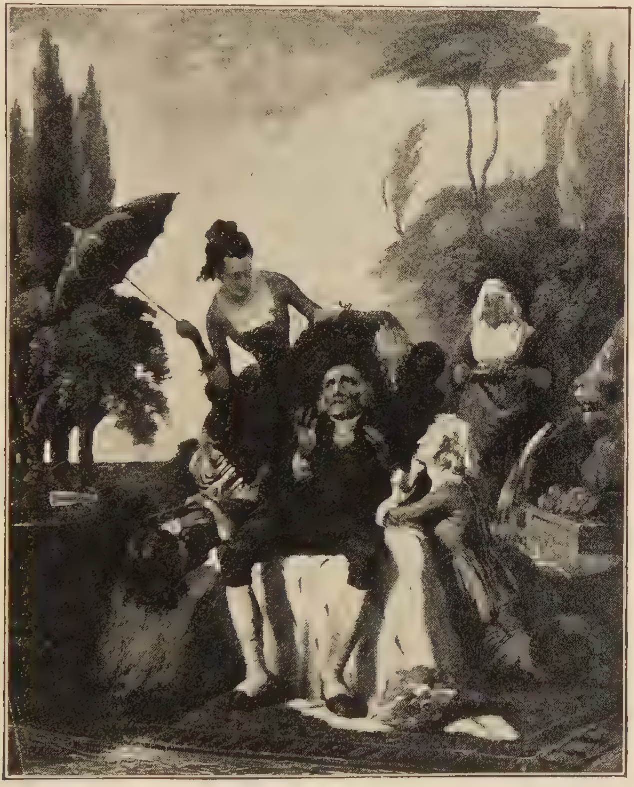
"All that I can say to your challenge is that you don't really feel as you say, or you would not paint themes illustrating the beauty of innocence and righteousness. I regard your argument as only part of the extravagances in which we revel at times; they are amusing when we are in good spirits, but with cheerfulness gone, their black angels come back and demand a heavy price for their defiant entertainment. To-night I have to thank you for driving away the 'Prince of Darkness,' whatever he is." And so we parted.

In sober moments we had agreed that orthodox religionists made such claims to entrammel judgment, conscience, and will, that they drove thinking men to the extreme alternative of throwing away all faith in divine over-rule; yet on whichever side we argued we were merely testing how far our theories would bear the strain of life. Each position that we held was a sincere one for the time; and whatever the standpoint I thus occupied, it debarred me from the painting of subjects which could not be justified as in accordance with my views, any more than it could have been warranted to make declarations against my conscience. For Rossetti, the fact that so many modern poets had been defiant was enough to justify revolt, while the precedent of the older poets and artists in song and design was warrant for the ecclesiastical strain of work he favoured. His consistency was taxed alone for loyalty to the supremacy of genius, and perfection in art was synonymous in his mind with the amplest wisdom. Yet beneath all Gabriel's discordant phases of profession he still cherished the habits of thought he had contracted at his mother's knee, and I do not think he ever altogether cast away the gentle yoke from his oft o'erweighted heart.

About mid-winter Madox Brown had commenced his cabinet picture of "King Lear asleep in the tent with Cordelia." He brought it to exhibition pitch in due time, and sent it to the Gallery at Hyde Park Corner, but it did not reach its present state until some years later. He listened to the reports which any of us made of Millais' painting and its wonders with nothing but a very self-possessed smile, saying, "Yes, I daresay he has improved since he did 'The Widow's Mite.' He was very young then."

More exciting rumours of Millais' picture came towards the sending-in day, and then Brown went to Gower Street with the stream of visitors. On his way back he called at my studio when I alone was in. He seemed impatient to cancel every tinge in detraction of Millais' merit that he might ever have expressed before, intensifying the force of his latest testimony by an extra syllabic precision, saying, "I assure you, Hunt, I never was so astonished in my whole life. Millais is no longer merely a very satisfactory fulfiller of the sanguine expectations of his prejudiced friends, he is a master of the most exalted proficiency, no one since Titian has ever painted a picture with such exquisite passages of handling and colour, and these charms, with a rare *naïveté* of character of his own, make the work astonishingly enchanting." He went from point to point of the picture, dwelling much on the drawing of the foremost figures and on the design of the hounds, discriminating with exquisite pleasure on the colour of the majolica plates and fruit on the table, on the pure tints of the costumes; coming slowly to a climax, he at last well-nigh closed his eyes in rhapsody on the perfection of modelling and tone of the white napkin hanging over the servant's arm. Brown, spite of his original prejudice against the painter's pretension, was too true an artist to count the cost of his praise of a noble performance.

The earliest work by Madox Brown reproduced in this volume necessary to show his development, is a picture illustrating an episode in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It is a loyal and clever revival of French art before the classicalists swept away the prestige of the worn out followers of Watteau, when Fragonard held the field with his tapestry cupids and dry flower wreaths, and when Dresden china artificialities were in favour. It was in Rome that



F. Madox Brown.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Brown first turned to the Munich type of art with his "Chaucer"; it was there afterwards that he was charmed by Overbeck himself, who gave a last colour to his chameleon-like course. Rossetti, when Brown's pupil, fondly followed his master in this fashion, and was still doing so.

One scarcely expressed purpose in our reform, left unsaid by reason of its fundamental necessity, was to make art a handmaid in the cause of justice and truth. Millais in childish faith wrought out his fancies in this spirit. In the range of subjects then in my mind, eschewing all whose tenor I could not justify as according with my sincerest convictions, I had relinquished the painting of Christ with the "Two Maries." Rossetti treated the Gospel history simply as a storehouse of interesting situations and beautiful personages for the artist's pencil, just as the Arthurian legends afterwards were to him, and in due course to his younger proselytes at Oxford.

My "Rienzi," spite of late fears to the contrary, was finished in time, and I took it myself near midnight to the Academy to make sure that it was not too late. Rossetti had painted the two principal heads of his picture at his own home, and did them charmingly, but at the last he surprised us by revealing that he had sent his picture to an Exhibition at St. George's Place. This gave him a few extra days for finishing his contribution, although the Gallery opened a week before the Academy. The course he thus took was not in accordance with our previous understanding, and, though perhaps done without thought, was not "playing the game" fairly.

We might either of us have been excused for taking a substantial rest on release from our tasks, but we had pressing reason for getting to new pictures.

Millais went eagerly to paint landscape near Oxford; Gabriel came no more to my studio, but some weeks after sent a porter for his properties, explaining, to my surprise, that he had closed his partnership in the rent of the studio last Lady Day. He remained designing in his father's house.

For me, however, the tenancy of the extra room could not close till after a quarter's notice next term day, but I made a compromise with the landlord, and at the earliest date dispensed with it. Very few sovereigns still remained in my purse, but I had a right to count as something my chance of sale at the Exhibition; hence I excused myself for beginning another picture in the hope of snatching a booty from jealous Fate, and, disregarding claims not yet due, I started on my new design.

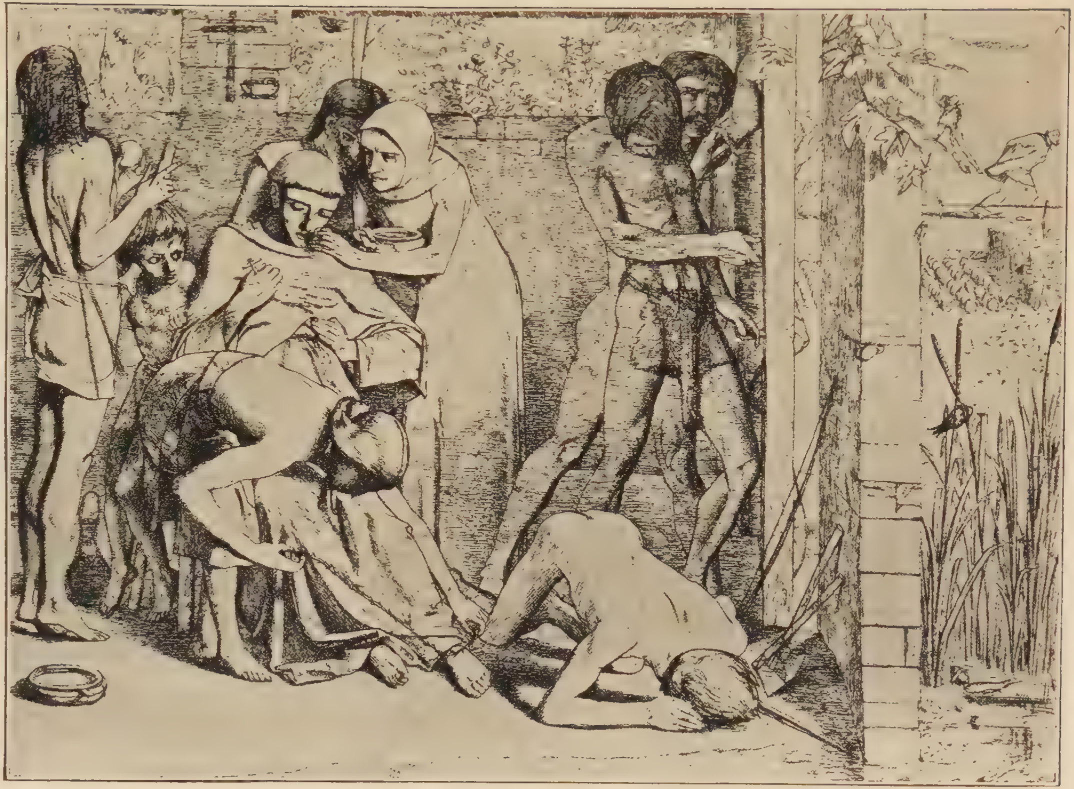
The Royal Academy had for the forthcoming Gold Medal contest given as a subject "An Act of Mercy," and I was moved by ambition to compete for this. My reading had lately been somewhat extended in the early history of England, and this led me to ponder over the means of illustrating the subject from the conflicting influence going on when Druidism was established here and the energetic Apostles of Christ came to destroy the bloody creed. As I worked out my composition it was apparent that the regulation size of the Academy canvas would not allow me to add to the central group a margin, most precious in my eyes, on which to paint from nature the landscape outside the hut, with the shallows of the river in front, by which the openness of the homestead on this side might be justified. I therefore gave up the wish to become the foremost student of the time, and developed my plans so that the composition should have the more justice done to it. It was for me a race with my fast dissolving funds, but soon the design was upon the canvas, and as the sun shone into my window in the early morning I was able, with the aid of looking glasses, to get the desired effect on my models fairly well.

Notwithstanding that the Government had already committed itself after hard pressure to seek painters and sculptors for the embellishment of the New Houses of Parliament, and that thinking men had revealed admiration for the work exhibited for competition in Westminster Hall for this purpose, a very respectable proportion of the community still looked askance upon art as an untrustworthy exponent of moral purposes, remarking that taste for it had ever been the precursor of a nation's decline, not considering what degree of estimation the nation would have gained had there been none.

The artistic career under such a bann was not strictly considered as a profession any more than was that of the ne'er-do-well who chalked the pavement or that of the strolling player disguised in motley. It would have been denounced as absurd that truths of sublime meaning could to the passer by be brought to mind by the art of such professors.

I had many reasons to ponder upon such discouraging matters while waiting to know what would be the result of the work that I had already done.

While our pictures were shut up for another week at the Royal Academy, Rossetti's was open to public sight, and we heard that he was spoken of as the precursor of a new school; this was somewhat trying. In fact, when Rossetti had made selection from his three designs of the subject he should paint under me, he chose that which was most *Overbeckian* in manner. This I had regarded as of but little moment, thinking the painting would serve as a simple exercise, probably never to be finished, but simply to prepare him for future efforts. It turned out, however, that the picture was completed and realised with that Pre-Raphaelite thoroughness which it could not have reached under Brown's mediæval supervision; this had made us agree to its appearance with our monogram, P.R.B. That Millais and I did not exaggerate the danger to our cause in this distortion of our principles is shown by the altogether false interpretation of the term Pre-Raphaelitism which originated then, and is current to this day. The fact is that the *Early Christian* school



FIRST DESIGN FOR "CHRISTIAN PURSUED BY DRUIDS."

had been introduced into this country several years before Brown adopted it, by Herbert, Dyce, Maclise, and others.

Antiquarianism in its historic sense was being instructively pursued in connection with art, and in its proper place it did great service, leading to the presentation of ancient story in a strictly historic mould. It made thus a radical distinction between all illustrations by the old masters and those of modern art; to the former the costume, the type of features, and architecture were the same whether the subject were in ancient Egypt or in imperial Rome. When a modern artist, influenced by the new learning, had settled upon a subject and had made his rough design, his further consideration was what character of costume and accessories it would require; he worked thus to give discriminating truth to his representation, this tended to break down some of the prejudice in prosaic minds against modern art which often made itself heard. Antiquarianism, however, as to manner of design and painting was quite foreign to our purpose.

At the Hyde Park Gallery Rossetti's picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," appeared pure and bright, and was the more attractive by its quaint sweetness. The Marchioness of Bath bought it for eighty guineas.

The notice in *The Athenæum* ran thus:—

> It is pleasant to turn from the mass of commonplace to a manifestation of true mental power in which art is made the exponent of some high aim; and what is of the earth, earthy, and of the art material, is lost sight of in a dignified and intellectual purpose. Such a work will be found here, not from a long-practised hand, but from one young in experience, new to fame, Mr. D. G. Rossetti. He has painted "The Girlhood of the Virgin Mary," a work which, for its invention and for many parts of its design, would be creditable to any exhibition. In idea it forms a fitting pendant to Mr. Herbert's "Christ subject to his Parents at Nazareth." A legend may possibly have suggested to Mr. Rossetti also the subject of his present work. The Virgin is in this picture represented as living amongst her

family, and engaged in the task of embroidering drapery to supply possibly some future sacred vestment. The picture, which is full of allegory, has much of that sacred mysticism inseparable from the works of the early masters, and much of the tone of the poets of the same time. While immature practice is visible in the executive department of the work, every allusion gives evidence of maturity of thought, every detail that might enrich or amplify the subject has found a place in it. The personification of the Virgin is an achievement worthy of an older hand. Its spiritualised attributes, and the great sensibility with which it is wrought, inspire the expectation that Mr. Rossetti will continue to pursue the lofty career which he has here so successfully begun. The sincerity and earnestness of the picture remind us forcibly of the feeling with which the early Florentine monastic painters wrought; and the form and face of the Virgin recall the words employed by Savonarola in one of his powerful sermons: "Or pensa quanta bellezza avea la Vergine, che avea tanta santita, che risplendeva in quella faccia della quale dice San Tommaso che nessuno che la vedesse mai la guardo per concupiscenza, tanta era la santita che rilustrava in lei." Mr. Rossetti has perhaps unknowingly entered into the feelings of the renowned Dominican who in his day wrought as much reform in art as in morals. The coincidence is of high value to the picture.

On the first Monday in May, outside artists were admitted to the Royal Academy to touch on their pictures from 7 A.M. till 12, when the public were let in. Millais and I had heard that our works were hung as pendants in the large room just above the line in honourable places. Millais sold his "Lorenzo and Isabella" for £150 to three tailors in Bond Street who were making an essay in picture dealing; the price was a reduction from his original demand, in consideration for which a suit of clothes was thrown in. The dealers who made the venture in partnership were so discouraged by unappreciative comments that they parted with it before the end of the season for the same sum. It changed hands later, year by year, always at a considerable profit to each chapman, until it became the property of the Walker Art Gallery, where I trust it will permanently justify my contention that it is the most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty years of age ever painted. The *Times* that year was bursting with political surprises, and had no notice of the Exhibition, but we heard that another important paper spoke at great length of our contributions as the novelty of the show.[1] Several of the members of the Academy introduced themselves to me as I was on a ladder touching up my work, and quite confused me with compliments, so that I felt fortified in the hope of the sale of my picture, but the day passed without any patron appearing, and I returned home much discouraged at the apathy of amateurs. When the patter of dissatisfied critics was heard, the enlightened public had no doubt about our demerits, and my chances grew less, but I worked just as determinedly on the picture to which I had committed myself; yet I had to confine myself to the juvenile figures, because it was possible to find models for them at lower price than I should have had to pay to adults.

One encouraging circumstance indeed occurred in the

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[1] The review in the *Athenæum* of the pictures by Millais and myself was evidently dominated by the key-note of antiquarianism found in Rossetti's work, otherwise its comments are not without phrases marked by unusual intelligence.

"There is so much ability and spirit in two works by men young in age and in fame, mixed up with so much that is obsolete and dead in practice, that some remark is demanded on a system whose tendency may be hurtful to our growing artists and to our School. The 'Isabella' (311), by Mr. J. E. Millais, imagined from a poem by Keats, and 'Rienzi' (324), by Mr. Hunt, are both by artists with whose names we have had before but slight acquaintance. Both are a recurrence to the expression of a time when art was in a state of transition or progression rather than accomplishment. If the artist must have some particular model for his practice, the perfect rather than the imperfect would surely be a wise adoption. To attempt to engraft the genius of foreign nations upon our own is a most dangerous experiment. National art and taste are infallibly destroyed, and foreign excellence is rarely if ever attained. The justice of these remarks as applied to the imitative system in painting must be evident, and the inconsistency to which it leads is subversive of all national characteristics. The faults of the two pictures under consideration are the results of the partial views which have led their authors to the practice of a time when knowledge of light and shade and of the means of imparting due relief by the systematic conduct of ærial perspective had not obtained. Without the aid of these in the treatment of incident and costume we get but such pictorial form of expression as, seen

Lorenzo & Isabella.

appearance of a Mr. Nockalls Cottingham. He was an architect about thirty-five years of age; his father had been a celebrated restorer and builder of Gothic churches and cathedrals. The object of this visitor was to declare his great admiration for my picture and for the character of the work of all our school. The reformation we had inaugurated was exactly what was wanted in England, and in his position he would be able to find us an abundance of employment, he said; later he would give us choice of really important paintings to undertake; for the moment he had to offer a humble commission to me; it was to paint four spandrils, illustrating in light decorative manner Morn, Noon, Evening, and Night, for a house which he was then decorating; he could afford just fifty guineas for each work. I accepted the commission, whereupon he gave me an order upon a colourman for a tube of gold ground up in oil to be employed on the paintings. At his expression of desire to know

through the magnifying medium of a lens, would be presented to us in the mediæval illumination of the chronicle or the romance. Against this choice of pictorial expression let the student be cautioned. He may gain admirers by it among those whose antiquarian prejudices may be gratified by the clever revival of the merely curious, but he will fail to win the sympathy of those who know what are the several integral parts necessary to making up the great sum of truth.

"In classing together these two works it should be understood that reference is made merely to the correspondence of views which has actuated both artists. In their several elaborations there is a marked difference. Mr. Millais has manifested the larger amount of resource. There is excellent action, painting, and character in the several heads of his picture (well distinguished in age and sex), and in certain occasional passages of incident and of form, but the picture is injured by the utter want of nationality in the action of a prominent figure carried almost to the verge of caricature. This figure extends his unwieldy legs to the immediate front of the picture so as not merely to divide attention with, but to appropriate all attention from the lovesick Lorenzo and the fair Isabel, who

> Could not sit at meals but felt how well
> It soothed each to be the other by.

In addition to this absurd piece of mannerism there is in the picture that inlaid look, that hard monotony of contour and absence of shadow which are due to the causes before stated. In Mr. Hunt's picture it is the intention or design alone which can be estimated, and there are force of thought and concentration of purpose, though expressed in such affected language."—*Athenæum*, 1849, p. 575.

all our Brotherhood, I gave him introductions to Gabriel and Woolner. To the first he gave commissions for small designs; from the sculptor he bought at a very much reduced price—in consideration of future commissions from millionaires—a statuette of a female figure just modelled and cast ready for the marble reproduction.

Our whole party was invited by this stylish and much-bescented appreciator to his house in the Waterloo Bridge Road. There, after surveying Gothic treasures in other chambers of the house, we were led to a magnificent balustraded fourteenth century flight of steps, with pillars and groined covering leading down to what had originally been the coal cellar, now occupied by canopied tombs, statues, family effigies, and brasses, and in what must have been further excavations were columns and arches of a chapel crypt, while in places where light could be gained was stained glass in casements of the choicest rarity, all of which his father and he had improved off the face of the sacred edifices which the firm had been called upon to "restore."

In those days this form of iconoclasm was regarded as meritorious rather than otherwise, for the restorer had doubtless replaced everything considered necessary, in what was decided to be the most correct Early English style, and the loss of historic interest was then in no way accounted of.

While my patron was conferring with his principal, and I was making my designs, he one morning brought a lady with a request that I should at once begin a portrait of her. This I immediately set myself to do, and he took it away with him shortly after, together with my first sketches of two designs. These he was greatly delighted with. Not hearing from him for a week or so, I wrote saying that it would be a kindness to me if he would, when speaking to his principal, reveal that I was without means to bring the paintings to an end, and that I trusted he would think it right to make me an advance of half the money on each picture at the commencement. This I said it was the more necessary to apply for, since I had determined, with a view to greater economy, as also to gain fresh experience, to paint them in Paris. The reply was in these terms:

> SIR—You will find hereafter in life that a man may be too grasping and greedy, and so overreach himself. I have consulted my patron on the extraordinarily unreasonable proposal you have made, and, as I foresaw, he would not for a moment listen to it. At his request I now return you your sketches, as he will not avail himself of your services, and I have to beg that you will by return restore to me the order I wrote for the gold paint.—Yours obediently, NOCKALLS COTTINGHAM.

I was never paid for either portrait or designs. Woolner soon afterwards saw his statuette exhibited in a shop window repeated in Minton ware, and on going in was informed that it was an exquisite design by the rising sculptor Nockalls Cottingham, from whom the firm had purchased the copyright. Not long after it turned out that the gifted genius had left his native shores for America, and we then found on comparing notes that, although he had been too clever for others, Rossetti had proved his match by exacting some money in advance for drawings never to be claimed by the patron, for his ship, *The President*, foundered in the Atlantic. The whole business wasted precious time, and reduced my nearly emptied purse, but had the business gone on, it might have been worse.

In the first week of August I went to fetch away my unsold "Rienzi" from the Academy.

Although Rossetti had ceased his attendance at my studio his friends frequently came; when some of these visitors were one day present, I heard repeated knockings at the street door below. The Irish servant, having a mistress who indulged too copiously in distilled waters, had her own views of duty, which did not at all times include attention to callers. As the visitor might very well be for me, I descended, and there found a gentleman whom I recognised as Augustus L. Egg. He apologised with the most courteous mien for his intrusion upon me without formal introduction, assuring me that it was his great admiration of my picture, with the further interest aroused by the intimation he had received that it was not sold, which had induced him to come with only the claim which intimacy with mutual friends might establish. I declared with genuine warmth that I was honoured and grateful at his visit, and invited him to come up to my studio. Mr. Egg declared that my picture looked better than before, and went all over the passages from one point to another with comforting praise, finally making most tentatively a suggestion here or there for my consideration if I should be disposed to touch upon it again. His visit was a ray of sunshine to me, clearer than any given by the autumnal day, tarnished as it was by the coppery atmosphere of unlovely streets.

In a few days my new friend came again. This time he assured me he had to beg a great favour. A friend of his, an invalid, had been sincerely disappointed at not having been able to get to the Exhibition, where he had wished particularly to see this work. Egg's desire now was that I should send it to his own house, that the friend's interest should be satisfied when he should call there, as he had arranged to do in a few days. I promised to let him have it, and so one evening I delivered it at Bayswater.

The next morning my landlord came in very irate, and seized all my sketches, the marketable furniture, and most of my books; I was ejected, and had to go back to my father's house.

Although I was received with kindness at home, my vacation was not a cheering one, but in two days a note came from Egg asking me to call. I went; he was not in; but on returning to his house the servant asked my name, and produced a letter which told me that the friend was Mr. Gibbons, the well-known collector, and that he had bought the picture of "Rienzi" for £100, generously making the cheque for £5 extra to pay for the frame.[1] When I presented the cheque at the bank I asked for some one in authority, and requested to be allowed to leave the money on account and have a cheque-book, which was granted, so I went with a reserved air and paid off the landlord, who was persuaded, as I heard later from another lodger, that I had been "shamming poverty."[2]

With replenished purse I went off to the Lea marshes for a month; the river and the meadows were pure and beautiful at that date, so that I painted the background and foreground of my "Christian Priests pursued by Druids," and found a shed near by also for the hut and its appendages. I had no studio, and was very fagged with my long, hard, and anxious work, so it seemed a good opportunity to go, together with Rossetti, and see ancient and modern art in Paris and Belgium, as we had long planned to do.

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[1] The purchase of this picture was an act of generosity, for the gentleman never valued the work, but hid it away in a closet, and at his death the family sold it without distributing his general collection.

[2] Until shortly before the exhibition of my collected work in 1888 at the Fine Art Gallery I had not seen the painting of "Rienzi" for nearly forty years. I then called upon Mr. Cosens, its possessor, to ascertain the nature and extent of damage to it which had been reported to me. Mr. Cosens had purchased it about twenty years earlier in an extremely damaged condition. On examination I found that some ignorant person had flooded the whole surface with a thick resinous fluid to serve as a varnish, which had formed itself into festoons and tears, in some places one quarter of an inch thick; this had blackened not itself alone, but the paint under it, and in settling itself in the course of years it had twisted and crinkled the background of the picture by the contraction of the different thicknesses of the vicious stuff. The owner confided the picture to my care to do the best that suggested itself for its redemption. My first care was to have it well mounted upon another canvas. In doing this the reliner decided that the varnish was of no known kind, neither mastic nor copal; that the ordinary expedients for removing objectionable encrustations would not bring it off; that heat of severe kind had been applied—probably to flatten the roughened coat of oleaginous matter. This fire, however, had destroyed the integrity of the pigment below so much, that when any attempt was made to scrape off the foreign stuff—which curiously where thickened was still undried—the paint flaked off in scraping away the varnish like broken shells. In the sky the damage was so severe that there was no possibility of retaining the pigment on the canvas at all permanently, and I had to take all the loosened layer of ruined azure away. The paint of the figures proved to be sounder. The near ones needed but little retouching, except where the razor in scraping away the dirty varnish tore away the colour below, or where the spirit, which alone would dissolve the sticky matter, left the paint weakened. The trouble altogether, however, proved to be more than I had anticipated, but Mr. Cosens met me with liberality, and although I could not place the picture on the walls in Bond Street at first, towards the later month I was able to show it in a state of renovation. This was not such as any other restorer would have brought about, for I took some trivial liberties in renewing the background which, I being the original painter, it seemed fair to do, and *certainly* impossible not to do. Otherwise the pristine design, with the drawing throughout, and the painting of all the heads, hands, and draperies (except in one instance) was what it was at first. Thus I felt that a great misfortune had been handsomely overcome.

CHAPTER VIII

1849–1850

The anti-classicists did not arise in France until about 1827; and in consequence, up to that period, we have here the old classical faith in full vigour. There is Brutus, having chopped his son's head off with all the agony of a father, and then calling number two; there is Eneas carrying old Anchises; there are Paris and Venus, as naked as two Hottentots; and many more such choice subjects from Lemprière. But the chief specimens of the sublime are in the way of murders, with which the catalogue swarms. . . . I don't know why the merriest people in the world should please themselves with such grim representation and varieties of murder, or why murder itself should be considered so eminently sublime and poetical.—THACKERAY.

SUCH an important event as the opportunity of examining the works in the Louvre, to which our National Gallery then compared less favourably than it does now, and of seeing what the artists of France (so much more favoured than those of England) were doing, was, to two students eager to track the way leading to poetic art, of vital import. It was regarded by us with great seriousness, and some of Rossetti's sonnets will prove how far he was moved by all examples of art that had the ring of the romantic age. He wrote one on Ingres's "Roger and Angelica," another on a Mantegna, and rendered poetic homage to Leonardo and to Giorgione. This comprehensive allegiance disproves any suggestion of narrow limit in the variety of his enthusiasm, or of mine, which in the main we shared. We did not, it is true, either with old or new favourites, take all their productions, or every quality in the best of them, for admiration; and I think thus we were saved from much confusion of mind. We brought with us a double judgment; the first was to decide whether a work interested the eye, and the mind beyond it, in any respect, and if so, whether, and in what degree, it was rich in artistic grace and accomplishment. Now in France it was obvious that, for most of the past century, scarcely any works not interesting intellectually had been rewarded with public favour; but when the question was considered from the æsthetic point of view, the examples found were singularly questionable, while for moral beauty the prospect was poorer still, since for any unexpected charm of ecstatic innocent love you might almost look in vain. There was nothing to make intelligible the axiom that "art is love." The startling antithesis was proclaimed that art is hatred, war, murder, lust, pride, and egoism. It is true that there were to be found larger and more ambitious compositions than had been done in England at the same period, and that these were executed in an admirably workman-like manner, with drawing that well deserved the epithet "correct," if freedom from false proportion and from ambiguity warranted the phrase. British painters had not often found an opportunity of working on a large scale and for remunerative payment. When this opportunity in any form had arisen, they had rarely failed to express themselves with a tempering grace of human sympathy, with freedom from that boastfulness indicated so often on foreign pictures by the large written name of the author. A striking example of the French School, after it broke with dead but powerful classicalism, was "Le Naufrage," by Gericault; it represented the crew of maddened men, famished and dying, aroused to contending desperation by sight of the passing sail. The trained draftsmanship and the colouring of the figures defied disrespectful criticism, and it struck us as being an admirable illustration of the incident. The scene cannot but make onlookers ponder with commiseration over the sufferings of those who engage in the perilous but peaceful enterprises of the world ; it presents that kind of heroism which is perhaps too often forgotten, and the painter in recording it performed a noble service. The sea in this painting possesses a tragic heaviness ; the horizon sky, empty and wind-swept, gives force to the cruelty of the situation ; and the treatment must be called dramatic ; there is all that a man of mere practical sense would conceive or require, but one may search in vain for further grace either of human love or of artistic charm.

"The Decadence of Rome" had been just added to the Luxembourg. It was so highly rated that we had to regard it as a representative work ; and how could we avoid deciding that this was done by a well-trained workman without the breath of life in his nostrils, by an artist saying with every touch, "You see what a clever fellow I am!"

The one man still in full force, who had often soared grandly above the mechanical level, was undoubtedly Paul Delaroche. He had indulged a taste for bloodshed and murder most unworthy of a man of genius, but in "The Children of Edward IV." he had avoided a scene of carnage, and instead had aroused sympathy for the two imprisoned brothers by the pathetic sign that their only guardian was the vigilant but helpless spaniel that too surely recognised the approaching enemy, revealed only by the glare of the torch beneath the door. "The Hemicycle" was then just completed, and we agreed that the circle of artists as represented was as worthy as the theme, noble as it was, deserved it should be, and that the central figure of Fame was ideally graceful, with scarcely a shade of Parisian theatricality, such as often marred the delicacy of so many creations of beauty issuing then from the French capital.

It was the mode in England, as on the Continent, to rate Ary Scheffer among the greatest of painters. He had doubtless earlier exhibited some superior works, at that time then in private collections. Of these we knew by engravings "Mignon regrettant sa Patrie" and "Le Christ

Consolateur." The first undoubtedly possessed grace, the second took the young admirer captive for a whole week like a popular air, but his later works with salmon-coloured flesh accentuated the effeminate taste which had made his fortune ; and no one looking with impartial eyes, who really knew the history of art, could fail to foresee that his work courted the fate of the feebly rooted and the sterility of the meretricious.

How often will the lesson be needed that merely pretty creations have nothing to do with real beauty ? F. Madox Brown (on our return), still retaining his prejudice of earlier days, was quite outraged when Gabriel and I declared our verdict on Ary Scheffer. The younger man proclaimed his rebellious opinion too abruptly to convert the elder, and perhaps the suspicion that the heresy had begun with me made Brown the more angry.

Delacroix was the master in greatest vogue among the French students we met, and Rossetti declared an admiration for him which I could not endorse. We differed most about a work at Versailles, "The Siege of Constantinople," which to me was not remarkable in plan, clumsy in form, and in colour stainy and nauseating. Later years have confirmed my opinion. Horace Vernet was a wonder of the day, who had worked ably as an illustrator of military books ; indeed, his designs for the life of Napoleon were admirable ; his huge paintings in brand-new asphaltum, of the war in Algiers, with carnage that flattered the current taste for martial glory, were so beset with excited admirers as to give rise to the thought that to the men of the day bloodshed was not the dread means but the grand end of a nation's life.

Flandrin's paintings in the church of St. Germain des Prés were admirable for their complete fulfilment of the artist's purpose ; they were undoubtedly the highest examples of religious art of the day. Gabriel, with greater respect for dogma than myself, did not at the time recognise the real limitation of their excellence to be in the combed and brushed condition of the holy persons represented, and in the frequent expedient adopted of cutting out the handsome profile of a patently dignified saint against the flat plate of glory encircling the head. It was this characteristic that impressed me and made me class the designs, although of high rank, as belonging to those marred by theatrical taste. It was a great loss that we could see no examples of Madame le Brun's innocent and truly lovely portraiture of women and children. Lemud, an artist who published designs in lithography, gained our high applause; the poetic strain in them was sterling, and this atoned for a mannerism which might in time have been wearisome. We examined with interest the premiumed works at the Academie de Beaux Arts, and elsewhere we visited certain paintings of the new Realistic School. Full evidence existed that the masters drilled their pupils to their own proficiency, but it seemed to us that the type of ideal art was stilted and stagey, and that the revolt against this was coarse and ugly; Naturalism was, in fact, a repudiation, rather than a purgation, of art. Ingres's picture on the ceiling of one of the chambers of the Louvre was masterfully classical, but altogether uninteresting; he had just then painted "La Source," and we admired this truly excellent picture as one that would seat him among the great, notwithstanding its deadness of colour; but it was natural to inquire for other examples of his genius, and we could not find them. We had no means then of divining the existence and the subsequent career of Millet, whose treatment by the patrons of la belle France proves that he did not represent the city he lived and studied in. He was representative of something much higher than the artificiality of modern day Paris. With great admiration for Millet's work, in its human sympathy and poetic purpose, I must feel that his defect of grace in the figures he pourtrayed much marred the perfection of many of his designs. The subtle character of his manipulation as to touch and tone redeemed his limitations.

Critical judgment of the character of the French school for students was challenged then as now, for the young naturally wished to study in the gay city. One reason for approving it to soberer men was that Richard Cross had recently astonished the world in England with a fine, although in important points a melodramatic, painting of "Richard I. pardoning his murderer." He had been taught in France; but the defect in his style increased with every subsequent painting, and I think all would agree that his career was in the end far from a recommendation of the influences which had affected him. In sculpture, some sterling training in a knowledge and love of natural form must have been operating, or such supreme naturalistic work as that of Dalou could never have arisen, but I have to confess with some sense of shame that we missed the sign of this coming life. In its current coinage France was far superior to England. In monumental sculpture neither France nor any other country in modern days has done such good work as thorough Englishmen then living have executed here. G. F. Watts in his "Clyte," his equestrian figures, and his statue of Lord Holland, Armstead in his figures on the two façades of the Albert Memorial, Leighton in his "Sluggard" and "Python Slayer," Richmond in his "Shepherd,"—all of which have nature in them,—justify this opinion. The question of French training is often still discussed with favourable bias, but it is regarded without consideration of its influence upon the taste of the student, wherefore I give this report of our first serious impressions, and my later reconsideration of them, which, for the purpose in view, must be unreservedly candid.

The collection in the Louvre gave us much enlightening enjoyment. Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin" was of peerless grace and sweetness in the eyes of us both. We had hitherto seen nothing of this painter's original work. Titian's "Entombment" showed the artist with a sympathy for sublime sentiment which he rarely reached. Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" appeared as the first example to us of his supreme power to express dreamy beauty. The large composition by Tintoretto gave an idea of his dignity, but the arrangement of figures sitting in a half-circle and seen from below was so common to all the painters of his century that to us it fell short of the exalted excellence appraised by Ruskin as the due of the San Rocco pictures. A "Virgin and Child" by Vandyck made me regard the author as a poetic painter of the rarest discrimination for beauty.

"The contest of Apollo and Marsyas," one of the best of Raphael's easel pictures, was not there till recent years; it had only just then been discovered in London, and it was taken about Europe, and offered for sale in vain. It was refused at £400 by our authorities. The owner, Morris Moore, had perhaps rather roughly criticised the custodians of our National Gallery. The Paolo Veronese was to us an endless delight.

We made several interesting acquaintances in Paris through an introduction we had to a young artist studying there, who a few years later abandoned the profession; the native artists, in consequence of the political disturbance, had been for a long time unable to gain any income, but a certain Madame Charles, who kept a *laiterie* at which we breakfasted, trusted these impecunious and reckless painters. One morning their places were vacant, and Madame whispered that the police had been making inquiries about them on account of proceedings of theirs in the last outbreak, which all had vainly hoped were forgotten. We were sorry to be debarred thus from the society of such truly *bons garcons* as they were. Thinking of our friends thus under a cloud one morning, we were suddenly stopped by a particularly good looking smart man, very scrupulously shaven; we wondered whether we were under police surveillance ourselves, till suddenly, as we were staring hard, he put up his finger to suggest caution, saying, "Don't you know me? I am glad of this opportunity to say good-bye. I am on my way to the country." It was one of the whilom bearded fellows, who evidently better deserved to be trusted by Madame Charles than by Monsieur le Président.

When we had stayed our full time and spent three-quarters of our money, we started for Belgium, visiting the Embassy to get our passports visaed. Little had we computed the difficulties; day after day went past, until it seemed that the authorities had too much affection for us to allow us to leave. This was scarcely reciprocated, we watched with envy the swallows making their unhindered preparations for departure, and when at last all was declared to be in order, we hurried back to pack our portmanteaus and catch a train to travel through the night. As we descended the stairs of our lodging I asked Gabriel if he was sure that he had packed everything. He assured me he had. I went back, however, and on pulling out one of the drawers, discovered four or five napoleons lying loose. These I put aside for our future use, and in the end they were a welcome boon.

Our estimate of Rubens at Antwerp was not so much heightened as we had hoped it would be. The magnificent "Descent from the Cross" was away at the restorers, we made some efforts to get an opportunity of examining it, but in vain, and we had to judge of the painter from works which appeared to me, although masterly, far from enchanting. "The Nativity," with one of the Magi in a vermilion blanket, and "The Pieta," representing the dead Christ in the arms of the Father, with bleeding wounds also vermilion, were to our eyes so coarse, that the wonderful facility of drawing and painting scarcely added merit to the productions. In all the collections abroad, except in the case of rare portraits by Rubens, and the painting over his tomb, we saw nothing of his of equal merit to four or five of our paintings in the National Gallery.

We studied attentively the works of John and Hubert

Van Eyck ; the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship and the unpretending character of the invention made us feel we could not overestimate the perfection of the painting, at least that of John van Eyck. "The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb" did not satisfy my expectations, although there was much suggestion derived from the Apocalypse which affected Rossetti to write of it. The same applies notably to Memling ; he was led to love these paintings beyond their real claim by reason of the mystery of the subjects. The one master whose glory was extended in my appreciation was Vandyck, for I found him in ideal work as well as in portraiture an artist peerless in nerve of line and in colour.

Rossetti was a perfect travelling companion, ever in the best of temper, and our journey was overbrimming with delight in the beauties both of nature and art. We came back with richer minds, but without change of purpose. It was desirable now to resume work quickly. This I did in the house where Collinson lodged, but I soon changed to one near the church on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, with a front room for studio facing the mid-day sun, essential for my "Druid" subject. Gabriel and I had been tempted by the capacious Queen's House lower down the river ; it was to be had at a very low rate, but remembering my experience in Cleveland Street, and that my resources and chances would not warrant an uncertain expenditure, I relinquished the idea, Gabriel taking a studio in Newman Street, where he began his "Annunciation," and made preparations for a large picture from Browning.

The business of starting *The Germ* was now occupying our circle. I had already done my etching for it, and had made myself responsible for a share of the expenses, but when I had helped Collinson with the method of his etching, I held myself for the time free from other demands of the undertaking.

When I was lodging in the same house with James Collinson at Brompton he was painting a picture of a lady with her liveried servant visiting and relieving a poor family.

It was designed and painted with little promise of ultimate success; the expressions were those of men grimacing rather than of unaffected persons. In his personal life the painter seemed less awake than ever; he repined daily as he sat at breakfast on the terribly bad night he had had, yawning as he sipped his tea. If I went into his studio at noon he was asleep over the fire, while a hulking model was idly earning his shilling an hour all the same, and as the home remittances had ceased, it seemed that bankruptcy must be coming on like an armed man. He had advanced but put aside a promised Pre-Raphaelite picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary found by a band of young courtiers in the cathedral at the foot of the cross. It was a neat and at the same time a timid effort, the would-be Pre-Raphaelitism of which was stamped by the fact that he had painted the interior from a brand-new correct-period ritualistic church in London with Minton tiles for the pavement!

Millais came back to town late in the autumn; he had painted a small portrait of an old gentleman and his grandchild, and had finished much of the background of his picture of "Ferdinand lured by Ariel," the figures of which he proceeded with by day, while at night he drew and completed the design of "Christ wounded in the House of His Friends." My "Druid" picture was so full of varying features that without constant application it was certain it could not be completed in time. When the sun shone I had not only to paint my portion of work for the day, but to make notes of tones and lines of shadow to serve me for the days which were only cloud-lit; by night I worked out the beech-post with the net hung on it casting its shadow inside, and to make sure of completing the distant crowd of ancient Britons, I took occasion to use some of my evening visitors as models. Thus I could but rarely visit Gower Street, and then only after dark, so the seeing Millais' new work was put off for daylight, which I always counted upon as the only means of examining the picture advantageously. His new subject was suggested to him by a sermon he had heard at Oxford in

Christians escaping from persecuting Druids.

the past summer on the text, "What are these wounds with which I am wounded in the house of My friends?" He had shown me his pen-and-ink design, which suggested great capabilities, and it was a standing trial to me as it progressed not to see the realisation of the composition on a larger scale.

Woolner's co-operation in our joint ambition was for the time retarded by his ordinary occupation of carving marble for others, yet the meetings at his studio had a most romantic character. In winter evenings the chamber seemed vast and ghostly, owing to the circumscribed limits of glow from the opening of the stove. The wreaths of tobacco smoke from a few pipes environed our circle, and seemed to elevate us above immediate cares. The world was then too agitated with discontent not to call forth all our political views; those of our host were strong, and decidedly complicated. "I loathe from my very soul," he said, "all money grubbers,

W. H. H.

STUDY FOR DRUID PICTURE.

all who grovel in muck to scrape up filthy lucre." Most severe was his disdain for our governing and wealthy classes. This he justified by truly terrible stories of how dishonourably prominent men had gained their exalted positions and wealth. When asked whether he really believed his startling reports, he replied that they were based not on belief but on knowledge acquired on the very best authority. He was taken by some for a democrat, but he disproved this by carrying menacingly a very handsome shoot of an ash tree which he called the *antipleb*, and also by frequent indignant outbursts against the *people*. His scornful sentiments might be traced to an unquestioning adoration of Shelley's wildest poetry, combined with sympathy and admiration for a friend who had lately committed suicide, leaving a paper for the coroner in which he had expressed his unbounded contempt for every person of humble position who might form the jury, but Woolner insisted on regarding this disdainful pessimist as the possessor of a great intellect. He wisely took occasion to seek Gabriel's and William's opinions in turn on disputed judgments of standard poems, inquiring also about metres, and rhymes, and differences of verse, bringing forward attempts of his own, a sonnet on M. Angelo being one, and the first verses of *My Beautiful Lady*. This was before the journey of Gabriel and myself abroad, and I had at once been honoured with the task of illustrating it. When Patmore's *Woodman's Daughter* had been recited by Rossetti, Woolner expressed regret that it could no longer be obtained at the publishers, whereupon the reciter advised him to write to the author direct, and this led to the making of a valuable new friend for us all, and of an introduction to the most important and interesting literary circle existing. Our frugal meal ended, we broke up and walked down Stanhope Street; political consistency did not prevent us from joining in the chorus of the "Marseillaise" or "Mourir pour la patrie," sung primarily by Gabriel as leader. The refrain continued until we came to our successive parting points, and ceased only when each felt responsible for his own share in the revelry.

Walter Deverell had been a fellow-student with us all at the Academy, and being a son of the Secretary at the School of Design, he had made acquaintance with several of the masters there. He had received encouragement and some instruction from them which had enabled him to make essays in original painting; and on his first successes with heads he had advanced to the painting of subjects. He was an eager reader, and had contracted the prevailing taste among the young of that day, which Carlyle had inaugurated and Charles Kingsley had accentuated, of dwelling on the miseries of the poor, the friendless, and the fallen, and with this special interest he had, perhaps all the more, a general sympathy for all social and human concerns. Together with the development of delineative talent he indulged a taste for writing verse, the fragmentary character of which did not, with due consideration of the exacting nature of his general occupation, do less than sustain the interest his immediate circle felt in him. A constant buoyancy of disposition, even after heavy and increasingly threatening troubles were breaking like thunder clouds about him, might have tempted strangers to assume that he had no proportionate thought of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." In respect to those assailing his health it was certain he wilfully refused to see danger, and indeed after a serious bout of illness, in which the doctor had declared there was good reason for immediate alarm, he appeared so perfectly healthy that ordinary observers felt there could not be a heartier young fellow existing. His spirits were, in fact, often boisterous, and so insatiable was he in indulging them, that in addition to his other arts he had, by private influence, gained permission to take important parts on suburban stages, and doubtless his good looks had been his best introduction to the theatre managers. He would drop in upon me any evening by chance, chattering and laughing like a young child, but as he drifted through his gay prattle he would light upon a sad passage, and then his note would show the deep vein of pity, and even wrath, in his nature. It would be beside the mark to attempt to record his running talk when not connected with our history, but the reader may be allowed to hear of the part he took in a romance, upon which I should yet remain dumb had not other versions of it already been made public by those who had a better right than I to decide what events in the life of the persons principally concerned might be revealed. I therefore invite my reader into my studio when first Gabriel Dante Rossetti heard the name of Eleanor Siddal.

Rossetti at that date had the habit of coming to me with a drawing folio, and sitting with it designing while I was painting at a further part of the room. When on one occasion evening had set in, and dinner had given place to work, Deverell broke in upon our peaceful labours. He had not been seated many minutes, talking in a somewhat absent manner, when he bounded up, marching, or rather dancing to and fro about the room, and, stopping emphatically, he whispered, "You fellows can't tell what a stupendously beautiful creature I have found. By Jove! she's like a queen, magnificently tall, with a lovely figure, a stately neck, and a face of the most delicate and finished modelling; the flow of surface from the temples over the cheek is exactly like the carving of a Pheidean goddess. Wait a minute! I haven't done; she has grey eyes, and her hair is like dazzling copper, and shimmers with lustre as she waves it down. And now, where do you think I lighted on this paragon of beauty? Why, in a milliner's back workroom when I went out with my mother shopping. Having nothing to amuse me, while the woman was tempting my mother with something, I peered over the blind of a glass door at the back of the shop, and there was this unexpected jewel. I got my mother to persuade the miraculous creature to sit for me for my Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' and to-day I have been trying to paint her; but I have made a mess of my beginning. To-morrow she's coming again ; you two should come down and see her ; she's really a wonder ; for while her friends, of course, are quite humble, she behaves like a real lady, by clear common-sense, and without any affectation, knowing perfectly, too, how to keep people at a respectful distance."

I could not accept Deverell's confiding invitation, but Gabriel was less pressed for time, and on the morrow came back with no diminished account of Miss Siddal's beauty, and with the announcement that he had prevailed upon her to sit to him. I had the idea of making the young woman tending the priest in my picture a fair Celt with red hair, and as I had no one in my knowledge who would serve as model, I asked Rossetti whether he thought I could ask Miss Siddal to sit. He advised me to write to her, with the happy result that she agreed to it. With my desire to give a rude character to the figure, and my haste to finish, certainly the head bore no resemblance to her in grace and refinement. Rossetti, although he betrayed an admiration from the beginning, did not for a full year or two profess any strong personal feeling for her.

He was painting his "Annunciation," Millais was progressing with his "Carpenter's Shop," and I with my "Druid" picture, each anxious to improve the position that we had gained last year at the Exhibition, when suddenly a newspaper in its gossiping column published a spirited paragraph revealing the true meaning of the initials of P.R.B. on our pictures, about which there had been hitherto only the most preposterous guesses. It held the whole body up to derision. The effect of the announcement proved how much our intention of secrecy had been wise. The younger members of the profession, our forerunners, had nearly to a man declared themselves hostile to us, and the bitterness had grown wilder and wider. Now with the exposure of our "wicked" designs an almost universal fury was excited against us ; far and near it seemed as if the honour of

Raphael were the dearest feeling existing in the bosom of Englishmen, and in our imputed hostility to this master we had put ourselves outside the pale of toleration. We knew that some one of our body had played traitor, and at the next meeting, when we insisted upon a searching investigation being made, Gabriel avowed that little Munro had persisted for long in beseeching him to tell the riddle, till, under pledge of secrecy, the mysterious monogram had been explained. By comparing dates it became evident that the sculptor must have hurried away to Angus Reach, the writer, with intelligence of the dire meaning in the initials, so immediately after did the announcement appear.

Our prospects with *The Germ* were perhaps not affected by this exposure, as there were sufficient reasons to hamper the success of that journal in the fact not only that we had no capital, but that we had little matter in reserve, that all the important contributors were men deeply taxed with other work than that of writing, and were even incessantly in danger of collapse in the immediate struggle for a free course in their main pursuit. The consequences of the revelation of our secret insignia were to be expected in the reception of our new pictures, and this we could not underrate.

I had to labour on mine with determination, rather than faith in the sufficiency of time, to achieve all. On the morning of the last day the hair of the little damsel leaning over to remove a bramble from the priest's robe was not done; it was the most prominent, although not the only want. I had no model, and no time to find one, but Mr. F. G. Stephens good-naturedly sallied forth, and found a light-haired model, who served my purpose sufficiently. On such occasions a few hours have to suffice for a week's work.

Late in the evening the van arrived, and my kindly landlord and his wife asked leave to look on while I was putting the final touches of loving anxiety. At this juncture Millais came, bringing as a new visitor Charles Collins. I had no time but for my picture. While I confided it to the men, taking care that the covering did not touch wet paint, I could hear the most amusing cross assumptions going on between the old couple and Collins, whom I had known before only at the Academy schools.

"It is an unspeakable gratification to me, believe me, to have the privilege of seeing such a noble picture as this by my old fellow-student. You must, I am sure, understand what reason you have for pride in it, and you must really permit me to congratulate both of you, as well as himself, upon its production," said Collins.

"Indeed we are, sir," replied the old gentleman, "thoroughly proud. I shall be so, sir, to the day of my death at the remembrance of its development under my own roof. The artist is young, sir, young, but he is most industrious, morning, noon, and night; I assure you it is all the same to him."

"You have been so wise in encouraging him," said Collins, "and now there can be no doubt you will be rewarded."

"Well, sir, it's very little that we could do. I am sure had we been called upon to do more we should have been only too glad; we are indeed more than recompensed."

"Just stop Collins," I said, in passing, to Millais; "he thinks the good old couple are my father and mother!"

What a relief it is to send off a picture at which one has been working for months! It seems like cutting a cord binding one to a mill-stone. When we sat down we each compared our feelings, which in my case were complicated by the fact that I had not once seen Millais' picture, and that now it was out of sight for a month. Collins had sent in his year's labour in a picture of "Berengaria seeing the Girdle of Richard offered for Sale in Rome."[1] Under the influence of Millais he had in this work discarded his early manner, and striven to carry out our principles.

I was curious to gather from Millais the character of his own last work, and I noticed that while he never wavered in confidence upon the excellence of that part of the painting which had been completed long enough for him to exercise impartial judgment upon it, he betrayed a certain weariness of mind in dwelling on those portions which he had done last. This would impel him to say, "Well, I don't know; I tell you frankly sometimes I thought it all splendid, and at others I was much out of spirits with it."

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[1] Now at Manchester.

As week by week flowed by and soreness with his work was healed, discontent visibly diminished, and his enthusiasm grew quite confident, particularly for the parts which his judgment had settled to be the strongest. "I declare to you," he exclaimed, "and this is no exaggeration, that when painting the body of the little St. John, as I finished it and turned my eyes from the boy who stood for me, back to my painting, so thoroughly in relief did it appear that on looking again to the model I could not at the moment tell which was which. As for the St. Joseph," he went on, "I would not have a lazy model who had never done any work in his life. I was determined to choose a real carpenter, whose frame and muscles had been formed by the very exercise that had been the toil of the Virgin's husband, and for the background I went to an actual carpenter's shop in Oxford Street where they had some planks of real cedar; there I worked for days," and then, mimicking in the most inimitable manner, he rehearsed the chatter that went on among the workmen, with the sound of centre bits and sawing, enacting the arrival of an artisan caller with familiar greetings, until the unfamiliar painter was recognised and the question made, "What! having a picture made of your shop?" Millais imitated each sound in such an individual manner, that one was led to conclude that had he studied habitually painting in words instead of colours, another able writer would have been added to the Victorian age.

He wished me to see his picture in the Exhibition with himself present, that he might gather my instinctive impression; accordingly I slept at his house on the Sunday night to be in good time on the morrow, when outside artists were able to see and retouch or revarnish their works until twelve o'clock. We knew that our pictures were again pendant and in the first large room. By seven o'clock we were admitted at the students' entrance, and, bounding up the steps quickly, stood before Millais' picture. Between my admiration of the exquisite painting of all, the beauty of some of the figures, the spring-like naïveté of the scene, and the puzzling disregard of certain universally known facts, the clean-shaven face of St. Joseph to wit, I was dumb for some moments, when Millais suddenly uttered in undertone, "It's the most beastly thing I ever saw. Come away!"

"My dear fellow," I returned, "the picture is truly marvellous. It is indeed! But it is so many sided that I really don't know how to express myself till I have taken it all in."

I had scarcely arrested the impatient self-judge when two tall fellow-students of vain-glorious mien rollicked into the room, and, seeing us standing there, walked between the picture and ourselves, courting our regard as they looked at Millais' work, and then turned and laughed in our faces. Before they moved another step, Millais had advanced, and putting his hand on the shoulder of the least imbecile, said to him, "Do you know what you are doing? *Don't you see that if you were to live to the age of Methuselah both of you, and you were to improve every day of your life more than you will in the whole course of it, you would never be able to achieve any work fit to compare with that picture.*"

"But we did not say anything," they each pleaded with a pitiable affectation of innocence.

"No, but you did this, you laughed at my painting, and you did so defiantly in my face, so that you should not be surprised at my telling you that you were egregious fools."

They slunk away crestfallen.

The difference was very marked in the reception of our pictures by members of the Academy from that of last year; not one complimented me in any way, but those I saw turned away as though I had committed a crime. Yet I can remember some kind words from independent artists, Robert Hannah amongst these, who thereupon became my friend.

Gabriel's picture of "The Annunciation," shown at Portland Place Gallery, did not escape the storm, though it attracted considerable admiration from thoughtful artists. The effect of rancorous criticism upon Rossetti was such that he resolved never again to exhibit in public, and he adhered to this determination to the end, very much, as it proved, to his future advantage. The dividing of himself at first from us in the place and date of exhibition was done with no sense of corporate interest, and now Millais and I were left to bear the whole brunt of the storm. When the press gave their verdict it was with one voice of condemnation.[1] The leading journals denounced our works as iniquitous and infamous. The critics exhibited their indignation with the more effect by giving their own interpretation of the revealed meaning of the word Pre-Raphaelite, and what naturally made our enormity more shameful beyond artistic circles, the great Charles Dickens wrote a leading article in *Household Words* against Millais' picture. It was prompted by

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[1] "We have already in the course of our Exhibition notices of this year come in contact with the doings of a school of artists whose younger members unconsciously write its condemnation in the very title which they adopt (that of Pre-Raphaelite), and we would not have troubled ourselves or our readers with any further remarks on the subject were it not that eccentricities of any kind have a sort of seduction for minds that are intellectual without belonging to the better orders of intellect. It is difficult in the present day of improved taste and information to apprehend any large worship of an Art Idol set up with visible deformity as its attributes, but it is always well to guard against the influence of ostentatious example and fascination of paradox. The idea of an association of artists whose objects are the following out of their art in a spirit of improved purity, making sentiment and expression the great ends, and subordinating to these all technical consideration, is not new. The difference between the proceedings of a band of German painters who in the early part of the present century commenced such an undertaking in Rome and those of these English Pre-Raphaelites is nevertheless striking. The Germans in question (who had each tested the difficulties of composition in his own several style, each encountered the struggle of pictorial principle in his own studio) yearned to throw off the yoke of conventionalism which, commencing with the eclectic ages before, had brought the art in their time in Italy down to its lowest level, etc., etc. With all their good taste and acquirements their formal recurrence to amend art has been repressive of the first great condition of success (originality of thinking). That a body of young painters (untravelled, without experience, and below these Germans in intelligence, going back for revival to a yet earlier period from a yet later) should fail far more signally and find that

they have arrived at an absurdity might have been expected beforehand from the mere conditions of the case. This school of English youths has, it may be granted, ambition, but not of that well-regulated order which, measuring the object to be attained by the resources possessed, qualifies itself for achievement. Their ambition is an unhealthy thirst which seeks notoriety by means of mere conceit. Abruptness, singularity, uncouthness are the counters by which they play for game. Their trick is to defy the principles of beauty and the recognised axioms of taste. Again these young artists are mistaken if they imagine that they have reverted to *any* early period of art for their type of pictorial expression. . . . In all these painters the absence of structural knowledge never resulted in positive deformity. The disgusting incidents of unwashed bodies were not presented in loathsome reality, and flesh with its accidents of putridity was not made the affected medium of religious sentiment in tasteless revelation. Purity of presentment inspired by devotional enthusiasm marked the works of these old rude masters. . . . Let us conjure these young gentlemen to believe that Raphael may be received as no mean authority for soundness of view and excellence in practice. They stand convicted of insincerity by the very cleverness of some of their pictures. What a wilful misapplication of powers is that which affects to treat the human form in the primitive and artless manner of the Middle Ages, while minor accessories are elaborated to a refinement of imitation which belongs to the latest days of executive art! By the side of their affected simplicity and rudeness they write the condemnation of the same, saying, 'You see by the skill with which we can produce a shaving that we could joint and round these limbs if we would. We show you that which some of us could, if we chose, do as well as they who use the enlarged means and appliances of art; we can also do and choose to do as ill as they who wanted our knowledge. We desire you to understand that it is not for want of knowing what nature is that we fly to affectation.' In point of religious sentiment Rossetti stands the chief of this little band. Mr. Hunt stands next in his picture of 'A Converted British Family' (No. 553). There is a sense of novelty in its arrangement and of expression in its parts and a certain enthusiasm, though wrongly directed in its conduct. Mr. Millais in his picture without a name (518), which represents a Holy Family in the interior of the carpenter's shop, has been most successful in giving the least dignified features of his presentment, and in giving to the higher forms characters and meanings, a circumstantial Art Language from which we recoil with loathing and disgust. There are many to whom his work will seem a pictorial blasphemy. Great imitative talents have here been perverted to the use of an eccentricity both lamentable and revolting. 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel' (504), by the same hand, though better in the painting, is yet more senseless in the conception, a scene built on the contrivances of the stage manager, but with very bad success. Another instance of perversion is to be regretted in 'Berengaria's Alarm for the Safety of her Husband' (etc.) (535), by Mr. Charles Collins."—*Athenæum*, 1850, p. 590.

blind fellowship for his painter friends, but now, who is there of his admirers, of whom I am heartily one, that would not wish he had never written the cruel and foolish words in question?

It is just to speak of his bitter attack as upon the whole of us, although my picture was not mentioned, since the prejudice excited was more practically damaging to me, as Millais had sold his work, while mine still awaited a buyer before I could go on with a new picture. Three hundred pounds was the sum for which Millais told me he had sold his picture, therefore I had concluded that the same sum would not be excessive for my larger work. Millais, as I have intimated before, was unwilling to dwell upon reverses, but I gathered later that to prevent Farrer, the dealer, from suffering loss by the fulfilment of his engagement in paying for "Christ in the House of His Parents," the terms had been made easier to him, so I decided to abandon my first price, as will be seen later.

Sometimes I went stealthily to the Exhibition, hoping to hear some favourable opinion expressed, but as soon as the public arrived at my picture they invariably said, "Oh, this is one of those preposterous Pre-Raphaelite works," and went on to the next without looking again upon the canvas. One fellow-student, some years my senior, told me that he regretted to see me mixed up with this charlatanism, that he perfectly understood that our object was to attract great attention to ourselves by our extravagant work, and that when we had succeeded in making ourselves notorious, which, being undeniably clever fellows, we should soon do, we should paint pictures of real merit. I thereupon wickedly said that he had divined our purpose, and besought him to respect the secret, on which he led me to his contribution for the year, telling me that, through the course we had taken, his work, being of modest aspect — and it was this — was entirely overlooked.

One gain my picture brought was a note from Mr.

Dyce asking me to call upon him. When I went, he welcomed me with recognition as the student in the Life School with whom he had often chatted, and congratulated me greatly on "The Christians and Druids." His proposal was, since he had learned I had not sold my picture, that I should make a copy for him, about sixteen by twenty inches, of his picture of "Jacob and Rachel," then in the Royal Academy. The work had to be undertaken between six and eight in the morning; the price to be paid was £15, to which I gladly agreed, and forthwith set myself to this task. But the porters were not up when I arrived, and I was left ringing at the bell sometimes for more than half an hour with no remedy, because the Keeper and Mr. Dyce had had a quarrel about the plan, and the latter had forced the Keeper's hand to get me admittance at all. Usually, when I had been working an hour, I had to scamper away from the dust and continue my painting on a staircase throughout the day, going from time to time to the picture to collect further facts. I once encountered my old painting master, Rogers, standing before Dyce's picture; he sadly lamented the character of the Exhibition, but made no reference to my work there, and I was not in a humour to provoke his comments. The money earned by the copy was already bespoken, and I was driven to my wits' end to know what to do next.

I had seen, only at intervals, Rossetti's last picture, "The Ecce Angelus Dei." It was in contemplation that we should have further painting together from out-of-door nature, otherwise he had passed from my hands as a pupil for the time. The fable has been repeated in an off-hand manner, with varying degrees of circumstance, that he was already a trained painter when he had left Brown's teaching. I have no kind of care what may be agreed upon as most in accordance with the requirements of romance, but as this is a history of the Brotherhood, I feel it my duty to tell the truth, and to declare that I led him through the portals of original picture painting in oil.

He might possibly, in course of time and after many mischances, have got through this dreaded gate, but had he not been very closely, thoughtfully, and affectionately guided by me, hour by hour, in my studio for seven or eight months, I unhesitatingly maintain that he could not have appeared as a painter in 1849, and not even in 1850, if ever. The nature of the service he received from his successive masters can best be judged by considering the two oil studies done under Brown, one a copy of "Angels watching the Crown of Thorns,"[1] the other from the group of bottles which had driven Gabriel to desperation before he came to me, and which, some years afterwards, he partly transformed in idle mood by the addition of a female on a couch in the background.[2] Any intelligent persons can compare them with "The Girlhood of the Virgin," painted under my auspices, and they may then estimate whether Brown's course of instruction or mine most led to Rossetti's becoming a master in his art. That the drilling I prescribed was so successful arose greatly, beyond doubt, from his own unswerving energy and determination.

Gabriel about this time was indefatigable in beating up literary contributors to *The Germ* and in considering all new requirements for the periodical as they arose. At one meeting an objection to the title was debated with over sensitiveness; some said that it was too pretentious, while others, with equal show of reason, found it too humble. Mr. Cave Thomas brought a list of thirty or forty alternative names, and "Bruno" (as Rossetti called Brown) and other friends advised us as to the best means of pacifying the disappointed subscribers, who were wonderfully undemonstrative in their grief, although at the beginning of March they had not been supplied with the third number. By the end of the month all the material

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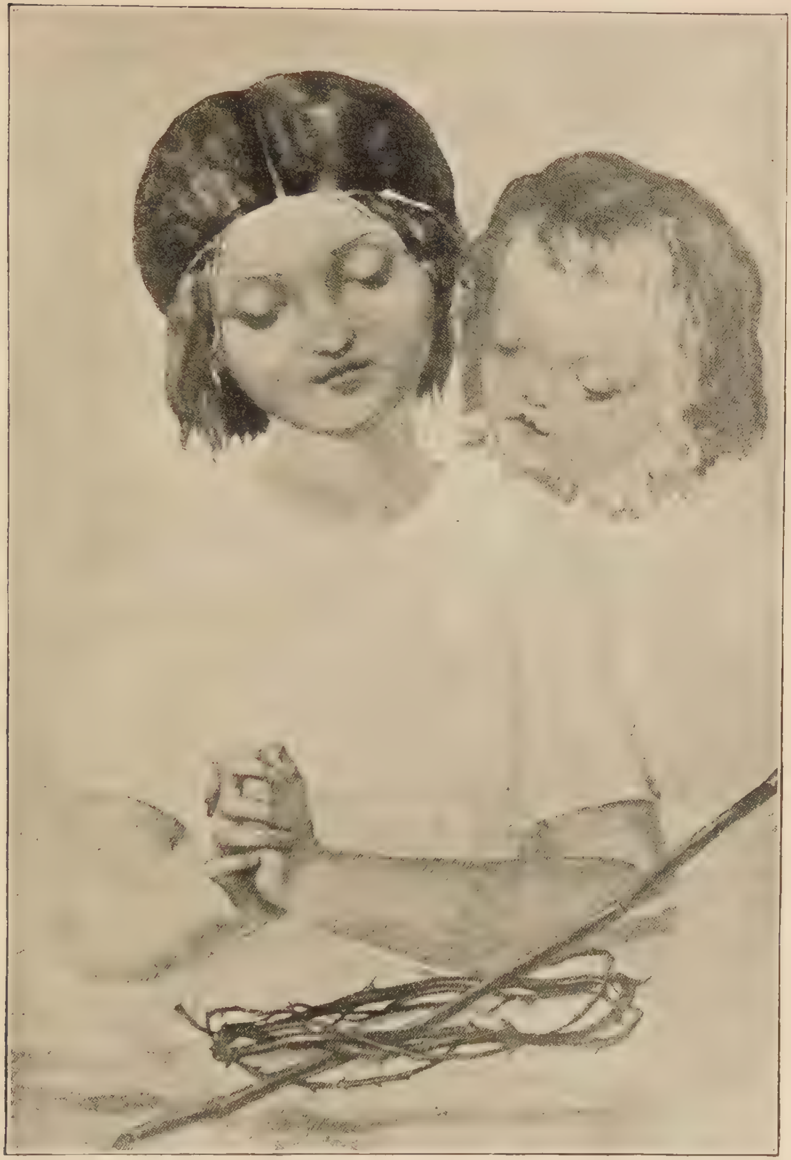
[1] This was left in my studio when Rossetti removed from it, and when I reminded him of it, he said, "I don't want it; give it away to anybody." It hung in my studio three or four years, when a sister of mine admiring it, I gave it to her.

[2] See p. 108.



Copy by D. G. Rossetti from Ford Madox Brown.

ANGELS WATCHING THE CROWN OF THORNS.

was in hand and printed, the number appearing with the new title of *Art and Nature*, and dated not on the first but on the last of the month. The public were thus coaxed to consolation by seeing at least the names of the months in due course on the series of the magazine.

Millais had completed an etching for the June issue as an illustration to Rossetti's story, but the other needful contributions could not be collected, and all further hopes of continuing the publication had to be abandoned.

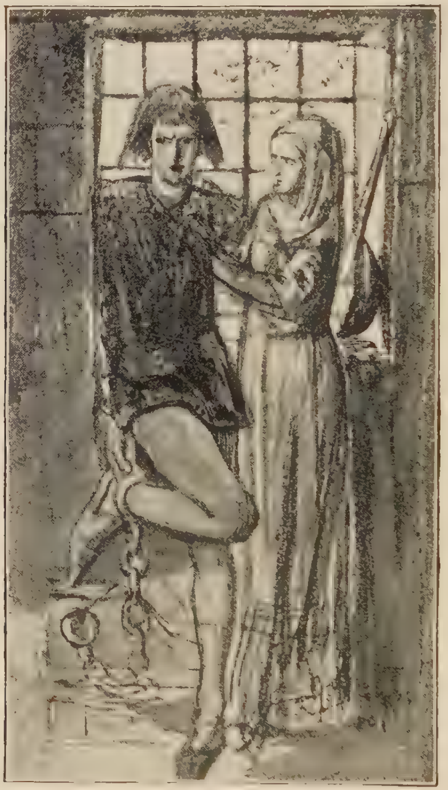
Gabriel offered his picture of "The Annunciation," while in the Exhibition, for fifty guineas, but no one came forward to buy it. When it came away he worked upon it with characteristic fastidiousness; and then, much needing ready money, he announced that he would take £40 for it. Even then he did not sell it for a year or two. It was purchased for the National Gallery in 1886 for £800, a sum twenty times more than the artist required to enable him to go on freely with his pursuits. In his emergency he had to tax the liberality of his generous brother and other relatives, and executed water colours of original designs, which he sold for small sums to artists having independent means. It was an exercise which matured his power of design, but as it gave little opportunity of drawing from the life, it tended to confirm for a period mannerisms which, with his keen instinct for noble form, he might under happier circumstances have more readily surmounted.

When my earnings on the copy from Dyce's picture were exhausted I was again in the direst impecuniosity. On one occasion I had written a letter and had no stamp for post. I threw myself back in my arm-chair with the feeling of being defeated; thrusting my hands deep down between the seat and the back, my fingers came in contact with a circular disk, which I drew up, with the happy discovery that it was half-a-crown! It was like one of Robinson Crusoe's surprises, from an unseen Providence.

Still I knew not how to get a picture ready for next year. My two companions were using the summer profitably; I was losing mine.

To one chance I was now impelled to trust. When the elder members of the Academy had so much complimented me the year before upon "Rienzi," one of them had gone so far as to say that had he been able to spare £100 he would have become its possessor, but that he should still hope to obtain a picture of mine of less importance. He could afford £50, and for that he wished me to paint a picture of one or of two figures from Shakespeare, or from Tennyson, or any other well-known poet. At my leisure I was to do a design for the commission, he said, and let him see it. I had wished to delay taking this up until I had money enough to carry out the chosen design, but at last I directed my attention to this prospect as my only one of being able to work. Among the subjects which I was eager to paint, should my patron be satisfied, three presented themselves as most suitable, one of "The Lady of Shalott with the web breaking about her," the second of "Claudio and Isabella," and the last treating an idea which I have never yet painted. I worked on these designs almost unceasingly for several days, and then, pressed by impatience to see the result, and to hear my encouraging friend's approval, I sat up all night to complete the drawings, refreshing myself at daylight with a swim in the Thames.

I walked to my patron's house in time to catch him as he rose from breakfast. I had not then seen him for many months, and apologised for my delay in having the designs ready for submission to him, and announced that I had at last brought them. To my consternation he declared that he had never proposed anything of the kind, and that he had always disliked my work too much to have thought of such a request. Watching the effect of this repudiation, he condescendingly added that since I had the drawings with me he should like to look at them. To escape showing signs of resentment I opened my parcel. Not less abruptly than before he burst out that, had he ever intended it, the sight of my designs with their hideous affectation would have cured him of the desire to possess any work of mine. I knew that, at bottom, this man was not bad hearted, but the whole circumstance was an example of how general prejudice will warp judgment, memory, and manners.



W. H. H.

CLAUDIO AND ISABELLA.

1851.

I went away, and stayed in the street for a few minutes, feeling too giddy and bewildered to take any course. My good friend Augustus Egg lived near by.

Had he also gone over to our enemies? It would be well, I thought, to see him, so I went at once to his little cottage in Queen's Road.

I found the painter still at the breakfast table. I told

CLAUDIO AND ISABELLA.
1850.

him my tale, and said that it was no affectation to declare that for me to judge of the designs I had with me was impossible, that I was tired and disheartened for the time, and that perhaps the inventions I had been busy upon lacked the spirit which my reading of the author's meaning had made me determined to see in them. Would he therefore tell me quite candidly his exact opinion? I should trust to him to do this. He had been somewhat extra-critical lately, but I had the best reason to believe in his kindliness. His qualifications otherwise were eminently respected by me. A keen reader and renderer of human expression, he had distinguished himself from his compeers by the freshness of his pictorial dramas, so that he reached at times the realm of poetic interpretation. With distinctly deliberate judgment he silently turned the drawings over, but hummed and ha'aed ambiguously, till he broke silence by asking questions about the design from Tennyson and the Shakespeare subject, which showed what in them most caught his curiosity. Finally, with the "Claudio and Isabella" in hand, he spoke: "And DID —— say that these designs were hideous and affected? DID he say that he had never given you a commission? DID you offer to paint any of these for fifty pounds?" Then he added, "*I* declare they are admirable," and, raising the Shakespeare design, he emphatically proceeded, "This delights me; well, I have been thinking that you must be very hard up, you have not sold your picture, and you've not got any paying work in hand. I can't spare fifty guineas, but will you do a small subject of a single figure for twenty-five guineas? Think of a subject, and let me see the design; and in the meantime I will write you a cheque for a few pounds." My reply was, "I am always losing my summer. If I don't get to work now, other hindrances will come. Next year I shall not put in an appearance, and thus there will be permanent defeat. I have a panel at home well seasoned, of the right proportions; you like the 'Claudio and Isabella'; let me begin the picture for your commission." He objected that the work would be far too much for the money, but added, "I wish to see it in hand. Take some cash on account for a future picture, and commence the 'Claudio and Isabella' at once. We will settle about its ownership afterwards, and you shall do the little picture when it's convenient."

I was rejoiced to commence the picture. Before putting it on the panel, which was from a superannuated coach and prepared by myself, I considered my opportunities. Permission being gained to paint inside the Lollard prison at Lambeth Palace, I went in a few days, very much outdone in smartness by a man whom I had engaged for two shillings to carry some of my traps, so that he was taken for the master and I for the man. Several important parts beyond the mere interior were done there; the lute I hung up in the little window recess to get the true light upon it, and I made a man stand to adjust the true pitch of tone for the figure. Afterwards at home I advanced the work sufficiently to make a well-established beginning.

CHAPTER IX

1850–1851

When the master of the horse rides abroad, the dogs in the village bark, but he rides on his way all the same.—CARLYLE.

We are told much of the tyranny of the strong over the weak, but believe me this is far exceeded by the tyranny of the weak over the strong.—ARTHUR HELPS.

MILLAIS, with keen remembrance of the sacred earnestness and the high aspiration with which he had designed and painted his picture of "Christ in the Home of his Parents," had undoubtedly a momentary shock when, after a pause which he had hoped would enable him to see it from an outside standpoint, he arrived before it to pronounce sudden judgment upon its general aspect. What original maker has not been dejected at finding that a sincere effort, when seen after an interval, does not reach his sublimest expectations? expectations, indeed, no more to be satisfied than infinite space can be measured. Millais had not had time on seeing his last work at the Exhibition to settle his mind to the peaceful level of an impartial registrar; but when the standard of requirements was reduced not only to the humanly attainable, but even down to the accepted grade of the day, and was dishonoured on that scale, he recognised the condemnation to be none other than the inspiration of personal jealousy and party interest. This conviction, forced upon both of us, brought no thought of surrender in either, but rather the disposition to be the more unflinching.

We had hoped in eager enthusiasm to arouse by our venture an unexpected joy in the eyes of men possessed with a keen sense of the sweet wealth of nature, but who had grown apathetic to art because, in those respects most dear in their regard, it was uninterpretive, and because —formed in a mould unchanged for centuries—it had become monotonous and exhausted. But affluent connoisseurs, whatever their independent instincts might be, did not in modern England decide upon art by their own judgment, but were guided by the voice of the majority and of dealers. We had been deceived in our hope, yet we still did our part patiently. We were not altogether deluded ; many artists had quite modestly set themselves to follow our example.

The reform with which we were identified was not resolved upon without a recognition of the greatness of much work done under the conventions in vogue. Our daring had been rather in the decision that these conventions had now served their purpose as swaddling clothes. Our new start was child-like in its impulse.

It was at his home when he was absent that the cruelty of the attack on Millais was most apparent. There the mother, taking the different papers and journals tremblingly in her hand, having had experience hitherto of unchequered triumph following in the wake of her brilliant son's indefatigable enthusiasm, read with little short of incredulity the insults heaped upon his young head. "Think," said she, "what other much more competent judges than these self-appointed anonymous newspaper critics have said of Jack," it was only lately that he had stamped out the pet name of Johnnie, "think what Sir Martin Archer Shee on seeing his drawings said, although he had declared before it would be preferable to be a chimney-sweeper than to take to art. 'Madam, seeing indeed that that young child did these drawings, there can be no question whatever that at any risk he should become a painter, and there is no doubt whatever that he will gain great distinction.' And what has not Jack done since ? Has not he gained all the medals? Didn't he win the Leeds prize for decorative design? And have not all the artists said to me that he was destined to be one of the greatest ever known? Did not Etty last year predict that he would be elected an R.A. at an earlier age than any one had ever been? Had these newspaper bravos said only that this point or that needed more attention, praising the pictures in other respects, there would have been at least apparent temperance in their observations, but here listen to what this man writes of the principal work: 'Its manner is a foretaste of the grave; the figure of St. Joseph is painted from a subject after having served a course of study in the dissecting room.' Then in *The Times*, after abusing you all in general terms in one issue, the critic later returns to the attack, and says of Jack's picture. 'It is, to speak plainly, revolting; it is disgusting.' Dickens tries to outdo all in savageness, writing: 'In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a night-gown who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin shop in England.' Is that not wicked? I declare the article has the essence of malice, and is expressed so rankly that the abuse reaches the sacred personages represented, and cannot be designated as other than blasphemous. It is indeed base to study to ruin a young man in such manner. Unfortunately people are so foolish that they will be led away by it, and it will damage all of you, however much we may despise it ourselves." Thereupon the dear lady sat quite upright, and, obeying a singular habit she indulged in when irritated, drew her open hand in front of her face, and with extended forefinger traced her handsome profile from the height of the forehead to the throat, and, recommencing, repeated the action until the point of the nose was reached, which she pressed down in her haste to follow up another movement; drawing her scarf more closely around her shoulders, holding the extremities for a moment like wings, she then wrapped them close to her breast and threw herself back in her easy chair. The father meanwhile was walking about with a cane in his hand, which he switched, making it whistle in the air, and breaking out into indignation, clenching his fist and swearing that if he knew where to find the anonymous brood of abusers he would drag them out into the street and thrash them within an inch of their lives. And in his heat he meant what he said. "Ah," continued Mrs. Millais, "the pity is he ever altered his style, he would never have provoked this outrageous malice had he not changed. His manner was admired by every one. I say let every one keep his own style. His was right for him. Yours, Hunt, is quite right for you; an excellent manner, I call it. It is the forming yourselves into so large a body and all the talking that has done the mischief. I wish that you had never had anything to do with *that* Rossetti."

"Poor Rossetti, how is he to blame in the matter?" I urged. "Jack had quite agreed upon his new course long before Rossetti came here, when in fact Rossetti was not thinking of painting at all. In the Academy Schools I am pretty certain they never spoke ten words together."

"Ah," said Mrs. Millais, "I don't like the look of him; he's a sly Italian, and his forestalling you deceitfully by sending his first picture to an exhibition, where it was seen with your joint insignia upon it, a week before the pictures by you and Jack would appear, was quite un-English and unpardonable, when you had taught him and treated him with great generosity."

When the old lady ceased the father added, "I don't admire his behaviour; he loudly indulges in insulting denunciation of persons who have the right to be treated with respect, and asserts himself generally so as to offend people quite unnecessarily. Moreover, I agree with my wife, his forestalling you in the exhibition of your first pictures, and his letting out of the P.R.B. secret to Munro, was quite unpardonable, and most injurious to the public understanding of your purpose. I am convinced that he makes you many enemies."

"Well," I said, "his conduct with Munro was certainly wrong, but I persuade myself that Rossetti did not steal a march upon us designedly. Rossetti, it is certain, does not hide all his faults; you cannot long remain indifferent to the need of guarding yourself from his rashness, but he has the redeeming grace of genius, so that with common-sense and justice to himself and others, he cannot but make a mark in the world."

The father replied, "I know that you and Jack thought his first picture very good, and of course I could see it was excellent; but it was such an easy design to work out, and yet you had great difficulty to make him finish that. Mrs. Millais does not of course mean that Rossetti influenced you or Jack, who had painted for years, to change your styles; she thinks really that he goes about stirring up ill-feeling towards your principles of art, without doing his part to justify the reform you attempt, and people assume the Rossetti Gothicism is what you are aiming at. If Jack and you had gone on your courses quietly no one would have been offended; now, all the Associate brood are stirred up as in a death struggle. Dickens is their friend, and out of good comradeship has adopted their interests. You see how effectively he uses Rossetti's revelation of the meaning of P.R.B. Dickens has committed a great wrong, and that's what I would tell him if I met him. *He* was treated kindly on his first appearance, and he should have remembered that fact." Growing warm as he thought of the whole phalanx of enemies, he walked about the room bursting forth with, "But there's *one* question I would ask. What is the purpose of this Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood? I thought there were to be seven of you; why should the fight be left only to you and Jack? Rossetti's picture of 'The Annunciation,' whatever critics may say, is undoubtedly very dainty and chaste, but the principle he carries out is not Pre-Raphaelitism as you and Jack started it. His is church traditional work with gilt aureoles and the conventionalisms of early priesthood, which we did away with at the Reformation. Jack has treated his 'Holy Family' in a strictly natural manner, and you have painted your 'Early Missionary' so, and when the subject was historical that was what, as I understood, you originally intended to do. Rossetti provokes the common-sense of the world, and you suffer his penalties as well as your own. But whatever he produces he ought to exhibit at the Academy to bear fair comparison with you, and take his full share of the fight. Who goes to the Portland Gallery to see pictures?"

I explained that his mediævalism seemed to me counter to his repeated declarations of purpose, and needed excuse, but this I found in the fact that the "Annunciation" design was a sequence to his last picture which he had made before coming under our special influence, when, in fact, he was inspired by Brown in his Overbeckian phase, and that I had assented to the choice he made of the composition because this essay in painting was scarcely at first regarded by me as more than an experiment. In both cases, however, the expressions revealed such artistic penetration, and the figures had so much individuality about them, that for initial works they seemed not outside the borders of regenerated art, seeing it was desirable to have the utmost possible variety in our combination. However, I regretted that on account of the rancour of the press, and perhaps also of the non-sale of his "Annunciation," he has finally determined never again to exhibit in public.

"Ah! that accords with my reading of his character," said Mr. Millais. "What's the good of an ally who keeps out of the fight, disowning his friends if they are beaten, and claiming part of the conquest if they win? Then what are the others about? Was not Collinson to have done wonders? Is it a sham to all but you and Jack?

The fact is they make the tumult, and raise up the whole country to destroy you. They have all the pleasure of making a fuss and playing the important, while you get the wounds."

During all this expression of honest indignation, as an accompaniment from above, a magnificent tenor voice could be heard singing to the strains of a pianoforte snatches of operas, principally *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.* Suddenly the instrument stopped, but the voice still rolled out the notes as the performer descended the stairs and threw open the sitting-room door. It was the elder son, senior by two years or so to John. He was the model of untroubled good nature. As he entered he rolled his head, and without immediately ceasing his notes, burst out, "Ah, Hunt, how are you? I say, Jack and you have been catching it finely. Did you ever hear such abuse? I never did. *The Times* critic calls your pictures 'deplorable examples of perverted taste,' and entitles yours 'The *Fugitive* Druids,' and says, 'it sins by the same intolerable pedantry which seems to brave the first laws of space.'"

"My good fellow," I said, "you've come in the very nick of time to help me to plead for our reserve force. Your father thinks they should all come to the front and help us to do the fighting, or at least receive some of the blows. You see, Woolner has not been able to exhibit, Rossetti shirks the public struggle, Collinson's picture goes for nothing one way or the other, and William Rossetti is obliged to continue at his office, and so the hard knocks are for Jack and me; Charley Collins and a few other outsiders get a stray drubbing by the way. Now, if Rossetti could be roused to come more forward, by all means, say I, let him help; he might soon be a tower of strength; but don't let us be strict with the remainder; it sounds so well that there should be reinforcements in the rear. All the critics, you may depend upon it, in their hearts tremble at the thought of the awful power we have behind us. I'm persuaded now the non-fighters should be left to keep in secure shelter; moreover, you can't make them do otherwise, and we must make the best of it. Taking the part of an invisible chorus they more mysteriously impress the unthinking public. Besides, the work of our sleeping members, if it could be produced, might be of no certain benefit. We persuaded ourselves they might take fire at our combined enthusiasm. It was an error. Leave them alone now, I say; if they should wake up later on, the effect would be less damaging to us than if they did so now. Jack, I am sure, would agree, since it is proved that the encouragement we offered them at Gabriel's initiative has failed." And so our discussion came to an end.[1]

Woolner as an established P.R.B. early made sign that he would, as far as opportunities offered, strive to strengthen our body. There was a monument to be put up to Wordsworth in Westminster Abbey, and a public competition was invited by the Committee. Woolner was persuaded that he could engage with advantage in this. Accordingly he put aside all other work to make a clay model with figures about twenty-two inches in height.

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[1] On going to press I receive the following interesting information from my friend Mr. John R. Clayton :—

"I refer to an incident which took place in Rossetti's studio in Newman Street, and which, from its literary interest, you might deem worthy of reference in your book.

"At the time W. M. Rossetti was writing in *The Spectator* as a reviewer, when free from his work in the Revenue Office. This connection of his with the publishers enabled him to secure an advance copy, before publication, of Tennyson's new and mysterious volume, which excited such great interest on its announcement.

"On the night referred to, a large group of art and literary men had assembled at Rossetti's. I was of the number. After long waiting, when the clock indicated nearly midnight, there was a ring at the bell, and footsteps on the stair intensified expectation, until William burst into the room, waving the little brown cloth book over his head in triumph. It was *In Memoriam*. The volume was at once passed on to Gabriel, who then read the whole of it without faltering in his unapproachable tones and inspired interpretations, to the delight and amazement of all present, who had listened in rapt silence.

"I spoke in recent years of the incident to a friend of Tennyson, who was then still living. My friend repeated my story to Tennyson, who, as I afterwards learnt, broke out into enthusiastic pleasure in knowing thus how his work had affected a group of young men all under thirty years of age. I can understand how the incident must have touched his inner sympathies."

The poet was seated on a chair raised above side-supporting groups; on his right was a father coercing and reproving a stubborn boy, and on the other side was a mother with a daughter in charge who was being led by example to pray. The boy was writhing in obstinate temper to get free from the father, whose pose and expression excellently portrayed determination to exercise authority and to teach submission, and the mother as obviously taught her precept. Each parent thus had a child under influence. Although unequal in parts, all was admirably conceived and worked for a rough design, and as no well-established sculptors would jeopardise their reputations and positions by submitting their work to the judgment of a Committee, probably incompetent to tell the difference between good and bad, and as no young man of mark was engaging in the competition, our friend had every right to count upon his prospects as substantial. At the season appointed Woolner sent in his model, and we all waited for the result with eagerness. On the date for the judgment it was announced that the award was postponed, and this delay was repeated, very tiresomely. In the end it was published that the decision was in favour of Thrupp, but certain of the Council had insisted that an expression of their appreciation of Woolner's design should be given him, with the avowal that the delay in the arbitration had arisen from doubt whether it would not be more just to give the commission to him, instead of to his older competitor.

This decision made a cruel difference to Woolner's immediate future. Rossetti urged him to abandon sculpture as an impracticable and hopeless career, recommending painting instead. Accordingly Woolner made an essay in oil colours of a lady floating upon a cloud (the title by me forgotten) much in the manner of the eighteenth century, but this experiment could not offer any vista of fortune, and as Bernard Smith had mooted the plan of going with the ever-increasing flow of gold-diggers to Australia, he adopted the idea, pressing me to join the small artistic company emigrating in the hope of acquiring enough to return and pursue art without check and anxiety for "that eternal want of pence." The prospect had no temptation for me. Woolner broke up his large clay model of "The Generations," the work of many self-denying months, and took his passage for the Antipodes at once.

Ford Madox Brown was so much stirred by this discouraging circumstance that he too speculated upon the idea of leaving the country, and while thus perturbed, began his touching picture entitled "The Last of England."

Without here pretending to conclude my refutation of the extraordinary theory propounded of late that Ford Madox Brown was the teacher of our Brotherhood, I must, since it has been broached, add a few particulars, otherwise not necessary, of his real attitude towards us during our darkest trouble. His enthusiastic acknowledgment of the perfection of Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella" was but a fitful tribute to the school, for although he took passing occasion to express sympathy with our principles, he was still radically critical. Once, when in town during the Exhibition time of 1850, I met him by chance in the street. In return to his question what I intended to take up next, I explained how, for a quarter of an hour, I had just been stopping looking at and sketching a group of unemployed lying about in a great variety of poses, with incidents, some of which were highly suggestive of the labourers in the market place at the eleventh hour. "Ah," he returned, "with your particular ideas of treatment I have no doubt you would find many admirers of a picture making the unhired labourers a set of Irishmen in knee breeches, tail coats, and top hats." Putting aside the gratuitous and unusual testiness of the remark, it struck me as most unjust, when every picture I had painted proved great regard for historical propriety. I contented myself simply by saying, "It does not appear that the admirers you speak of are very rich or encouraging," and we said no more. Still it could not be overlooked, spite of this detraction, that he was in every day's painting, perhaps quite unconsciously, setting himself to work more exactly from Nature. It was a marked departure from contemporary German examples in favour of simplicity that he removed the wings of the Chaucer painting (perhaps at the Council's direction) when it was on exhibition, and in finishing the details of the work he showed many signs of a love of naturalness which had not appeared in his earlier work. Yet I remember dear Dicky Doyle's reluctant admission when the picture was exhibited, that "the composition was too artificial for his taste." In 1849 Doyle had passed stricture upon our two pictures in his *Pips—his Diary*, but it was not long before he became our warm supporter, and discriminated, as an increasing few others did, between our aspirations and those of the German Revivalists. Only the superficial ever spoke of Brown's picture as showing the same defiance of Academic precedent as Millais' and my works in the same Exhibition did.

To guard further against the ingenious theory of Brown's paternity I must treat of a story which has also gained currency, that we invited him to be one of the Body, and that he refused. William Rossetti writes, citing Mr. Stephens: "Madox Brown declined to join the Pre-Raphaelites (that he did decline is true) on the ground partly that he had no faith in coteries, and partly that the Pre-Raphaelites insisted upon copying from a model exactly as he or she stood, and without permitting any modification of visage, etc., to suit the picture."[1] Now, if the overture had really been made, it would have been after the Rossettis had enlisted his help to keep *The Germ* going. Nothing would surprise me less than to have it shown that Gabriel at this date conceived the idea of incorporating his first master in the Body, and even of considering that his own will would remove all obstacles.

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[1] Another reason alleged for the asserted refusal of F. M. Brown to join us is that the experiment of young artists combining in fellowship had been tried in Germany and failed. Certainly the coterie he referred to was more respected by him than by us.

It is proved that about the same time, in some book given to Bernard Smith, Gabriel inscribed on its fly-leaf, "To his P.R. Brother." This naturally gave to Mr. Gordon Crawford, his nephew, the notion that Bernard Smith had been an original member, but William Rossetti himself decided that, notwithstanding this recognition by Gabriel, there was not the slightest foundation for the belief that Bernard Smith had ever been a member. Reverting to Brown, I do indeed remember some talk by Gabriel about the desirability of electing him, but at once I felt that the act would be beset with misunderstandings of the most damaging kind, and my very admiration for Brown's genius and force made these appear to be greater. We were challenging the whole profession with a daring innovation, and it had aroused an alliance of half the art world against the cause. We were intending to stand or fall by the determination to cut away all conventions not endorsed by further appeal to unsophisticated Nature. German antiquarianism, which was Brown's last form of allegiance to Continental dogma, was one of the principal enemies which we originally committed ourselves to destroy. Moreover, there was always his grim grotesqueness of invention; and there was no knowing when he would not fly some startling crotchet in his head before the eyes of the essentially mild-minded public. Why should we increase the unavoidable prejudice against originality by adding Brown's gratuitous peculiarity to our first measure of offence to the world? If after three years' struggle we had taken into our boyish ranks one seven or eight years our senior, it would have looked like an admission of weakness such as we had no mind whatever to make. I knew perfectly well that Millais would agree with me, so if I heard that Rossetti had put the question to Brown, I took good care not to propose to have it repeated officially, nor to promise any attempt to gain Millais' consent. Beyond this the proposal had no need of active opposition on our side, and William Rossetti does not say that it was brought to the vote, which, if in Brown's favour, would certainly have evoked from us the outspoken declaration that the P.R. Brotherhood, even as a bond of good-fellowship, had become a thing of the past. Brown's letter on page 246 may be further edifying on this point.

While I was doing my utmost on small means to advance the "Claudio and Isabella," Mr. Dyce again wrote to me to offer work such as he had himself done thirty years before; it was the cleaning and restoring of the wall paintings by Rigaud at the Trinity House. He wished to know whether I would take it at one guinea per diem. I agreed, and commenced the task. The work was disagreeable enough; the paintings were imitation bas-reliefs with a dingy sky-blue background, principally occupying the cove of a large hall with no ventilation above, while below were extensive walls reeking with the fumes of constantly renewed white lead. With scrubbing-brush and flannel I worked away, for no one else could be trusted to go over the whole field of these Academic works of the master of the last century. Engaged thus for more than a week, I could only bear up with great difficulty against the poisonous fumes. Smoking recommended itself as an antidote. This gave offence, although with the building in the utmost disorder during the hottest part of the autumn vacation, I had hoped that there was small need to be punctilious about ceremony, while there was much reason to take exceptional means to fortify me for the work to be done.

The cleaning was to be only preliminary to retouching, but when it was done there was some hesitation to give me further work. After a few weeks' delay Mr. Dyce was invited to go and decide as to what was necessary; he insisted that the whole should be retouched by me, as the flues had in some places burnt away the paintings, and damp had done other injuries; but as there was then but a very restricted time for me to earn money by it, I stipulated that I should have two guineas per diem, and a guinea for an assistant to do the flat shadings on the blue ground. This was agreed to, and Mr. F. G. Stephens accepted the post. Mr. Dyce took me back with him to the House of Lords, where he was working. He talked then of the rigour of the press against his attempts of thirty years before to introduce a severer taste in art. It was when Wilkie, Hilton, and indeed all figure painters, competent or incompetent, were drowning their canvases with asphaltum indefiniteness. Dyce, it was said, was shamefully servile, because his works resembled the quattrocentists. His retort had been that since the others imitated the cinque and sei centists, there was at least not less originality in his choice of the masters of an earlier date; "but the critics completely overwhelmed me," he added. On board the steamboat by which we made our way up the Thames I expressed my sense of the joy it must be to him to have the opportunity of exercising his powers on the state building where he was employed, and on so large a scale. I shall ever remember the sadness with which he said, "But I begin with my hair already grey."

My work now, when the fumes from wet white lead had not brought an overpowering headache, was fine fun. Father Thames, like London Bridge in the old nursery song, had to be built up again, and he had to be brought out of a fog too. I stood on a springy plank dashing away at him with large brushes, and when he had a new suit of paint from top to toe I rescued a bale of goods, a globe, a pair of compasses, three or four volumes, a triton or two, perhaps a Mercury with his caduceus, and a mermaid and merman, and I emphasised the eye of Providence for a day's work; here and there I came across the trenchant touchings of Dyce, which, if possible, I always left. A bas-relief of "Charity," on the staircase, was fortunately so far ruined that I could repaint the whole without much regard to the original outlines, and I won great praise because no one could tell from the landing, the only point whence it could be seen, that the surface was not raised. For my share in this public work—the only one I was ever honoured with—I gained about £30, which helped to clear off my back accounts, and leave me the opportunity to make a short stage's advance on "The Measure for Measure" panel.

When I was working at Chelsea, Gabriel once brought W. B. Scott with him to my studio; I had seen him before in Cleveland Street, but in a more casual manner. The visitor from the North was a man of about thirty-five; in height he must have been fully five feet ten. He had brown hair, flowing, although not long. His regard, when talking to a new friend, was singularly penetrating and deliberate, while his speech was entertainingly syllabic and naïve, so that all the mischief that might be imagined in his Mephistophelian expression was dissipated in a breath, and I was at once hail-fellow-well-met with the newcomer. That which contributed to the arch-fiend expression was the angle formed by his eyebrows, which from their parting centre ascended sharply, and ere they deflected shot off a handsome tuft, some of the hairs of which curled downwards like young moustaches. Gabriel did a careful water-colour drawing of him at this date which, wherever it is, will prove that this new friend was in his prime both handsome and interesting. He and I spent a few pleasant hours together on the river, I pulling while he talked away. As I was sculling, Scott expressed himself as surprised at my boisterous humour, and in a slow, measured phrase said that from my works he had conceived me to be a most sedate and taciturn man. At that I laughed worse than ever, and I liked him all the more for not being offended and only inclined to think me irrepressible.

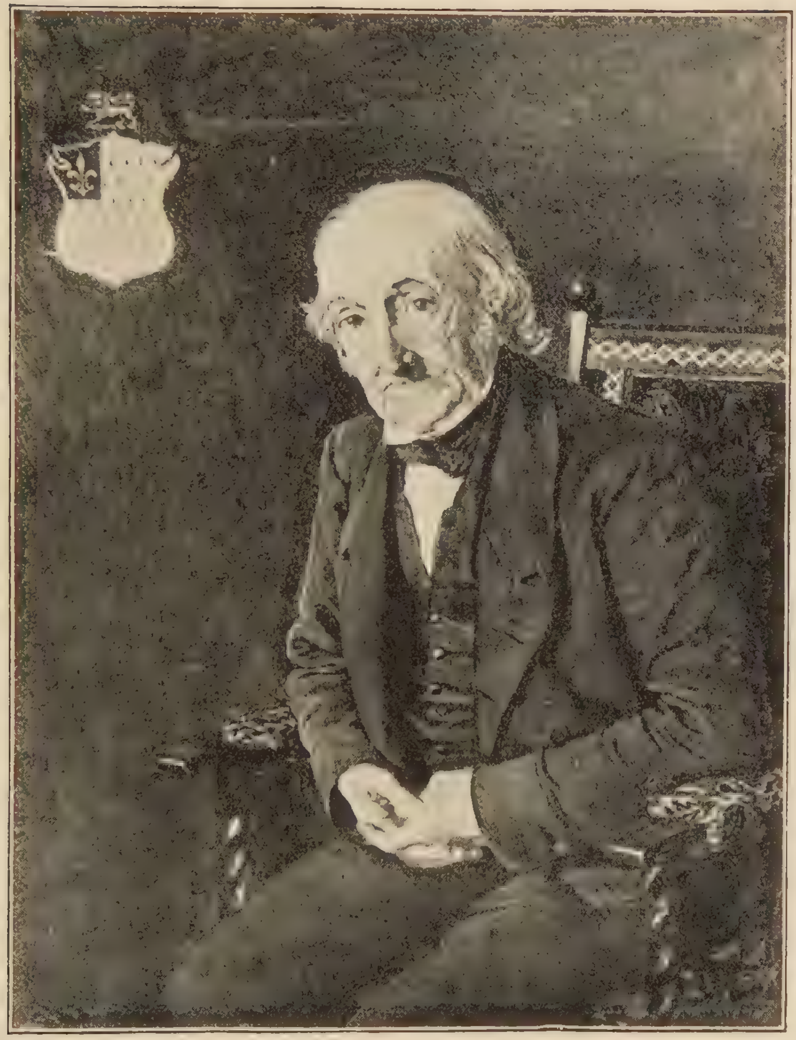
This expedition was in daylight, for Scott did not stay in town long enough to join the jaunts which sometimes took place after evening gatherings. Our taste for night expeditions was altogether Bohemian, and it was characteristic of him that Millais always declined the proposal to join in them. Yet we had good company in addition to our immediate circle. James

Hannay, the author of *Singleton Fontenoy*, was not such a man as could be found every day, for he was of inexhaustible spirits and had a fund of recollections of ever living words from the lips of men who had gone otherwhere. The Queen Anne and Georgian writers he quoted with unceasing zest. John Tupper and sociable Blanchard Jerrold were sometimes of the crew. Contributors to *The Germ*, with others who drifted away like "Waring," were yet good company in their day.

My "Druid" picture came back unsold and uninquired for. It is now established in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford, and it can still be seen there with some of my other works in as perfect preservation as when it left my hands in the year 1850. I can look at it now dispassionately, as though the young man who did it had been some other. I can see its shortcomings and its faults, some of them the young man saw himself without having time and means to correct them, and I can see its merits; and I can see them more clearly than the youthful workman could when he was tired out with his night and day devotion to the work, ever persevering, despite all hindrances, to express his meaning, tired, although the labour was the fascination of his life, and only dispirited, not defeated, when the world gave him not one word of encouragement or commendation. And I wonder at the little originality of taste there was among our forbears when the picture was offered to them for a beggarly sum, and they, dealers and rich men of taste alike, turned away from it with contempt. I instance this as a lesson against the artistic blindness and perversion of taste which comes from unquestioning obedience to the prevailing fashion of the day. If the position thus taken up should be looked upon as a mark of egoism, let me declare that such self-confidence was necessary at the time, and that the stormy wind sent to blow away my cloak was not at all calculated to make me leave it behind me in life.

The wisest course that I could follow at the time was to work at a few details, incomplete before, with intention to send my picture to the Liverpool Exhibition. Indulgent Fate, however, had in store for me a means of relief from further buffetings that season. Millais and Charles Collins had been painting together at Abingdon. Mr. and Mrs. Combe of the University Press heard of them from Dr. Martin, who, to satisfy their curiosity, introduced Millais; the Oxford couple shortly after drove over to visit the artists at their work. The young painters had jocularly recounted the hard fare to which they were reduced by the uninviting cuisine of their landlady. In a few days Mr. and Mrs. Combe reappeared, their servant being armed with a tempting pie. The visitors both delighted in the perfection of the partially finished pictures, and enjoyed the buoyant spirit of the young painters. Finding the landscape was nearly completed, they invited the youths to come and continue their work in Oxford, where there were good opportunities for painting further accessories in their pictures.

At the Clarendon Press they became acquainted with Mrs. Combe's uncle, Mr. Bennett. He was a gentleman of very mature years, rich and not inconsequently inclined to indulge the caprices of old age. Mr. Combe was churchwarden of the parish, and many of the visitors at meals were clergymen. It was but occasionally that any of these stayed at table after the host, who, having no disposition to sit over his wine, habitually went away with the ladies, leaving Mr. Bennett to look after the guests. The old gentleman, as I have heard, was at times disposed to resent his host's independent and over temperate course, but he became very confidential with his convives, and more than once began his colloquy by looking around to see that there were no *black-frocked* gentlemen still in the room, and, beckoning to the remaining guests, addressed them thus: "Look ye, I don't like your priests after the order of Melchisedek, they don't suit me, and if this fashion of leaving guests alone after dinner didn't take away the priests too, I should the more dislike it. My niece's husband ought to stay to hand



C. A. Collins.

MR. BENNETT.

round the wine, but, by Jove, it is good of him to go, if otherwise the High Priests and the Levites would have to stay with him." With a deaf talker's "Eh! eh!" he went on, "Wine does a man good; it never did me any harm, you see, and I'm getting on in years. Ah, I've known lots of friends disappear because they did not put good port wine under their waistcoats. Take my advice, follow the right sort, be good fellows. Take a glass with me now. I drink to ye, gentlemen." After such avowals once he went on: "Now I tell you what, I will trust you. I want a little advice about a very delicate business. Well, ye know, I've been here several weeks, and Pat's (Mrs. Combe's pet name) husband has been very kind, although he leaves me a good deal alone. Well, well, he's a busy man. Now I have given them a deal of trouble, and I want to make them a handsome present. Now what d'ye think they'd like? That's the question. Eh?"

"Why, my dear Mr. Bennett," said Millais, "I will tell you the very thing of all others. It's Hunt's picture in the Academy. You've heard them talking about it, for they saw it at the Exhibition, and they admired it, and they've said often in your hearing they wanted to see it again. Is it not the very thing, Charley?" and Collins endorsed the opinion warmly in judicious tone. "Why," continued the first, "Hunt only wants 160 guineas, and in a few years I will undertake to say it will be worth ten or twenty times the sum."

"Do you really think so? Eh? eh?" said the old gentleman.

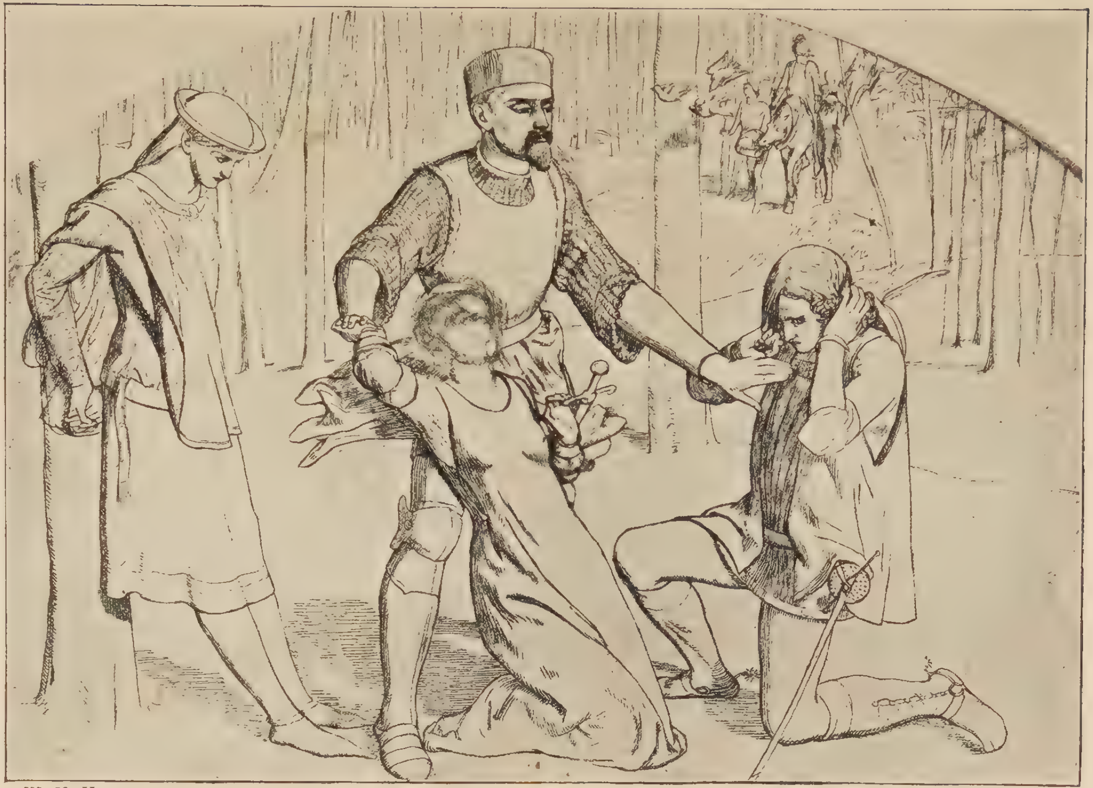
"I am sure of it," said Millais.

"But now the Exhibition is over, our friends can't see it again. What can we do? Eh? eh?"

"Why," returned Millais, "I will write to Hunt, and he'll send the picture here, and you shall see it yourself."

"Capital," nodded the old gentleman, "but don't let them know yet; keep it a secret till the painting comes."

After this momentous conference the next post



W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

conveyed a letter from my friend with the urgent request that the picture should be dispatched immediately, and accordingly I had it packed and forwarded. On its arrival in Oxford all was determined so speedily, that in a day or two I received a letter containing a cheque for 160 guineas signed by Mr. Combe.

It seemed from the name of the drawer of the draft that after all the purchaser was not Mr. Bennett, but I know the business began as above described. What an act of practical generosity it was that my brotherly rival thus performed! I was at the time helpless and without the prospect of carrying on the emulative competition we had entered into. How few would have had faith to recognise the chance which Mr. Bennett's passing whim afforded to benefit a friend, but he, regarding my welfare as dear to him as his own, again secured to me the opportunity of carrying on the contest with him, which, it will be seen, he continued to do until I had found my fair chance of making my effort by his side. Perhaps a clue to the non-appearance of the name of the old gentleman in the cheque may be found in the fact that once he in a testy humour told Mr. Combe that he was not considered as much as he should be, on which the latter said all his house were glad to have him as guest while he was happy there, but that if he failed to find himself so, it would be much better that he left. This outspokenness the old gentleman declared would prove to be costly, and it was afterwards said to be the reason that Mrs. Combe—who was his favourite niece—was left with no advantage over the others.

My receipt of the 160 guineas brought to a conclusion for the time a period of sore trouble, and I revelled in the peace obtained for further work. I had already made a design for the last scene in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," for the painting of which it was necessary to find a background in nature. I settled upon this in a preliminary visit to Knole Park, and as the season was getting near "the sere and yellow leaf" it was desirable

The Beloved.

without loss of a day to take my canvas down there and begin. Rossetti had promised to use any such opportunity to work out of doors; accordingly we took a lodging together in Sevenoaks. He had to paint a boscage as a background to a design illustrating a passage in Dante, and he found what he wanted conveniently near to my own place of work. I ran up occasionally to see him, and found him nearly always engaged in a mortal quarrel with some particular leaf which would perversely shake about and get torn off its branch when he was half way in its representation. Having been served thus repeatedly, he would put up with no more of such treatment, and left canvas, box, and easel for the man to collect when at dusk the barrow came for my picture, he stalking back to the lodgings to write and to try designs, one of these being the scene in the tent of Philip van Artevelde, with which he did not succeed in satisfying himself, and so abandoned it. He stayed on with me to the end of my work; this was protracted until dank and chilly October was far advanced, and during the time Gabriel was ever a good-humoured and pleasant companion.

When I returned to town I had to complete my work of drawing from models, and it was necessary to energise and hurriedly get together my materials for the picture, for which there was bare breathing time in any respect. Mr. W. P. Frith kindly lent me some armour, which the "slavey" in my lodging announced as a "tin waistcoat and trousers," although she had certainly not read Tom Hood, who jocularly makes a somewhat similar description of a knight's panoply.

I was fortunate enough to obtain as the model for Valentine, James Lennox Hannay, then a young barrister, and afterwards a magistrate; and for Proteus, James Aspinal, also a barrister and journalist, who eventually went to the Colonies and made a great position in the local parliament. For Julia I had the services of a very excellent young lassie. I was at no loss for Sylvia; the beauty and grace of Miss Siddal would make her of perfect type for the duke's daughter, but I had not seen her for several months. I wrote doubtingly as to her ability to come, but one morning in the spring the young

J. E. Millais.

CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

lady appeared. I should have done more justice to my model had not circumstances occurred to hinder my work beyond all expectation.

Smith was a fellow-student whom circumstances had at frequent intervals thrown much with me; he had doubtless many merits; but devotion to diligent plodding was certainly not one. A year back he had made friends with a gentleman whose descent from one of the leading heroes of the Wars of the Roses gave him charms which dispensed with the need of humdrum virtues such as might be expected in men of less illustrious family line. I was assured by him that this friend of his, whom we may call Warwick, was the idol of his parents, although at the moment he was not in favour because he had not altogether satisfied their worldly prudence in a marriage he had chosen to make without consulting them. Since leaving College, he had in turn, simply to humour them, been a medical student, an articled clerk to the law, and a novice in a City house, whence he had chosen to be drafted to a branch house in Germany; and then, business not being congenial to his knightly mind, with a needful interval of exclusive devotion to billiards, cards, and boating, he had elected to study engineering under an eminent firm in Westminster. He was professedly still their pupil; but as obliging aunts and uncles were continually dying and leaving him little legacies of from £3000 to £10,000 at a time, and as he would eventually come in for a very large fortune, he took his pleasure as a true gentleman should, and in doing this he managed to make other "true gentlemen" too of his fellow-pupils. This new friendship accounted for a very much increased love of boating flannels in my old chum Smith, and a great fluency in river-side vocabulary and cultivation of the ideals aspired to by dandy amateur boatmen, all of which he luxuriated in as he lounged about on a summer morning, tiring out my patience when I was hard at work by repeating the assurance that it would do me a world of good to come out for a little "spin."

Smith one day brought his splendid friend, who was well featured in a way, and grandly dressed. He made the greatest show of open heartedness, and was overflowing with professions of admiration and desire for my friendship, so that I felt disarmed of every captious reservation. He was glad I boated at times, and hoped that I would often come out with him and try his outrigger, a cranky one that made him laugh now when he thought of the duckings it had given many too self-confident greenhorns. Individuality of view he proclaimed on many general subjects. Poetry, he declared, in modern days did not exist. What could be more unpoetic than the jingle of counted rhymes? Painting, on the other hand, with the glorious vista that our school was making for it, was quite a different thing. "We have indeed a grand prospect in that"; and the "We" was quite royal. He enlarged on all his achievements, laughing very much at the disconcertment of the "*governor*" and of the heads of the different establishments he had been in, and on his disregard of their admonition as to his mad pranks. An invitation followed to come over to Clapham two hours early for dinner, for practise during daylight in his garden with duelling pistols of exquisite make. To an intending traveller like myself the exercise was appropriate enough, but it was not thoroughly approved by the fidgety neighbours. So far the new friend had been amusing enough, and when, at the very beginning of the summer, he wrote from Margate saying that he had hired a fishing boat to cruise about in the channel, "just for the fun of the thing," and that he wanted me to be of the party, if I did not mind roughing it, I was tempted to accept; but where was the money to come from for my passage to and from the coast? While deliberating on "that eternal want of pence," I espied a copy of a National Gallery picture against the wall, and it struck me that I might persuade some representative of the Medici to give me a few pounds for it. In all my previous straits I had proudly avoided their benevolence as a source of relief, but this moment seemed an occasion for the new experience. I took the canvas thereupon under my arm and walked off, calling at all houses with the distinctive coat-of-arms. My memory of the experiment leads me to recommend the process as an extremely salutary one for any young painter whose experience is only of the appreciation of near friends. I had thought that a painting should be seen strictly from a front point of view; not so did the Medici; every other point of sight but the central one did they prefer, until, looking along it when extended as a tennis racket in one hand, they passed it back, without inquiry as to price, declaring that *the article was not in their line.* Eventually in the Borough, with abated pride, I felt quite dishonest at closing with a rash admirer who advanced 8s. 6d. for the custody of the despised thing, and with but little more I at once took flight to "the Sea, the Sea, the open Sea." It would be outside my theme to tell the adventures of the journey, but they were amusing enough to make the intimacy between myself and Warwick more unreserved.

On my return, while advancing with "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," I was surprised by a visit from Smith, so absorbed had he been of late by his new friend; he did not hesitate for long, but soon explained his errand. "Look here, old boy! Warwick is worried about the lawyers' delay in paying him a large legacy left by a rich old relative, they have made all manner of preposterous delays in the business only to swell their accounts, and as it ought to have been settled months ago, he has not made provision for the present hitch, so that he is actually in need of pocket-money. Of course he could draw on the Union Bank, but he has reasons for not lowering his balance, he could even *sell out*, but the matter will be settled this week, and he has asked me for five pounds just for a day or two, and I should be sorry not to oblige him, so I want you, like a good fellow, to lend it to me." It would have seemed brutal to refuse, but I asked him if he was quite sure of the facts, and his reply was, "As if I didn't know!" So I took out the sum from my diminishing store, urging him not to allow Warwick to forget to return it within a few weeks at most, and worked on unsuspectingly.

In another ten days Warwick came to see me, radiant with affection. "My dear steadfast old Apelles, all the devils in limbo have been worrying me out of my life, or I should have been long ago to see you. How you have got on! My soul! what a picture. Won't this knock the breath out of the crew in Trafalgar Square, and here have I been wasting my life in lawyers' offices first here, then there, Chancery Lane, Doctors Commons, until at times I have wished there were no fortune at all coming to me. Ah! but really you are to be envied. I always say that no money is so sweet as that worked for, and I know lots of rich people who all say the same thing. Experience is the true teacher, and I tell you, confidentially, I have been having some absurdly bitter annoyances just now. The governor is indignant. I wouldn't for the world go to him, and I don't want strangers to understand, you know. Smith has been such a trump! I told him, and, by Jove, the next day he stumped up five pounds just for pocket-money. I know it was deuced hard for him. I wouldn't ask him again, and so I've come to you for fifteen pounds just for a day or two. My legacy must be paid now in eight days, and then I can let you have hundreds beyond my debt, if you like."

I confess the request disturbed me. I decided upon candour. "Warwick," I began, "that desk in the corner is my bank; it still has in it thirty pounds. For paying models, my framemaker, and the rent it will last me to the end of my task, and leave perhaps one or two pounds over for my pocket. If you took fifteen pounds out of it, and you did not return the amount five weeks before the sending-in day, I should be obliged to stop work, and should lose not the five weeks only, but all the cream of my back year's labour. If you can't be *certain* to bring the money again in three weeks, you ought not to ask me for it, *if you can be quite certain* you shall have it."

"Three weeks! In less than ten days you shall have it. Why, how can you doubt that I would sell every stick in my house rather than you should be kept an hour beyond the date I fix."

Then I counted out the sovereigns. They shone more peerlessly than gold had ever appeared before, for they signified freedom to finish my picture, and he went away boisterously happy, which I responded to but feebly, although I quite hoped the best. Ten days were told off by me. Neither Warwick nor letter came. Three weeks wound themselves off the roll of time without the much-needed repayment, and then I wrote to my gorgeous friend telling him of my astonishment; still there was no answer. I had to put off models and paint only still life.

Smith of course had no money, and now had no confidence about the termination of the legacy business. I was in desperation, but one sunny morning when, after a sleepless night, I was staring at my canvas, which looked like a half-arranged puzzle for which the further pieces could not be found, Warwick mounted the stairs and burst into the room. He was rich in expressions of contrition, but declared now that he had come to pay me. "It was the lawyers' fault," but when I reminded him of the terms of his promise, "Oh yes, it is truly disgraceful, but you know from one half-hour to the other I was always told the affair would be finished."

"Well then," I said, "give me the money and let me write to my models at once."

"All right, you have truly obliged me," but he went on talking until I had to explain that lost time had to be made up, and I must be left to work alone.

"Well, put on your hat and come with me."

"Come where?"

"Come to the city."

"But I can't; I must not leave my work."

"Oh, it won't take an hour; we'll go by the steamboat, and you can come back at once ; otherwise I can't give it you." This decided me.

At Temple Bar he turned into a confectioner's, and there supplied himself with pen and ink and wrote what seemed like a cheque. Turning it over to me he said, "You'll have to endorse this." Uplifting it I read, "I promise to pay three months after date sixty pounds, etc., etc." When I glared at Warwick he was perfectly self-possessed, and to my inquiry he returned, "The simplest thing in the world, my dear boy ; it would never do for me to raise the wind for fifteen pounds. Don't you see how unreasonable you are ? Smith doesn't bother me like this. You want the money, and I'm willing to oblige you. You'll get that bill cashed, and I can hand you the fifteen pounds, and you can go back to Chelsea at once. It is to save time for *you*. It's hard upon me, for I have an appointment in the City."

It was clear that he had me in his clutches, and there was no one to save me. If I tore up the bill I should return home, as it seemed ruined ; if I cashed it there might be ruin still, but not for three months. "Where am I to take the accursed thing ?" I asked.

"Oh, Solomon, an old rogue in Chancery Lane, will do it. He has made thousands out of me."

I went to the narrow windowed, misery begrimed house, up a steep staircase to the second floor, where stood a *posse* of shabby men. Surveying these for a few moments while I waited, I heard a door opened, and from a room behind came a short, bloated, dirty, satin waistcoated Jew of about forty. "Wha' d'ye-want ?" said he as he snatched paper after paper out of the hands of the company. I followed him into the office, where sat clerks behind a screen. "What d'ye-com'-for ?" he said to me.

"I've brought a *promise to pay* from Mr. Warwick, whom you know."

"Don'-know-'im. Shixty pounds," and, turning the paper over, he asked, "What is dis name ?"

"It is mine. I've endorsed it," I replied.

"Whad-ar-you?"

"An artist."

"Ged some other name," and he smartly gave the bill back, and turned to a further client. Returning to the confectioner's I found Warwick, furious at the *ingratitude* of the man. Resignedly, he took the bill from me, put it in his pocket-book and told me not to mind, he would come with the money before the day was out.

In the evening my father came to see me, being anxious to know how my chance of completing the picture stood. I avowed all my folly to him, and declared uncertainty as to the possibility of getting done in any way for the Exhibition. He had too many difficulties himself then to spare money help, but he gave me advice which was worth more than money. "Do not ever count upon getting back Mr. Warwick's debt. He has no legacy coming to him, I feel sure. Your object now should be to recover that bill, otherwise he will negotiate it for something, and at the end of the term the holder will come upon you for the full sixty pounds, which they will soon make mount up to whatever in any way you might be sold up for." Then I saw that my trouble of yesterday had been made ten times worse to-day, and I set to work at a persistent badgering of Warwick by letter; at first this seemed to be in vain, but eventually, on opening an envelope, I breathed what seemed sweet peace again at finding the "kite" enclosed, with many feeling reproaches at my mistrust of the intended flyer.

The fifteen pounds I never recovered, but I heard of the great descendant of the King-maker working an invention for an improved system of snuffing candles, another for a new form of advertising, and pursuing any wild scheme for making a lucky coup, particularly in West End gambling hells. As all these failed, he professed engineering, went to Australia to manage a mine, whose reports henceforth were of the most promising kind, till the shareholders in time grew dissatisfied and superseded him, and then he became lost to public history. Yet

Smith for a few years told dreadful stories he had heard of him, adding that his end might have been foreseen.

How I managed to bring the picture to a conclusion it would be difficult to explain. I only know that I determined not to yield to my evil star, and with the aid of an idler, for whose services I had to pay dearly in the end, who sat to me for the figure of Proteus, I managed to get my picture done and delivered at the Academy in due time.

My content was marred because of the shifts I had been obliged to make, through Warwick's dishonesty, to find opportunities for finishing it. Perhaps a fevered sensitiveness made me see these out of due balance. At least this was my hope after I had read the generous letter which here follows from Ford Madox Brown. I had left my easel for an hour to see Millais' pictures, and in the interval Brown had arrived and had persuaded my landlady to allow him to go up and see my work. The personal compliment in this letter would have been a reason for hesitation in publishing it, but the evidence it contains, bearing upon the relative position of the members of our little circle at the time, makes it too important to be suppressed.

17 Newman Street.

My dear Hunt—I could not pass this evening in peace if I did not write to tell you how noble I think your picture. I went up to see it after some resistance on the part of your landlady. I can scarcely describe the emotions I felt on finding myself alone with your beautiful work (quite finished and you out, *that* was something of a triumph), but certainly your picture makes me feel shame that I have not done more in all the years I have worked. You will now have one long course of triumph, I believe—well you deserve it. Your picture seems to me without fault and beautiful to its minutest detail, and I do not think that there is a man in England that could do a finer work; it is fine all over. I have been to see Millais. His pictures are wonders in colour and truth; in fine, admirable for all they intend, but I like yours better for my own use, although there are qualities in Millais which never have been attained, and perhaps never again

will be. If Rossetti will only work, you will form a trio which will play a great part in English art, in spite of Egg's predictions. I mean to be much more careful in future, and try next time to *satisfy myself*. I wish I had seen you to-night, for I am full of your picture, and should like to shake you by the hand. I have had serious thoughts of joining (*sic*) P.R.B. on my pictures this year, but in the first place I am rather old to play the fool, or at least what would be thought to be doing so; in the next place I do not feel confident enough how the picture will look, and unless very much liked I would not do it; but the best reason against it is that we may be of more service to each other as we are than openly bound together. I wish you all the success you deserve.—Yours sincerely,
FORD M. BROWN.

CHAPTER X

1851

His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistless, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falsehood and did truth unfould.

SPENSER'S *Faerie Queene.*

True painting can only be learned in one School, and that is kept by Nature.—HOGARTH.

IN 1851 Millais had painted "The Woodman's Daughter," "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and "The Return of the Dove to the Ark." Rossetti made no appearance in public this season.

Our pictures this year had less good places than before; they were separated, and all suffered as to their key of colour and effect by want of support. The wrath against us now was of triumphant tone, our enemies spoke as though we must see we were defeated. Yet there were painters who stood attentive before the pictures, and in the end turned and shook our hands heartily, saying, "Do not heed all this clamour." Millais[1] came back with me early from the Academy to Chelsea on the first day of the Exhibition, and there he took up a pen and sketched the scene representing our rivals' wrath at our pictures, with others engaged in touching up their own work. No sooner had the Exhibition opened than

[1] Page 250.

we found that the storm of abuse of last year was now turned into a hurricane. The following quotations will illustrate the studied determination to destroy us altogether:—

> "We cannot censure at present as amply or as strongly as we desire to do, that strange disorder of the mind or the eyes which continues to rage with unabated absurdity among a class of juvenile artists who style themselves P.R.B., which, being interpreted, means *Pre-Raphael-brethren*. Their faith seems to consist in an absolute contempt for perspective and the known laws of light and shade, an aversion to beauty in every shape, and a singular devotion to the minute accidents of their subjects, including, or rather seeking out, every excess of sharpness and deformity. Mr. Millais, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Collins—and in some degree—Mr. Brown, the author of a huge picture of Chaucer, have undertaken to reform the art on these principles. The Council of the Academy, acting in a spirit of toleration and indulgence to young artists, have now allowed these extravagances to disgrace their walls for the last three years, and though we cannot prevent men who are capable of better things from wasting their talents on ugliness and conceit, the public may fairly require that such offensive jests should not continue to be exposed as specimens of the waywardness of these artists who have relapsed into the infancy of their profession.
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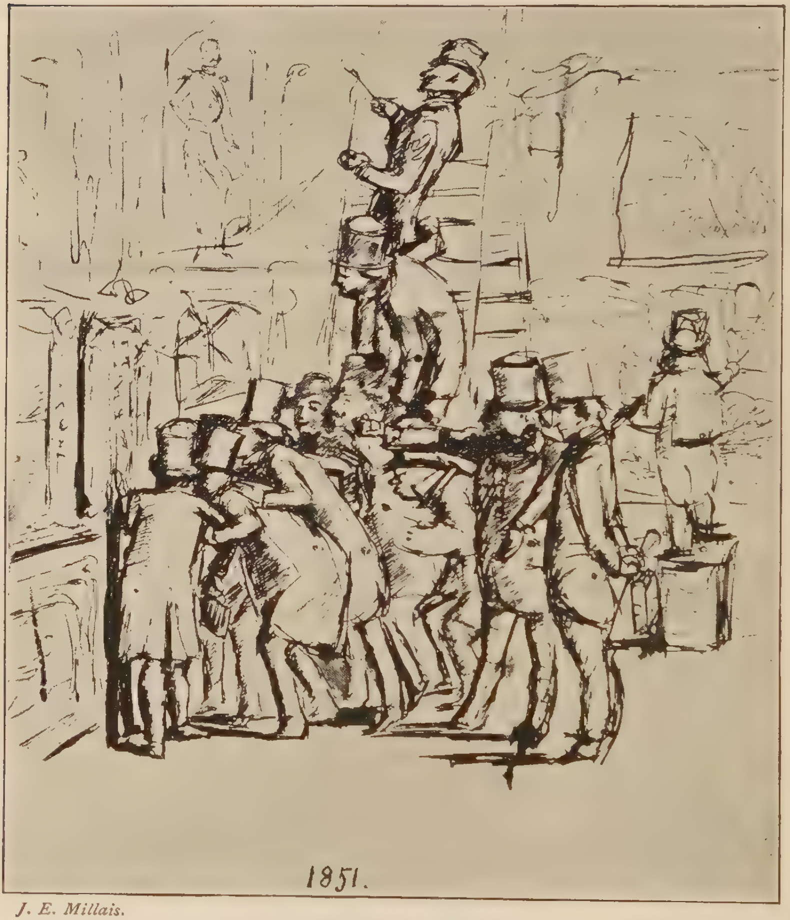
> "In the North Room will be found, too, Mr. Millais' picture of 'The Woodman's Daughter,' from some verses by Mr. Coventry Patmore, and as the same remarks will apply to the other pictures of the same artist, 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark' (651), and Tennyson's 'Mariana' (561), as well as to similar works by Mr. Collins, as 'Convent Thoughts' (493), and to Mr. Hunt's 'Valentine receiving Proteus' (*sic*) (59), we shall venture to express our opinion on them all in this place. These young artists have unfortunately become notorious by addicting themselves to an antiquated style and an affected simplicity in Painting, which is to genuine art what the mediæval ballads and designs in *Punch* are to Chaucer and Giotto. With the utmost readiness to humour even the caprices of Art when they bear the stamp of originality and genius, we can extend no toleration to a mere servile imitation of the cramped style, false perspective, and crude colour of remote antiquity. We do not want to see what Fuseli termed drapery 'snapped instead of folded,' faces bloated into apoplexy or extenuated to skeletons, colour borrowed from the jars in a druggist's shop, and expression

forced into caricature. It is said that the gentlemen have the power to do better things, and we are referred in proof of their handicraft to the mistaken skill with which they have transferred



J. E. Millais.

VARNISHING MORNING.

to canvas the hay which lined the lofts in Noah's Ark, the brown leaves of the coppice where Sylvia strayed, and the prim vegetables of a monastic garden. But we must doubt a capacity of which we have seen so little proof, and if any such capacity did ever exist in them, we fear that it has already been overlaid by mannerism and conceit. To become great in art, it has been said that a painter must become as a little child, though not childish, but the authors of these offensive and absurd productions have continued to combine the puerility or infancy of their art with the uppishness and self-sufficiency of a different period of life. That morbid infatuation which sacrifices truth, beauty, and genuine feeling to mere eccentricity deserves no quarter at the hands of the public, and though the patronage of art is sometimes lavished on oddity as profusely as on higher qualities, these monkish follies have no more real claim to figure in any decent collection of English paintings than the aberrations of intellect which are exhibited under the name of Mr. Ward."—*Times*, 7th May 1851.

"Of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren little need now be said, since what has been already said was said in vain. Mr. Charles Collins is this year the most prominent among this band in 'Convent Thoughts' (493). There is an earnestness in this work worth a thousand artistic hypocrisies which insist on the true rendering of a buckle or a belt while they allow the beauties of the human form divine to be lost sight of. Mr. Millais exhibits his old perversity in a scene from Tennyson's 'Mariana' (561), and in 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark.' The last is a good thought marred by its Art language. 'The Woodman's Daughter' (799) is of the same bad school, and Mr. Hunt brings up the rearward move by a scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 'Valentine receiving (*sic*) Sylvia from Proteus' (594)."—*Athenæum*, 1851, p. 609.

Not satisfied yet, one paper a week or two later wrote that although the Academy had been too indulgent to such folly as ours, it was a matter for congratulation that no gentleman of taste who valued his reputation would purchase such atrocious examples of art. There was only one paper in England that did not join in the hue and cry. This exception was *The Spectator*, the editor of which permitted William Rossetti to defend our cause according to his best light. No stalking-horses were now used in the attack upon us. In the lecture-room of the Academy a professor improved the occasion by referring to our productions in such terms of severity that the sense of fairness in some of the bolder minded students was so far aroused that they indulged in the unprecedented course of expressing their dissent aloud; but many went with the stream, and one, whom none of us had ever regarded seriously, sent a message to Millais to warn him that he would be cut in the street when next they met. My part seemed to be that of a convicted felon, without any of the pity which criminals often excite; the post brought nothing but anonymous insults, and our further fortunes seemed as dark as they well could be. What was being said by influential talkers in society may now be gathered from examples of the opinions of Macaulay and Charles Kingsley.[1]

In the first month of this year Collinson, who was assumed to be deep in hibernation, had suddenly waked up and sent in his formal resignation of the Brotherhood. At the same time he sold his easel, painting materials, and lay figure by forced sale, and went to Stonyhurst to study for the priesthood. He was an amiable fellow and in a year or so he was convinced that after all his true vocation was art, and he retired from conventual life, he then gained a footing in the Society of British Artists, and there exhibited paintings of ecclesiastical type said to be much above the common level. A good decade later I met him one night in the street, and during a friendly talk I gathered that he no longer was a convert to any special church, but since then I have been assured that he died a good Catholic. Certainly he had more reason to feel the pure and sweet peace of an innocent life than many more daring men may enjoy at the end of their days. If I have dwelt too exclusively upon his weaknesses I must plead that it was necessary to explain how the nominal extension of our number to seven had now become a means of weakness, of confusion, and of serious mischief to our cause. Collinson had been by no means our least effective probationary member, but his qualities were not those either of a van-guard soldier or of a reformer.

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[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism is spreading, I am glad to see; glad, because it is by spreading that such affectations perish" (Lord Macaulay's *Life and Letters*).

"The result was he had caricatured every wrinkle, as his friend has in those horrible knuckles of Shem's wife. . . . The only possible method of fulfilling the Pre-Raphaelite ideal would be to set a petrified Cyclops to paint his petrified brother. . . . A picture is worth nothing, you say, unless you copy Nature. But you can't copy her. She is ten times more gorgeous than any man can dare represent her" (*Two Years Ago*, Kingsley).

During all the humiliation which we now suffered, my good father most unfairly had a share of the disgrace, for he was met in the City by acquaintances not too sympathetic to laugh and quote the press comments, offering to bet ten pounds that the pictures would be sent back within a week. When he saw me he asked—not with any intention of making a wager, for he would on no account have staked money to gain by another's loss, but to know how to receive such gibes—whether I thought the suggestion would be acted upon. I settled his mind by telling him that I suspected the object was to get a strong support for the exclusion of our works next year. He expressed, with all tenderness for me, his confirmed conviction that in this country it was impossible, without rich and influential friends, to succeed as an artist. There were too many established interests, he said; "and you have not that masonic bond in your favour of having been at a public school." Another relative, with the kindest feelings of friendship, said that to show talent enough to please partial friends was one thing, and not at all to be despised, but to challenge the judgment of great public critics who knew all about the subject was another and very serious matter, and of course it could not have been expected that I should win such approbation. I had made my experiment boldly and perseveringly, and—well! I had failed. I was not, however, the first in such a case, and it would be wise to give up further hopeless effort.

And, indeed, the case every day grew worse. I had been asked to do illustrations for an edition of Longfellow, and I did three drawings; but when I sent them the publisher declined them, saying he had made arrangements with another artist. No one would have his portrait painted by me while my name was treated as a proverb of ignorance and wrong-headedness little short of criminality. The conclusive fact could not be overlooked that I was now altogether worse off than ever; that there was, indeed, no further prospect for me. I was losing the season for my most important work, and the loss involved failure to appear in the next Exhibition. Rossetti had ceased to exhibit, and he had been obliged to discontinue work at the large picture from Browning which he had commenced; but by the sacrificing generosity of relatives his urgent needs were supplied enough for him still to work at designs and little water-colour compositions. Millais could more boldly defy our enemies. With me debt was increasing every day. I was determined not to drag on, repining over hard fate, but to look at facts fairly and use my best reason in accepting the consequences.

Many of our literary friends expressed their sympathy with us, and declared indignation at the treatment we had received. Patmore said he knew of no such organised conspiracy at any date against young men, and David Masson wished that he had art profundity enough to be of use to us.

In the midst of this helplessness came thunder as out of a clear sky—a letter from Ruskin in *The Times* in our defence. The critic in that paper had denounced our works as false to all good principles of taste, and also as wrong in linear and aerial perspective; he should surely in decency have had something to urge in justification of the statement that was open to scientific demonstration. I knew that my picture would bear scrutiny on both heads, yet I expected to see some attempt made at justifying the accusation, but the critic refrained from taking up the challenge. Ruskin's letters here follow:—

"Putting aside the small Mulready, and the works of Thorburn and Sir W. Ross, there is not a single study of drapery, be it in large works or small, which for perfect truth, power, and finish could be compared for an instant with the black sleeve of the Julia, or with the velvet on the breast and chain mail of the Valentine of Mr. Hunt's picture; or with the white draperies on the table of Mr. Millais' 'Mariana,' and of the right-hand figure in the same painter's 'Dove returning to the Ark.' And, further, that as studies both of drapery and of every minor detail, there has been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as these pictures since the days of Albert Dürer. This I assert generally and fearlessly. On the other hand, I am perfectly ready to admit that Mr. Hunt's 'Sylvia' is not a person whom Proteus or any one else would have been likely to fall in love with at first sight; and that one cannot feel very sincere delight that Mr. Millais' 'Wives of the Sons of Noah' should have escaped the deluge, with many other faults besides, on which I will not enlarge at present."

In a second letter to *The Times* the writer proceeded to note a few of the principal errors of the Pre-Raphaelite School, "partly," as he says, "for the consideration of the painters themselves, partly that forgiveness of them may be asked from the public in consideration of high merits in other respects; the most painful of these defects," he continues,

"Is unhappily also the most prominent—the commonness of feature in many of the principal figures. In Mr. Hunt's 'Valentine defending Sylvia' this is, indeed, almost the only fault. Further examination of this picture has even raised the estimate I had previously formed of its marvellous truth in detail and splendour in colour; nor is its general conception less deserving of praise. The action of Valentine, his arm thrown round Sylvia, and his hand clasping hers at the same instant as she falls at his feet, is most faithful and beautiful, nor less so the contending of doubt and distress with awakening hope in the half-shadowed, half-sunlit countenance of Julia. Nay, even the momentary struggle of Proteus with Sylvia, just past, is indicated by the trodden grass and broken fungi of the foreground. But all this thoughtful conception, and absolutely inimitable execution, fail in making immediate appeal to the feelings, owing to the unfortunate type chosen for the face of Sylvia. Certainly this cannot be she whose lover was

as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl.

Nor is it, perhaps, less to be regretted that while in Shakespeare's play there are nominally 'Two Gentlemen,' in Mr. Hunt's picture there should only be one, at least the kneeling figure on the right has by no means the look of a gentleman. But this may be on purpose, for any one who remembers the conduct of Proteus throughout the previous scenes will, I think, be disposed to consider that the error lies more in Shakespeare's nomenclature than in Mr. Hunt's ideal. . . . And so I wish them *all*, heartily, good speed, believing, in sincerity, that if they temper the courage and energy which they have shown in the adoption of their system with patience and discretion in framing it, and if they do not suffer themselves to be driven by harsh or careless criticism into rejection of the ordinary means of obtaining influence over the minds of others, they may, as they gain experience, lay in our England the foundations of a school of Art nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years."

Ruskin's letter detected a weak point in my picture; Sylvia's head had suffered most from the Warwick torment. I afterwards rectified this important centre of the work. As a connecting link in the generous feeling of Madox Brown towards ourselves at this period, I must direct attention to a letter written by him to Mr. Lowes Dickenson in May, which appears in Mr. Hueffer's *Life of F. Madox Brown*.[1]

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[1] "As to the pure white ground, you had better adopt that at once, as I can assure you you will be forced to do so ultimately, for Hunt and Millais, whose works already kill everything in the exhibition for brilliancy, will in a few years force every one who will not drop behind them to use their methods. *Apropos* of these young men, you must be strangely puzzled to know what to think of them if you see many of the English papers on the present exhibition. For the amount of abuse that has been lavished on them has been such as to impart dignity to a name which used to be looked on more as a subject of mirth than anything else. You will remember that with all of us, whatever used to be thought of Rossetti's, Hunt's, and Millais' talents, the words Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, or the letters P.R.B., used to be looked upon as the childish or ridiculous part of the business. But now, I can assure you, that I pronounce the words without hesitation as an ordinary term in the everyday of art. The term will now remain with them, and, in the course of time, gain a dignity which cannot fail to attach to whatever is connected with what they do. For my own opinion, I think Millais' pictures, as small pictures, more wonderful than any I have yet seen, and Hunt's picture is a truly noble one. This is my sincere opinion. I also know that Mulready, Maclise, and Dyce think most highly of them; so that, after these opinions, backed by old Linnell, who told Anthony that he thought them the finest pictures in the Academy, I cannot put much reliance on the invectives of Frith and such a lot. As to newspapers, you know how much we value them, but I think I see more than usual spleen in their effusions, and I have no doubt but that Stone and Hart, and other disgusting muffs of influence, are at the bottom of it. I have just heard from Marshall that Ruskin has written a letter to *The Times* in defence of them."—Chap. v. p. 77.

Valentine & Sylvia.

After leaving a sufficient interval to follow Ruskin's last letter in *The Times* to make sure that we should not be influencing in any degree or manner the judgment of the writer, Millais and I posted a joint letter to thank him for his championship. The address at Gower Street was given in the letter, and the next day John Ruskin and his wife drove to the house, they saw my friend, and after a mutually appreciated interview carried him off to their home at Camberwell and induced him to stay with them for a week.

Ruskin and his guest had their views about particular examples of art, in which they did not always concur, but they did not the less become friends; some of Turner's work Millais especially refused to approve. The pen and ink designs of modern episodes which my companion had made were highly appreciated by both Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, and Millais' exuberant interest in human experience, as well as his child-like impulsiveness in conversation, made him in a few days like an intimate of many years' duration. While my friend was there, the literary circle were in a flutter about the success of Mr. Donovan, a phrenologist practising in King William Street, Strand. Tennyson, who had walked into the oracle's temple quite unknown to the High Priest of Craniology, was, after attentive examination, declared to possess powers that ought to make him the greatest poet of the age. Ruskin (weighing the suggestion that perhaps the poet was already known to the phrenologist, or that the visitor had revealed his passion for poesy by display of interest in the plaster casts of eminent men adorning the shelves of the sanctum) proposed that Millais, not being widely known in person, would be an excellent test of the Professor's ability, but my friend flatly refused to spend any of his few guineas upon the experiment. Ruskin, however, urged that it would be for *his* own particular satisfaction, and asked to pay the fee. In the end Millais yielded, and the next morning sallied out, dressed as usual in the most correct style, neatly folded umbrella in hand. As he entered the establishment the phrenologist himself was busy dusting the effigies of distinguished criminals, and of less brutal disturbers of the public peace.

"I have come to have my bumps examined," said Millais.

"Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Donovan. "You shall not be delayed more than a few minutes by my present task, which I cannot trust another to perform. Excuse me, you will perceive that these heads are almost unique; they could not be replaced. Here, for instance, is the mask taken from life of Oliver Cromwell; that is Henry VII., from his tomb; that is Lord Bacon; you see the great depth of his skull. We have all kinds, you will find. That head is from the notorious murderer Greenacre, while here we have John Keats, and at the side Daniel Maclise."

"All murderers, I assume," said Millais.

"Oh dear no, sir. Keats was a poet, and Maclise is a celebrated artist still living, greatly admired in his work, although otherwise not quite exemplary, you understand! All denoted by the form of his head, sir."

"Poor fellows," said the imperturbable visitor, and pointing with his umbrella, "Who may that old lady be?"

"Which, sir? That? Why, that is Dante Alighieri, the great Italian poet."

"Not of a very cheery sort, I should imagine."

"No, sir, not often gay, it is true; but now I rejoice to say," tucking up his wristbands, "I am quite prepared to examine your developments, and pronounce on your natural qualities."

As the Professor with his investigating fingers searched about the *cockatoo tuft* of his patient's cranium he made encouraging comments—"Not bad, not bad at all; good indeed," he murmured; "the perceptive faculties decidedly well formed, the reflective faculties also very fair, Comparison good, Benevolence well built up, and Veneration quite normal, Weight and Numbers both well up to the mark, Animal faculties amply balanced, the Business organs, in fact, beyond the average. Well, sir, coming to a conclusion, I may distinctly congratulate you upon the possession of very excellent practical qualities. You may trust to your business-like powers; they should be a good security to you; much more profitable than the poetic faculties, which many aspire to gain honour by, but which often bring unhappiness in their train."

"But what are you driving at?" said the client.

"I'll explain, sir," said Mr. Donovan. "Many young gentlemen on leaving college, and indeed before, often wish to be guided as to the career they should pursue; you possibly wish for such direction. Now I feel grave responsibility with youthful visitors like yourself, and I must be very candid; in a business career I feel strongly you have all the organs to secure you success; you should rise to great prosperity. On the other hand, there are pursuits in which encouragement from me would be misleading, for in them there would be no prospect of your rising; in the Church, for example, although you have religious instincts; and at the Bar, I give you caution, you would fail, for you have not the power of eloquence; and in Poetry, Literature, or in Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture you would be fighting against fate."

"But I do draw a little," said the amused incognito.

"Possibly it may be a pleasant accomplishment as an amateur, but you have no organ of form, none of colour, and you are deficient in ideality; for the guinea fee, however, I must apprise you that a paper will be drawn up and all your developments scientifically balanced one with the other; in the concluding remarks the general suggestions of our examination will be carefully balanced, and this may be studied much more advantageously at leisure than any words I might impulsively use now could be. If you will kindly furnish me with your name and address, I will undertake to deliver this to-morrow morning."

"Oh!" said Millais, "I won't trouble you. I shall be passing here to-morrow at the same time, and I will call for it."

On the morrow Millais presented himself at the shop; all was ready, and the paper, folded up, was handed over to him by the phrenologist.

The recipient made a show of opening it. "Pardon me, sir," said the master, "to perform my duty justly, I have had to draw attention to personal characteristics which should only be studied in private and with deliberation. I would rather, therefore, that you deferred reading it until you return home in quiet."

Millais put the paper deep into his pocket.

"Now I have one favour to beg," said Mr. Donovan. "I keep in this book, you will see, a list of all my clients, with their addresses; it is an interesting and valuable record, and I should be glad that you should write your name and address in it."

"Certainly," said Millais, and he took the pen and wrote "John Everett Millais, 83 Gower Street."

The Professor turned the book towards him and read with undisguised attention. "Tell me, sir, are you the son of the artist who painted a picture which attracted great attention last year, and of another this year which has excited violent discussion?"

"Oh no," said Millais.

"Perhaps you are his brother, sir?"

"No," said the young client, "I am the painter himself."

"Indeed, indeed," he said; "well then, I must ask you to let me have the paper again."

"No," said the other, "I have paid for it, and I can't have it altered."

"Yes," said Mr. Donovan, "but there are some extraordinary exceptions to the rules of our art, and you, I assure you, are one of the most remarkable, and I merely want to note it on your paper."

"I would not part with it," said Millais, "for a thousand pounds," as he walked out of the shop.

For a while Millais told this story with great relish, but when he came to reflect, as Carlyle had done, that there are many millions of people in the world, and that these are mostly fools, his prudence counselled him to hide the paper, and enforce silence for the time on his own tongue and on those of his friends concerning the oracle's pronouncement. I give it now because the "fools" have nearly all been silenced in their noisy disparagement of Millais' wonderfully poetic and artistic powers.

Rossetti soon after paid a visit to Mr. Donovan to see certain busts of those celebrities which he did not know. "To what particular faculties," he asked of the High Priest, "do you attribute the poetic genius in Keats?"

Donovan replied, "I trace his poetic strain fundamentally to scrofula."

Rossetti laughed irreverently, and inquired further how he accounted for Dante's poetic faculty.

"To scrofula too," said Donovan, "which, provoking an irritability in the brain, infallibly produces the longing for poetic expression." And thus our knowledge of this great phrenologist came to an end.

The "Oxford Graduate's" generous championship was most gratifying to us all, but the Exhibition went by without sign of the mending of my fortune in the least degree. Delay for me would be supreme folly, so I came to an oft-debated resolution to give up the artistic career, an idea which I had already entertained but not fulfilled; earlier it would have seemed like an admitted defeat, now I could retreat like many better men, who had not found the world they desired to influence ready to listen. I had the offer of an appointment as assistant-painter to Dyce. I could have desired no better superior, but I had no inclination to follow the profession on the terms of working out the ideas of another. I preferred to give up the pursuit altogether as an impossibility for me. The question was between applying myself to a course of scholastic education, or going to my good yeoman uncle for a twelvemonth to get a knowledge of farming and cattle-breeding wherewith to emigrate to Canada or the Antipodes as a settler. In any case I should hope to make my life profitable in a career less jealous and more open to common-sense than that of art, and I comforted my bereaved self with visions of the old settler in the decline of life having children about him, each of whom, with their mother, should be painted by his hand, the pictures to be ranged in the backwood home, and to be handed down as heirlooms in the banished family.

But my companion, Millais, would by no means take so gloomy a view of my prospects as I had done; he was sure I should succeed, and he announced that he had paid off five hundred pounds to liquidate a claim due to his parents, that he had some other money in hand, and that I should have every farthing of that if necessary, little by little, as I wanted it. I was surprised and overcome, appreciating but not tempted to accept such impetuous liberality. My reply was, "What do you suppose your father and mother would think of me?" As we parted he reminded me that I had engaged to come to him in the morning. I said, "Mind you don't say a word of what we have been speaking"; but the next day at his home, when the door was opened, the good couple burst out of the sitting-room crying, "Is that Hunt?" and saying, "Come in here! Jack has been telling us all about his plan, and he has our fullest concurrence." I had quite made up my mind not to give in, but it seemed impossible in the face of such goodness to refuse further. I am as proud now to acknowledge my indebtedness as my friend was ever shy of having his generosity published; it is a noble act of friendship to record, and was greater then than may now be readily conceived, for there was still great risk of our double defeat, and he had only in the last week or two gained freedom from personal straits himself.

Millais agreed with me that for the subject of "Ophelia in the Stream," which he had settled upon, and made a hasty sketch for, and for mine of "The Hireling Shepherd," there was good probability of finding backgrounds along the banks of the little stream taking its rise and giving its name to our favourite haunt, Ewell; accordingly we gave a day to the exploration. Descending the stream for a mile from its source, I soon found all the material I wanted for my landscape composition, but we looked in vain during a long tracing of the changing water, walking along beaten lanes, and jumping over ditches and ruts in turn, without lighting upon a point that would suit my companion. Many fresh hopes were shattered, until he well-nigh felt despair, but round a turn in the meadows at Cuddington we pursued the crystal driven weeds with reawakening faith, when suddenly the "Millais luck" (a phrase which became a proverb) presented him with the exact composition of arboreal and floral richness he had dreamed of, so that he pointed exultantly, saying, "Look! could anything be more perfect?" and we sat down to enjoy its loveliness, as surely as many thousand other revellers in the beauty of such scenery have since done before the finished picture. Afterwards we searched out lodgings at Surbiton, and in the evening dined at a little inn where we had in the morning ordered a repast, well earned by sundown, but which disappointed us in lacking both vegetables and fruit, because these had been sent to London. When we reached the distant station it turned out there was no train to town, so we trudged home, arriving about 2 A.M., very well satisfied with our day's work. In a few days we returned to Surbiton, provided with all painting needs, and commenced the landscapes of our pictures. Our course when established was a steady one; we started each morning after an early breakfast to our respective places of work, parting at a stile on the road, where we met again on our way home in the evening.

Millais was eager to see how I should place upon the canvas the features of the landscape I had chosen. He relinquished his work an hour earlier than usual to satisfy himself, and I was no less impatient to see the commencement of his painting, so I made a detour in my morning walk to see the beginning of the "Ophelia" background. The effect of his first square of work on the canvas was enchanting; the willow herb in flower was to form a conspicuous part of the growth on the further bank, and he had to seize the exact season for its richest appearance, but he had to restrain his impatience at the outset in order to settle the relative force of the part actually dwelt upon, that it might unite in tone and colour with the succeeding work, just as a musical performer strings up his instrument to divide with exactness his whole gamut.

For the sake of avoiding the contamination of hue resulting from the use of palettes only partially cleansed from earlier work, we used white porcelain tablets which would betray any remains of dried paint that would otherwise infallibly work up into tints that had need to be of pristine purity. We knew how impossible it was to give the purity and variety of nature's hues if we allowed our pigments to get sullied. The inconvenient weight of porcelain palettes on one's hand induced us afterwards to use for such purposes papier-mâché.

The initial outset of Millais' work seemed so perfect in its delicate touch and fastidious hue that one almost wished it could be preserved as it was with the surrounding canvas, but often what was perfect in itself demanded sacrificing modifications for the general effect.

In walking to and fro we often discussed matters of interest belonging to our position. One of our first talks remains trenchantly marked on my mind in his reproof to me for want of practical strictness in the estimate of a fellow-student's ability. Millais' soreness with me at the consequences of this compelled a frank explanation.

"I will tell you the facts," I said, "about the failure over the copy of the portrait by Holbein at which you were so angry."

"It was enough to irritate me," said Millais; "I never felt so ashamed in my life as when the case was opened and I saw the wretched thing revealed, for the character of which I had made myself responsible. Two or three years ago either of us would have been glad to do it for the terms, fifteen guineas with the panel found, and we would have painted a thing that would scarcely have been distinguished from the original. I wrote to ask if you could find some capable copyist, and then you inquired whether I thought our old Academy intimate could be entrusted with it if you superintended the outline and showed him by painting the head how to proceed. I assumed that you thought him equal to the task. I had never seen any oil-work of his, and I wish that you had not proposed a man incapable. I concluded that you knew his level of ability."

My reply was: "I am often too foolish in putting aside doubt when a man is confident in himself; I therefore suggested him without diffidence, believing that, with supervision, such a simple task could not but be satisfactorily executed, and you agreed. I strictly performed my promise to start him, going at times to the Gallery to make sure that the outline was correct, which in a map-like way it eventually became, and then I gave up a whole day to paint the head. When I had got fully committed to the task, he went away, and I painted on hour by hour, wondering at his absence, until in the evening I had finished the head but for some possible final tonings, and not till then did our *protégé* return. When I remarked that I had come according to promise expressly to show him how to conduct the work, his rejoinder was that two couldn't work at the picture at the same time, and so he had gone and spent the day in the library. I ought at once to have said that I couldn't take any further responsibility in the matter. I confess that I was weak in not doing this. Soon he applied to me to obtain for him instalments of payment, saying that all was advancing perfectly, but that he was not yet ready for my further visits. He procrastinated until at last your letter came, requiring the picture to be finished and sent off at a fixed date to appear at some ceremony. It was impossible for me at so short a notice and so near my sending-in day to go and see whether ere it went away it required any finishing touches."

"Oh," said Millais, "I could see that you had painted the head originally and that it had been all right, but he had so worked over every part that the whole would have disgraced the merest tyro ; and I had confidently promised my friends that it would be a superior copy ! It was indeed a great mortification."

"Well, such experience ought to warn us against taking on trust any one who does not show examples of his ability as a painter ; I was as foolishly sanguine at the formation of the Brotherhood. Last summer I invited him to stay with Rossetti and me at Sevenoaks that he should paint a background to a proposed picture of his. When he had spent many days visiting places of interest in the neighbourhood, regardless of the shortness of our stay, I undertook to stop in one morning to make a beginning on his picture. I had only commenced when he disappeared. After a couple of hours' work I went upstairs, and found him smoking with his feet on the mantelpiece ; when he said it was useless waiting while I was painting on his picture, I had had enough of this attempt to help him, and went to my own painting, and nothing more was ever done to his background." Here we came to the stile, which Millais jumped over, whistling as he went.

On another occasion Millais referred to our rejection of Charles Collins, when proposed for election as a P.R.B., adding that it had cut Collins to the quick. I argued, "You can understand that the question of his rejection was affected by the present condition of the nominal Body. We two were the practical members at the beginning, and we are the only ones still, in the eyes of the general public, seeing that Rossetti has never exhibited at the Royal Academy at all."

Millais replied : "What Rossetti does at the present time I know very little about but from your report ; even when I see him in town he seems little desirous to court intimacy, but I can quite believe that, as you say, the designs he does are full of excellence ; his drawings were always remarkably interesting, but I want to see in them a freshness, the sign of enjoyment of Nature direct, instead of quaintness derived from the works of past men. I hoped Pre-Raphaelitism would give him this, but I don't see much sign of it."

"I confess I do see marks of this beginning in his pen and ink and water-colour designs. Hitherto it was mainly the tangible carrying out of his ideas that gave vitality to them, but now in his invention he seems more observant of Nature. You may have felt that there was somewhat more freedom in the conception of his 'Annunciation' than in his previous picture. To me it indicated more direct inspiration from the Florentine originals instead of their modern German interpreters than before. Last year when I went to Knole I prevailed upon him to come and paint a landscape background, I hoped the study this would give him would purify his conception of conventionalism, but in a few days he proved how little patience he had for any teaching but that seasoned by previous custom. We can, however, say that his early Christian work, being more direct than that of others, is for a beginning, an allowable variation within our lines. At the best we count but three working members, Woolner at the Antipodes is lost to us, Deverell is an unknown quantity, and the others seem to think that our associating together needs only monthly meetings, and that painting has nothing to do with it, while William Rossetti has now no chance of taking to painting. On the other hand there are many young artists who in spirit aim at working out our principles. Enrolment, I maintain, has proved to be an utter delusion. You can't make any one not born an artist an enthusiastic student in any manner whatever, not even, it seems, by continually saying, 'We are seven.' Art is too tedious an employment for any not infatuated with it, yet although the P.R.B. combination fails to give strength to our movement, and in fact weakens it, owing to the unsuitability of our hastily chosen supernumeraries, yet to have had illusions may not be without profit for us if we are now cured of them.

One objection to Collins was that none of the sleeping members knew him, but they suspected he was very much of a conventional man who would be out of his element with us."

"But you see he is as good a little chap as ever lived, with no nonsense about him, except perhaps his new inclination to confession and fasting," said Millais, "yet he does not let strangers see his asceticism, which is only the result of his being hipped in love."

"Yes," I returned, "but Deverell was known to all of us. The real conclusion that I am driven to is, that we must let the nominal Body drift, and while we are working we must hope that true men will collect, and with these we may make a genuine artistic brotherhood, if discreetly chosen. Collins is happier, I think, in being left for this future combination rather than he would be in Collinson's place. His 'Berengaria'[1] and, still more, his 'Convent Thoughts,' with all their oversights, place him at once on a higher level in manipulation than other outsiders."

We often discussed such matters in the morning, on our road from Surbiton to the stile where we parted. And as Millais left me on his way to work, whistling an air according to his mood, I could trace his distance by the diminuendo of the notes, and if on my arrival at the trysting place in the evening he had not come, in a few minutes his approach was announced by the wafting of sounds graduated in crescendo as he came over the fields.

The monotony of our meals was somewhat more than we had calculated upon; we had bargained with our landlady that we should require only plain food, such as chops and potatoes for our dinner, and chops and potatoes were what we had, without variation from Monday to Monday, a diet which did not weary chance visitors. My father came one evening, and after the simple fare, when the tobacco followed, he handed the jar to Millais. "No, thank you, I don't smoke," said he.

"No!" said my father. "I have always been told by artists that a pipe is of incalculable comfort to the nerves, that when harassed by the difficulties of a problem it solaces them."

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[1] Page 272.

"That is the very reason, it seems to me, for not smoking. A man ought to get relief only by solving his problem," said Millais.

In after years Millais took passionately to smoking, and although his fastidiousness in art showed no abatement, I doubt whether had he not smoked so ardently, he might not still be amongst us to grace English art.

In a few weeks we changed our lodgings to Worcester Park Farm, a house built originally as a hunting box for one of Charles II.'s courtesans. There a glorious avenue of elms still flourished, seen for many miles as the dispersing centre and attracting point of a noisy brood of rooks, who wended their long flights to and fro in the drowsy morning and evening.

We were not allowed to go on together uninterrupted in our single-minded labours. Millais had begun in town a portrait of a lady, to be finished at future leisure; but the husband was impatient, and wrote to my companion saying the lady was now at her best in health, and that the opportunity should not be lost to complete the picture. To break away from his present task of completing the group of wild flowers, some in blossom, would entail a very serious penalty, and Millais, after grave talk with me, wrote frankly to our friend, stating his reasons for postponing his return for the present, but the reply was, that if delayed, the completion of the likeness could never be so satisfactorily performed, and the husband pressed the painter not to delay on any account to return and do what was so much desired. This strain was continued in frequent letters, till at last Millais, in no good temper, decided to depart at once. He was away for four or five days, and came back impatient to secure freshness of verdure for the remaining foliage ere the advancing season should have worked irreparable ravage. He spoke with but stinted contentment of his forced labour in town. "On the last day," he said, "some of the colours of the picture had sunk in, and it would have been prudent to leave it for a term to get thoroughly dry; but I was not going to be subject any more to the importunities of the husband, and I slobbered it all over with varnish, notwithstanding the sure prospect of cracking; in very truth, I don't care what becomes of the picture."

When in town Millais casually encountered John Lewis, the painter of Egyptian social scenes, near Portland Place. He was of particular interest to us because he had recently declared to Leslie, in Millais' presence, that on his return to England after seven years in Egypt he had found English art in the woefullest condition, its only hope being in the reform which we were conducting, and he had told Millais to speak to me of his appreciation of my work. Millais answered all Lewis's questions about our present occupations, and assured our new champion that when he brought his work to town he hoped that he would come and see the new background he was now painting in the country. Unexpectedly, at this point, Lewis exclaimed, "I shall frankly tell you what I don't like in it." Millais said he should expect him to do so, and then Lewis, who betrayed to his companion the querulous temper he was reputed to have at times, added, "You should know that although I think your painting much better than that of most of the artists exhibiting, I am sure that oil painting could be made more delicate than either of you make it; not sufficient pains are taken to make the surface absolutely level. Why should it ever be more piled up than in water colour? But stop, I must have a cigar; come in here." Being furnished with his usual sedative, he walked on, resuming his diatribe, "I intend to take to oil colours myself, and, damme, I'll show you how it ought to be done. The illusion of all modern painting is destroyed by its inequality of surface. Hang, if this cigar won't draw," and he stopped to give it attention with his pen-knife. "Holbein's art and Janet's paintings are as smooth as plate-glass. Why should not yours be equally even?" And then denouncing his cigar as atrocious, he went on, "Parts of your painting are level enough, I admit, but in your deep tints there is a great deal of unseemly loading." Stopping still, he then broke out into an unmodified oath, and threw the roll of tobacco into the road, adding, "Everything goes wrong to-day. Good-bye, good-bye."

After the completion of the lady's portrait by Millais, Charles Collins joined our party. He was the son of William Collins, R.A., the younger of two brothers, the elder being Wilkie, who became the novelist. Charles had, while still a child, shown a talent which had induced Sir David Wilkie, a great friend of his parents, to declare that he must be a painter. I had known him at the British Museum. He was then a remarkable looking boy with statuesquely formed features, of aquiline type, and strong blue eyes. The characteristic that marked him out to casual observers was his brilliant bushy red hair, which was not of golden splendour, but yet had an attractive beauty in it. He had also a comely figure. While still a youth he imparted to me his discomfort at the striking character of his locks, and was anxious to find out any means of lessening their vividness. As he was one of the successful students in his application for probationership at the Royal Academy when I failed, our boyhood intimacy ceased. In succeeding years he obtained places for two pictures, one of "Eve," after the manner of Frost, and another of "Ophelia" reaching up to pluck the spray of willow. Later he came under the influence of Edward Ward with a picture of "Charles II." when in exile unable to pay his reckoning at an inn. He then suddenly revolted to Pre-Raphaelitism with his picture of "Berengaria." Changes in his views of life and art were part of a nature which yielded itself to the sway of the current, and he only ultimately found out how this had led him into unanticipated perplexities. He was now bent on painting the background of a Nativity with chestnut foliage and arboreal richness; to paint this he joined Millais and me.

Millais and I being one day in town, and walking together in the passage from the Academy School door, we encountered Mr. C. R. Leslie. When he stopped, Millais, who had shortly before sat to him for a study of a head, began to talk with him. Not knowing the painter, I naturally walked on, but he called me back, assuring me of his pleasure in meeting me. He was of the gentlest manner, and I observed that when he talked he looked upwards and about him, following any architectural line above his head, but he turned to me as he spoke, saying that he was sure Mrs. Leslie would be pleased if I could come to a little dance she was giving in

Charles Collins.

BERENGARIA RECOGNISING THE GIRDLE OF RICHARD I. OFFERED FOR SALE.

a few evenings, and this I appreciatingly accepted. It was a young party, full of life and spirit, but this did not prevent me from profiting by the opportunity of talking with the gracious host, whom I honoured as the painter of some of the most delightful illustrations of human innocence ever produced.

To me it was interesting that at his age, nigh sixty, when staying shortly before with his family at Hampton Court, he should have set himself to school again in making a copy, and this of life size, of the two heads of boys near the altar in Raphael's "Sacrifice at Listra." When I spoke to him of his humility in making this copy, he looked upwards, scanning the cornice of the room and nervously interlacing his fingers the while, assuring me that he felt the charm of these heads was a lesson that no artist could study too much, and, still surveying the ceiling, he told me that he had recently for his own edification been copying a whole-length portrait of Lord Cornwallis, and that if I had any interest in seeing it, he would take me at once up to his studio, where it was. It was too interesting an offer not to be accepted; he procured a candle and guided me up to his modest painting room in the back of the second floor, where I saw the copy, which it seemed to me he had made because the picture, in addition to other admirable characteristics, possessed rich chestnut and scarlet hues, such as Leslie himself rarely ventured on in his original pictures.

At this party, amongst several other artistic and literary people, I met John Lewis, who had exhibited at "The Old Water Colour Society" a large picture of the introduction of a new slave into the Harem. I also met the unique and delightful Richard Doyle, a man overflowing with witty stories but with never a word of uncharitableness, who from this time became my prized friend until his life's end. He was standing leaning against the wall, crush hat in hand, one leg crossing the other. He was still quite young, and his face spoke a happy mixture of interest and humour. Shortly after this time he had retired from *Punch*, on account of its continued attacks upon the Papacy, for he was a brave Catholic; his designs illustrating "Ye manners and customs of ye English" had made his name a proverb throughout England, and himself a special idol of our Brotherhood. His eyes were dwelling upon every incident of the room with merry twinkle, and when in facetious talk with another an idea amused him, he bent his face down towards his chest, thus producing a rudimentary double chin, while he chuckled and held up his hat, as a lady might use a fan to hide her laughter. His brother Henry was also of the party, and both were so cordial that we did not hesitate to ask them down to Worcester Park Farm to see our advancing backgrounds.

It is to be regretted that the interest of his designs in gentle satire of the manners of the day will not be appreciated to the full in succeeding generations, from want of knowledge of the individuality of each figure in the various groups.

CHAPTER XI

1851

> Men do not throw stones at trees which do not bear fruit.
>
> *Arabic Proverb.*

When we had again got into harness for our work in the country, we were delighted by the visit of Richard and Henry Doyle. We showed them the originals of our landscapes, we walked about the lovely meads, and returned to a repast at our farm. Among the matters of interest they retailed was a story of Thackeray being in the smoking-room of his club when the first few numbers of *Vanity Fair* were appearing. His friends warmly expressed their delight at the excellence of the story and its surpassing treatment. Thackeray mysteriously treated the encomiums with only the ejaculation, "Ah, ah, ah!" shrugging his shoulders the while, so that the company concluded that he did not think them sincere. This led them to express their laudation with greater fervour, at which Thackeray exclaimed, "I wish to goodness the Public would find it out, for there are only 500 copies sold yet." Very soon afterwards the world became converted, and the publisher had to satisfy all English readers, not only at home, but those also over the world beyond the seas.

While Millais and I had been conferring about systems of painting, we had dwelt much upon the great value of a plan we had both independently adopted of painting over a ground of wet white, which gave special delicacy of coloration and tone. Millais in earlier works had relied upon the system to produce the effect of sunlight on flesh and brilliantly lit drapery. The head of the boy in "The Woodman's Daughter" may be taken as example of what my friend had done before. I, quite independently, had relied on this novel system, extending it from small to larger parts of my work. The heads of Valentine and of Proteus, the hands of these figures, and the brighter costumes in the same painting had been executed in this way. In earlier pictures the method had been adopted by me to less extent. In the country we had used it, so far, mainly for blossoms of flowers, for which it was singularly valuable.

The process may be described thus. Select a prepared ground originally for its brightness, and renovate it, if necessary, with fresh white when first it comes into the studio, white to be mixed with a very little amber or copal varnish. Let this last coat become of a thoroughly stone-like hardness. Upon this surface, complete with exactness the outline of the part in hand. On the morning for the painting, with fresh white (from which all superfluous oil has been extracted by means of absorbent paper, and to which again a small drop of varnish has been added) spread a further coat very evenly with a palette knife over the part for the day's work, of such consistency that the drawing should faintly show through. In some cases the thickened white may be applied to the forms needing brilliancy with a brush, by the aid of rectified spirits. Over this wet ground, the colour (transparent and semi-transparent) should be laid with light sable brushes, and the touches must be made so tenderly that the ground below shall not be worked up, yet so far enticed to blend with the superimposed tints as to correct the qualities of thinness and staininess, which over a dry ground transparent colours used would inevitably exhibit. Painting of this kind cannot be retouched except with an entire loss of luminosity. Millais proposed that we should keep this as a precious secret to ourselves.

Ford Madox Brown's manner of work, as I have said, was continually undergoing change. He had, when we first knew him, left behind him the example of Baron Wappers, and gradually, step by step, abandoned the practice of the modern German masters, taking to a closer following of natural composition and intense study of out-of-door effect. In his then more sympathetic mood towards us he was at small pains to conceal the source of this influence. The tracing of Brown's early stages of work will always be the more difficult by reason of the habit he continually indulged of repainting and changing the original character of his design, in part and in whole. He never did this without improvement, nor without giving greater resemblance to our manner of work. With all such changes, however, we can point to his best known pictures to prove the stages of his conversion.

This new influence may be distinctly traced through all the changes made by later painting. The picture of "Pretty Baa Lambs," painted by Brown in summer of 1851, was strictly the first figure picture he had done in the open air; this was two years after my Christian and Druid picture and my exhibition of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and one year after Millais exhibited "The Woodman's Daughter," all three pictures painted with unprecedented care for their landscapes, with the sky serving as the ceiling of our studio.

Brown's little painting called "Waiting," remarkable for its refined pencilling, was also begun in 1850, although not finished till 1854;[1] these works represented the stage he had reached when he, with William Rossetti, visited us at Worcester Park Farm in the autumn of 1851, before Millais or I had seen the work he was then engaged upon. Wet weather kept us much indoors. After showing our pictures to the visitors, Millais increased his intimacy with Brown by a warm conversation on music, illustrated by the humming and whistling of airs by both. Turning to matters of interest in our own art when Brown cordially complimented us upon the purity and brilliancy of our pictures in the Exhibition,[1] Millais, with impulsive forgetfulness of the determination to keep our secret process to ourselves, burst out, "How do you think Hunt and I paint flesh and brilliant passages in our pictures?" And when Brown showed curiosity to know more he detailed the whole process.

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[1] See Hueffer's *Life of Ford Madox Brown.*

Brown expressed unbounded astonishment and pressed to master exact particulars. When this was done in detail, he became enthusiastic, and with bated breath enlarged on the mystery as nothing less than the secret of the old masters, who thus secured the transparency and solidity together which they had valued so much in fresco, the wet white half dry forming an equivalent to the moist intonaco grounds upon which the master had to do his painting of that day while the surface was still humid. The practical effect of this communication upon Brown will be traced at a later date.

In the pen and ink sketch by Millais[2] of "The Varnishing Morning" at the Academy in 1851 will be seen the figure holding a paint-box behind him, with the expression of half-conversion on his face and pose evident, notwithstanding the attempt being made by the others to stir him up to the general fury. This revelation of the temper which Brown was indulging towards our school in May of that year furnishes a link in the evidence of our relative positions at the time.

The first Conversazione ever held by the Royal Academy was assembled this year; it was an experiment; we as exhibitors were invited, and as we had not left our posts before, we felt justified in spending the evening in town. Some of the members then made a point of seeking us out, professing admiration for our past work,

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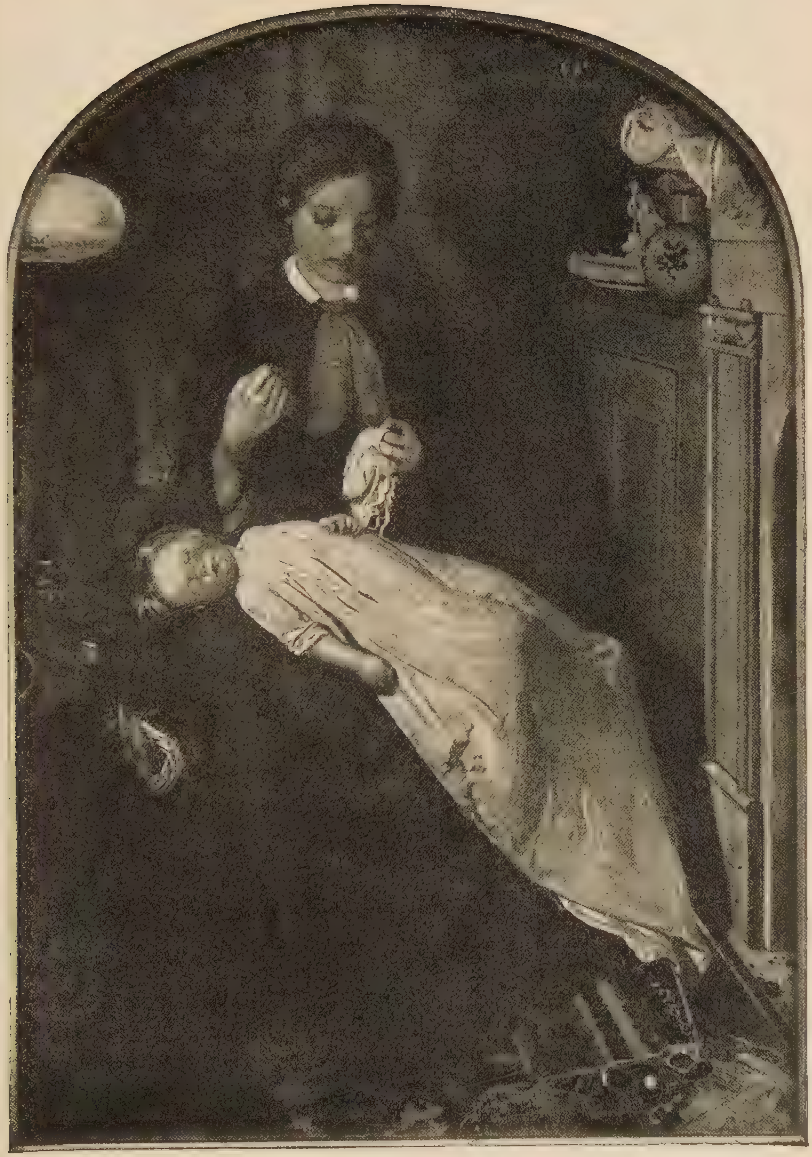
[1] *Life of Ford Madox Brown* (Hueffer), p. 77.

[2] Page 250.



Ford Madox Brown.

WAITING.

with interest in our present pursuit, and asked us to visit them on our return to town. This compliment was repeated later in the year, and the hospitality exercised was highly esteemed by me for the opportunity it gave me of extending my acquaintance with men of mark in letters and art.

Going down on the morrow of the Conversazione by an early train, we hurried from the Malden station, and separated for our respective *al fresco* studios. Getting over the stile in the field leading to the shed where my canvas case was stored, I looked up, to discover that two powder-mill houses contiguous and several tree-tops had disappeared, leaving a large blank sky; it proved that there had been a "blow-up" during the night. Fortunately, on that occasion no one was hurt, and my belongings in the outhouse had also altogether escaped injury.

At the beginning of August we had again to return to town for a few days, to receive our works back from the Exhibition. Millais had but little to do beyond distributing his pictures to their respective owners, but my "Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus" needed steady repainting of a few parts, and for this I had to keep very close to my easel, often wishing for more leisure to perfect the portions of the design which had suffered by my money difficulties in the weeks preceding the sending-in day. Having completed all according to my best opportunities, I dispatched the picture to the Liverpool Exhibition. While thus occupied, I encountered my friends, both those who were nominal P.R.B.'s and those outside who were *de facto* more seriously in sympathy with us, because, practising and using pencils and paint brushes every day, they were more interested than the others could be in learning what Millais and I were doing in the country. With our town work completed we were glad to return to our pastoral life, and we then continued steadily at our landscapes for the succeeding months.

When the Liverpool Exhibition opened I almost daily received anonymous letters and newspapers from the Mersey city with every variety of abuse of my picture, both in prose and doggerel. There happened to be a painter employed in Liverpool at the time who was the son of a diplomaed celebrity, and delivered lectures on the infamies of our heretical sect ; his paintings were so patently incompetent that we concluded he must be a supremely entertaining lecturer, since it was said he drew large audiences. His denunciations of my unfortunate work were sent to me, with the assurance that the diatribes were largely appreciated in the town. The whole attack was a bear-baiting in which I had to play the diverting part of poor Bruin ; and whether the baited be Ursa Major or Ursa Minor, he is not unnaturally liable to irritation if the game be long continued, and to make a blind rush at the onlookers. I became, perhaps, unreasonably so when I arrived at the conclusion that the Council of the Institute of Liverpool countenanced my assailants. I took Millais into my confidence, and declared that I would not allow any one to assume that before the Exhibition I had become broken spirited by the attack upon me. It had been announced that a fifty pound prize would be awarded at the opening of the Exhibition to the most approved painting. This had not been allotted, although several weeks had elapsed since the day fixed for the decision. I had never entertained an idea of the award being made to my much abused performance, but I determined to write to the Committee stating that I had sent my picture trusting to an announcement that the prize would be awarded on the opening day to the best contribution, and that as many weeks had gone by since the date fixed, I had to beg the favour of information why I had not received notice of the prize being given to me! That evening, happily, absorbing designing work and a book kept me too late to carry this audacious extravagance into effect.

The next morning I was painting near the house when

Millais came over calling out, "Another letter from Liverpool." It boasted an imposing official seal. Millais was all impatient, and I opened it to find that the Council at a deferred sitting had awarded to me the prize. We there and then gave three heartfelt cheers for the Council of Liverpool.

This award was greatly encouraging, not to me alone, but to the whole of our circle. It turned out that Mr. John Miller, the head of the Liverpool Council, was a passionate lover of art, some equally independent and enthusiastic artists and amateurs being with him. The storm, with all its noise, was directed at them in the hope of turning their minds from a suspected partiality for my work. It was strange that this favourable testimony to its character did not impress any purchaser who had seen the picture but a Mr. M'Cracken of Belfast, who had never seen it. He was not a rich man; no rich person had the independent judgment to buy pictures from me. He told me of pictures he already possessed, saying that he hoped soon to get to Liverpool to judge of mine, so notorious as an apple of discord amongst amateurs. He was an incessant correspondent, and towards the end of the Exhibition wrote that he regretted his business had not yet afforded him leisure to cross over from Ireland. Would I take part of the price (two hundred pounds) in pictures? he asked. Eventually I agreed to accept a landscape by young Danby in part payment, and the money to be paid by monthly instalments of ten pounds. When the dates for payment were at hand a letter invariably arrived proposing to give, instead of cash, further paintings, but these torments arose at a later date.

Millais had now completed his background of "Ophelia," and brought it up to the house, and I had so far advanced my landscape for "The Hireling Shepherd" that there were only two or three sheep to be added, and these could be more conveniently painted near our farm home.

Millais set to work on a canvas to paint a garden wall in illustration of Tennyson's lines, "Circumstance," "Two Lovers whispering by a Garden Wall." I wished it had been a better subject, but his reply to my comment was that it was too late in the year to undertake anything but a make-weight second picture, relying on the "Ophelia" for the advancement of his reputation.

J. E. Millais.

TWO LOVERS WHISPERING BY A GARDEN WALL.

When he had painted some of the ivied wall for his picture, one night he said to me, "I have received a letter from a Mrs. Drury who lives at Thames Ditton, and disputes the will of queer old Drury with whom I used to stay at Shotover, you remember? And I propose walking over there to understand what she wants of me. What do you say, old Cockalorum, to coming too? You have got on far enough with your picture to feel comfortable about it, and I am sure you deserve a rest from your sheep. Come, like a good fellow, and walk over with me to-morrow; it will be a rest for both of us, for we've each been working deuced hard." I agreed, and we started immediately after luncheon. We passed over fresh fields with beautiful trees that had not yet a tinge of autumnal sadness in them, and so into the Kingston Road, where still were hundreds of delights to our appreciative senses. He talked of the feminine beauty most enchanting to his eyes, and, growing enthusiastic, he traced with the point of his stick a beautiful profile with a *retroussé* nose and other features harmonising, of a type the exact opposite to his own. When I had traced my counter ideal he exclaimed, "Why, I say, that's a portrait of my pretty cousin!" "Ah, then you have sadly neglected your duty in not giving me the advantage of meeting her," was my reply. "Give me for my adoration a stately Rachel or Rebecca, and I will try to charm her by laying all my extensive fortune at her feet. Item, one finished picture much abused, one unfinished from *Measure for Measure*, already paid for and the money spent, a third representing several acres of land, arable, grazing and corn-field divided by ditch, hedge, and tree fence, a clear sky with clouds, and a white space for the shepherd and shepherdess, and my queen shall claim the whole domain as her marriage portion. I can count out no more than these to her except the fancies still hidden in my brain. If you by chance meet my love, tell her that I lay my heart whole in her hand." "Now this is a good opportunity," said Millais; "tell me what you mean by saying that pictures should never deal with the meetings of lovers if they are only lovers."

"Because," I returned, "when I go to meet my beloved Rebecca or Rachel I shall not invite you to look on, and you will not require my presence when you go to make love to your graceful charmer—

> "Close in a bower of amaranth and musk,
> Unseen of any, free from whispering tale;
> Ah, better had it been for ever so,
> Than picture-gazer should call out 'Hullo!'

Seriously, I don't think that lovers should be pryed upon by painters. Pictures of them always appear to me to be intrusive. Selfishness, Love's cousin, has its proper place in life, and does not invite outside interest. Lovers appeal alone to Heaven as witness of their sacred pledges; a word poet may dwell upon their meetings as links in the chain of their story, and so pass on, but not so we. In the subject you talked of, for which you have begun your background, Tennyson in the poem makes it merely a step in the progress of two honest lives; your illustration of 'Two Lovers whispering by a Garden Wall' would have neither prelude nor sequel in the drama of life. It may be a crotchet of mine, but I have none but passing interest in pictures of lovers when they are merely this with no external interest, and, good gracious! how they crowd on us on May Monday. If they are badly done I despise them, and if they are well done I feel that I ought not to be there. In your hand I know the subject will be treated with a manly vigour that will elevate it, but I should have liked you to be engaged on a picture with the *dramatis personæ* actuated by generous thought of a larger world. I think lovers with only personal interest should not be represented for public attention, even when they are not (as often they are) of sickly sentiment, but as far as my judgment affects your subject, regard it only as a whim of mine."

"I understand your position now," said Millais, "and I quite agree with you about maudlin sentiment. I feel some force about the difference in the treatment of poets and artists, but I have my design finished, and the background of it advanced, and what remains will give me as much work as I can do before the end of the season;

we've more than enough difficulty in fighting for our manner of work, without assailing our enemies at present with theories of 'the higher purpose of art.'"

When I had repeated my assurance of confidence that he would not fail to make a delightful picture of the subject, we turned to other matters of converse. Suddenly my companion's attention was arrested; he turned round and directed his face to another point of the compass; inhaling the perfumes of the soft wind, he exclaimed, "Is there any sensation more delicious than that awakened by the odour of burning leaves? To me nothing brings back sweeter memories of the days that are gone; it is the incense offered by departing summer to the sky, and it brings one a happy conviction that Time puts a peaceful seal on all that has gone."

We turned to other matters, when Millais checked our pace and looked intently at a constable who had marched past us. "Whatever is it that makes you have such a sudden and absorbing interest in the policeman? He won't do for your lover," said I.

"Look at him," said Millais; "could any one regard him as a boy; he's a man, and yet probably he is not older than you; and whatever you think of yourself, I can tell you you only appear like a lad; and as for me, I know I look like a child; in fact, the critics, you know, always write of us as 'juveniles.' Why does that man look so adult? I'm not sure, if you could dress as a policeman, that any one would treat you with respect such as he could inspire; it's a mystery to me," and, turning his back to me, he said, "Does my hair hide the nape of my neck?"

"Yes," I replied.

"That's it," he said seriously; "that man has the nape of his neck clear, and it helps to make him look so sedate and respectable. I'll have my hair cut short directly I get to town," and after I had laughed at him, he resumed his talk about old Mr. Drury.

On nearing Thames Ditton we looked at our watches, and Millais said, "I hope this lady will give us tea. Old Drury was extremely strange in manner, but very kind to me, and all the more entertaining from his strangeness. He died a short time ago, and his estate is in dispute. I don't know what this woman is aiming at, but she wants to ask me some questions, and we shall see." Soon we found the house, and were received with great eagerness and with gentle thanks to Millais for his visit. The lady had wished so much to have some information from him about her singular relative, who had kept himself so strangely secluded from the family, but who had been so well known to Mr. Millais. While she talked the maids prepared the tea-table, and to our bewilderment carried in a child's chair with its occupant, whose strange appearance could not but arrest our attention. He was no bigger than a boy of four, but his face and figure marked him as stunted and deformed; it was impossible to make any guess as to his age. When we had seated ourselves the lady said, "I beg to introduce my son, for whom I desire to win your good grace; he is now past twenty-one." The poor victim muttered and looked at her helplessly; it was a painful moment, and the mother explained that he, if Mr. Drury's will could be put aside, was the heir to the estate. She then went on: "You, Mr. Millais, must have observed how very erratic and disturbed Mr. Drury's mind was. We hope to establish that he was of unsound mind, and trust that you will be able to support our contention." The effect of this appeal upon Millais was magical. All that childish simplicity that came at times upon him was dispelled. "Mrs. Drury," he said in an unwavering tone, "I must not encourage you to think that I can support the allegation that Mr. Drury was not of sound mind. He was eccentric most undoubtedly, and he obeyed independent impulses. His invitation to me, a stranger, when I was fishing in his ponds, to come and stay with him, illustrated this. Men may be very eccentric without being at all out of their mind, and I am sure that Mr. Drury was one of these." A damp fell on the party, and we talked of other things, but hastened our departure. When we had got into the road a few paces off, Millais broke silence, saying, "That was, I think, the most piteous trial I have ever had, the interview, with that poor miserable before us; when Mrs. Drury spoke, I felt that unless I broke off from all entanglement of the desire to be agreeable, I should not be able to be honest, and I had to blurt out the truth that was a ruin to all her hopes. Come along; I can't walk slowly; let us run." So we hastened homewards. To close this subject I may say that eventually, when the painful question was tried at Oxford, Millais gave evidence so clearly that the judge complimented him on the convincing character of his testimony.

Patmore when visiting us suggested the value of a diary. Millais was thus induced to commence his naïve and graphic records of our life at the farm which his son has given to the world.

My "Valentine" was still unsold, and I did not feel easy under my increasing debt, so that when I heard of the post of draughtsman to the Mosul exploration under Layard being vacant, I applied to Sir R. Westmacott, in whose hands the appointment rested. He replied that had I not been one day too late he would have given it to me.

The season was now already advanced autumn, and our evenings after dinner were cosy and pleasant; one we spent in sitting in judgment on the Thirty-nine Articles; on another we read the pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism by a Rev. Mr. Young; on another Ruskin's *Retort*. We always enjoyed the wholesome fare provided by the capable farmer's wife. Blackberry pudding was hugely in favour with Millais, and on one occasion he ridiculed Charley Collins for refusing the dainty dish, taking the despised portion in addition to his own, so that the pudding when it returned to the kitchen bore no trace of want of appreciation. On our return to the sitting-room he bantered our abstemious friend on his self-denial, saying, "You know you like blackberry pudding as much as I do, and it is this preposterous rule of supererogation which you have adopted in your high-churchism which made you go without it. I have no doubt you will think it necessary to have a scourge and take the discipline for having had any dinner at all." He was so persistent in his attacks on poor Charley, and his appeals to me to second him, that when these became troublesome I turned away from the fire and took up a recently commenced design at a side table. Millais continued his sarcasm until Collins somewhat prematurely took his candle and wished us good-night. When he had gone Millais turned to me and said, "Why didn't you pitch into him? We must cure him of this monkish nonsense. You scarcely helped me at all. It is doing him a deal of harm, taking away the little strength of will he has." He then came over to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed, "I say, whatever is that you are doing?" I replied, "I was on the point of explaining to you; there is a text in Revelation, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' Nothing is said about the night, but I wish to accentuate the point of its meaning by making it the time of darkness, and that brings us to the need of the lantern in Christ's hand, He being the Bearer of the light to the sinner within, if he will awaken. I shall have a door choked up with weeds, to show that it has not been opened for a long time, and in the background there will be an orchard. (I can paint it from the one at the side of this house.)"

"What a noble subject!" he cried. "But what is this small sketch at the side?"

"It is one," I said, "that I want to talk to you about as an example of what I meant by having an interest beyond that of the initial one, when lovers are the theme of the design. You see the interest of the York and Lancaster wars has never been drawn upon by painters, and it ought to be engrossing. My design is to represent two lovers, the lady being the daughter of a Lancastrian.

They are seated on her father's castle walls; her dress will be white with red roses all over it. He will be a Yorkist, with a jacket of red with white roses embossed upon it; the castle walls will have shields in the entablatures with red roses painted upon them, to make the spectator more sure that she belongs to the castle and that he is a stranger. I shall make him booted and spurred, and the rope ladder by which he has ascended will be attached to the castellated parapet. I shall make him urging her to flee with him, and her sense of duty to her family raises the struggle in her mind as to which impulse she shall obey."

"What a splendid idea!" said he; "it will just do for the lovers in my picture. I will paint him a Yorkist, dressed as you say, and her a Lancastrian; it will do splendidly."

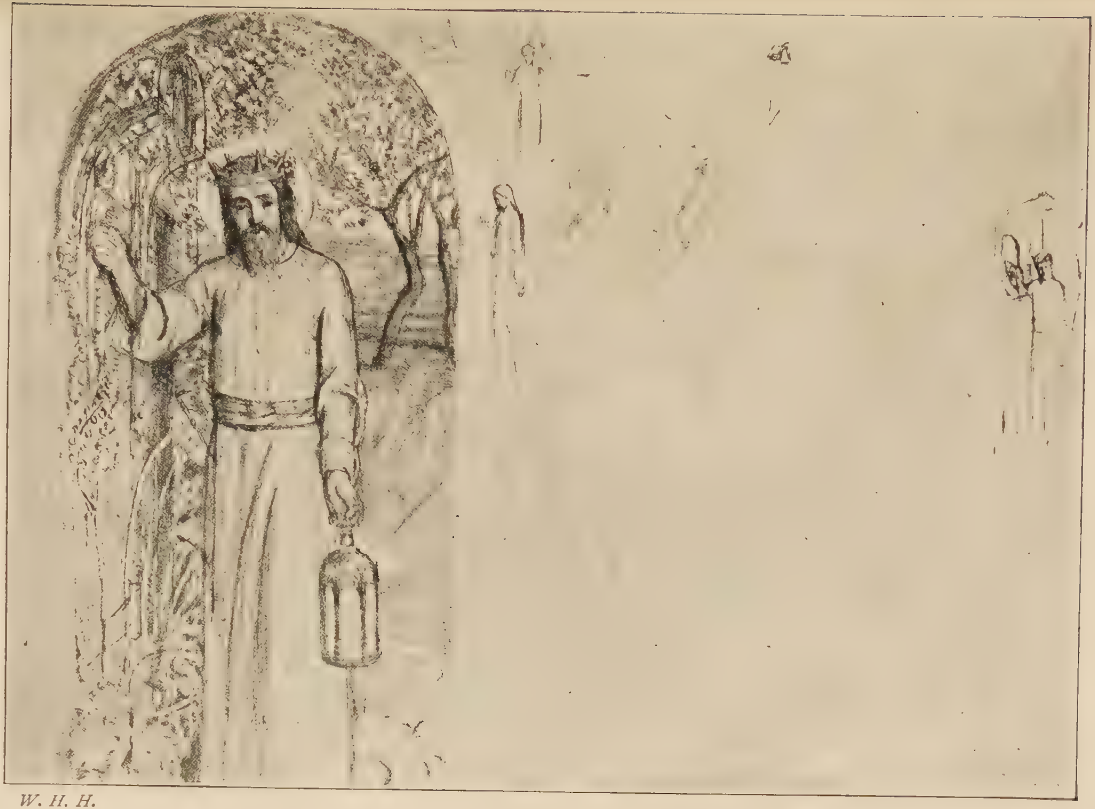
"But," I rejoined, "you can't do that; the subject would be spoilt; you have no castle ramparts, nor view of the distant country to which he is pointing, and the purpose would fail to explain itself."

"Well, that is true," he added. "I'll make my man a Cavalier and my girl a Puritan, and I'll suggest that she has come to him by stealth in an old garden. That will do admirably."

"Yes," I said, "but I think the theme of the Cavalier and Roundhead has been rather worked to death in our day."

He paused a moment. "I have got it," he said,—"the Huguenots. You remember the opera? All good Catholics have to wear a badge somehow; I will write to my mother and she'll find out all about it for me at the British Museum. But here's another sketch at the back of your paper. What is that?"

"I have not worked it out yet, but I think it is a good subject. I should quote a passage out of the Proverbs, 'The meeting of a friend with his friend is sweet, but far sweeter is the meeting of a man with his wife.' I should make her in a tower with a flight of steps, such as I saw at Carisbrooke when I went that



W. H. H.

SHEET WITH FIRST SKETCH OF "LIGHT OF THE WORLD," AND DESIGN FOR YORK AND LANCASTER SUBJECT.

walking tour with Brown and Anthony. She would be working tapestry, glorifying the deeds of her husband, a Crusader; he has come up the steps unseen by her, and has caught her in his arms. A young son of five or six will be introduced, whom I have tried here as swinging on the gate; down below in the courtyard will be seen a body of soldiers, fresh from the war, boisterously saluting the old retainers and young girls. In the distance over the castle walls would be an arm of the sea, with a fleet of galleons anchored and pennons flying."

"Why, you dog," he said, "that would be as stupendous a subject as any of them; but you will begin with 'Christ at the Door,' won't you?"

"Yes, I shall send for a canvas for that immediately," I answered.

"I will tell you what I'll do," he added, with his accustomed impetuosity; "I'll at once make a companion design of the sinner with the door opened, falling at Christ's feet."

I confess I felt somewhat staggered, but I paid little attention to this last remark, because often, if left to himself, he discovered reasons for not persevering in projects that had absorbed his attention at first; but two nights later he showed me a sketch he had made of "The Repentant Sinner," and then I felt the necessity of protest.

"Sit down, my dear fellow, and consider. One strong interest in my design depends on the uncertainty as to whether the being within will respond; your picture would destroy all this. Besides, as you paint with greater facility than I do, your subject would be done first, and perhaps exhibited before mine, and thus the possible effect of Christ's appeal would be presented ere the cause of it were understood; this would be confusing, and would give the impression that I was copying your idea. In our Brotherhood each is independent; but your picture would encourage people to speak of me as your imitator. You won't mind my objecting to this. I must therefore ask you not to paint a companion picture, at least at present."

He hastily said, "My dear fellow, I see you are perfectly right; I won't attempt it."

He soon got the particulars of the Huguenot[1] from his mother and made his new design, which enabled him to decide where his inimitably painted ivy leaves and brick wall should encroach. The canvas for my new picture arrived from London, and I was able to prepare for the background. One night I went out with Millais, who carried the lantern that I might see the effect of light upon the face and figure shining from below. I drew out my figure on the canvas and settled the place of the accessories.

At this time, Collins, in his irresolute way, expressed an inclination to go one Saturday afternoon to town and spend the Sunday with his mother. It was dread of the dark path on his return at night along the lone road from Kingston station across the fields to our farm that deterred him. "Nonsense," said Millais, "what do you fear most, ghosts or foot-pads?" The other evasively replied, "Both, perhaps." "Now really, Charley, you need not worry; we will meet you as the train comes in, and walk back with you; we'll both go with you on the road at once, or the dark will overtake you before you catch the train to-night." Stopping near the station, Millais shouted out, "Good-night, old Timidity; hurry up or you'll have all Tam o' Shanter's troupe after you." And as a parting shot he added, "Give my love to Harriet, and tell her that I shall soon want her to fix the day for the wedding." Harriet was no other than Collins's mother, whom in rollicking way Millais pretended to court. The old lady, never failing in either wit or temper, took the joke in good part with an amusing retort. Charley held up his hands deprecatingly as we watched him advancing daintily one foot before the other in a straight line as though he were walking on a tight-rope. He was slight, with slender limbs, but erect in head and neck, and square in the shoulders; although not broad, a very proper man, having beautifully cut features, large chin, a crop of orange-coloured hair, and blue eyes that looked at a challenger without sign of quailing. "Why should he be so fearsome?" we said one to the other as he gave a final salute from the distance. "In some ways," Millais said, "the good fellow has the unflinching resolve of the conductor of a storming party. When he left Oxford he got hipped about a fancied love affair, and becoming a High Churchman, changed the subject of his picture from being an illustration of the lady in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*,

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[1] For the evolution of his father's noble picture here recorded, see Mr. J. Guille Millais' report of it in *Life of Sir J. E. Millais*, vol. i. pp. 136-141.

> Who out of the cups of the heavy flowers
> Emptied the rain of the thunder showers,

to a picture of a nun with a missal in her hand, studying the significance of the passion flower, with the title 'Convent Thoughts.'[1] He can act on sudden resolve, and yet withal he is as fearful as a mouse. He ought to be made to get over such folly."

The next afternoon, to our delight, Millais' father appeared quite early. As he desired, we took him to our places of work, and to the shelters where our progressing pictures were housed, and in every direction satisfied his pent-up curiosity, until the sun warned us to prepare our visitor with refreshment for his return. We accompanied him to Maldon station, and when the train moved away that evening, it bore a father justly happy in full proof of the promise of a son who could bear the attacks of ignorance and malice, and surmount the toils of detraction unruffled, without dread of the issue. Millais pirouetted smartly, saying, "Now, isn't that a dear old Daddy? I am sure he enjoyed his visit; come along, we have had a good stretch over the fields far and near."

On our way we overtook two graceful damsels, servants at a house where Millais visited. He at once called my attention to the fitness of one of these for the face of Ophelia in his picture, and approached them, saying he intended to ask their mistress to allow her to sit to him. As we got near home he assured me of his conviction that we should both make a success next year, and that we could not fail to get soon appointed to do some national mural work, by which we could win the world to approval of our principles by our invention and delicacy of expression. This brought us to our home and our dinner. Soon after the meal, when Millais was lying comfortably on the sofa, I observed that it was time to start out to meet Collins, and I suggested that he should put on his boots and come at once.

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[1] See p. 315, vol. ii.

But he was tired, so I started alone, he shouting after me, "I know your little game; you want to cut me out with Harriet, but I'll be even with you!"

I was impatient while the lantern was being fitted up, for it was fully late.

At first, looking from the upland across the country, the furthest horizon of the darkened earth could scarcely be distinguished from the lustreless sky, for the eyelids of that day's wakefulness had closed. My outlook was soon altered, for in a few minutes I descended into a thick plantation, where the objects commanding my sight were only those on which the spoke rays of the lantern were shed, the grass and pebbles on the road, the ferns and weeds which swept my knees, the trunks of trees and network of their overhanging branches against an indigo sky. Sometimes I stopped, not only to admire the tracery of delicate leaves, but to observe exactly how far the light I carried brought objects before me into visible being; it may have been my intrusion alone that made the birds start away from their nests with alarmed cry, or that my light revealed some nearer enemy which made the awakened guardian of a nest noisy in his alarm. My further steps led me into a path at the side of the stream. Between me and the water was a hut long since abandoned by the powder workers. With my new picture in view I had special reasons for wishing to see the further side by night, and walked through the thick grass to explore it. On the river side was a door locked up and overgrown with tendrils of ivy, its step choked with weeds. I stood and dwelt upon the desolation of the scene, and pictured in mind the darkness of that inner chamber, barred up by man and nature alike. When I had regained the road and was making progress, a five-years-old memory of an altogether unexplained experience came into my mind.

At that date, arriving by the last train from London at the Ewell station on the other side of the village, the stationmaster shut up his office and came out with a lantern to walk home. I accompanied him, being glad of his light. When we had entered under some heavy trees I cautioned him that some white creature, probably an animal, was advancing towards us. "It will be sure to get out of our way," he said, and walked on unfalteringly. Yet I kept my eyes riveted on the approaching being. When we had come nearer I interrupted our idle chat, saying, "But it is steadily coming towards us." He turned up his gaze and was stopped by what he saw. The mysterious midnight roamer proved to be no brute, but had the semblance of a stately, tall man wrapped in white drapery round the head and down to the feet. Stopping within five paces from us, he seemed to look through me with his solemn gaze. Would he speak? I wondered. Was his ghostly clothing merely vapour? I peered at it; it seemed too solid for this, and yet not solid enough for earthly garb. We both stood paralysed and expectant. Then the figure deliberately marched to our left, making a half-circle around us, till he regained the line he had been travelling upon, and paced majestically onward.

Clutching my companion's arm I said, "What is it?" His reply was, "It's a ghost." "Let us follow it," I spoke. "I have seen it more than enough," said the stationmaster. "Lend me your lantern," I urged, "that I may pursue and examine it." But he refused. The figure was still visible striding on in the thick darkness. Had I dared to follow it without a light, the striking of the church clock would have reminded me that I was already fully late for my uncle's demure household, and I left the mystery unsolved. At the point where our road met the village, we came upon two sober men, of whom we asked what person it was that had lately passed them. They said they had been standing there ten minutes, and nobody had gone by. Next day, and for long after, investigations were made by the stationmaster and his friends, but nothing more was heard to unravel the mystery.

Being now alone, I tried whether by any stretch of imagination I could conjure up the same appearance as I had done five years ago. No effort of mine succeeded in kindling any apparition of the kind.

Dismissing this mysterious recollection, I reached the main road, where new incidents arose in the passing of a few stragglers to their homes. The first was a solitary countryman, who returned my salutation in cheerful manner; soon I heard a hilarious party coming along from afar in a light cart who in passing joked me about Diogenes and his lantern and continued their loud chatter until, in intermittent gusts of merriment, they passed out of my hearing. Then came a husband and wife with crying children, disputing as to who had been the cause of the delay in returning home.

After this I felt it questionable whether Charley might not have missed me going by another path; but, afar on the other side of the road, there sounded the stirring of timid feet on the grassy footway. I crossed and stood in front of the person, the shadow of the lantern hiding my face, till with uplifted hand I discovered my friend, the picture of absolute terror. "All right, Charley," I said, putting my hand upon him to give him comfort. "Oh," he gasped, "when I saw your lantern crossing the road and making for me so determinedly I gave up myself as lost, and as the light was raised its owner was still unrevealed, and I did not know you till you spoke. What I have suffered on the road is beyond conception, and how I should get over the fields filled me with terror. How thankful I am to see you! Where's Millais?"

"His father came this afternoon, and after walking about a good deal he was too tired to come," I said. "I've enjoyed my walk."

We chatted on till Charley gained breath and composure. "Now I want you to tell me about Wilkie and the other great artists," I said, "Turner, Stodhard, Constable, Etty, and their like, whom you had, to me, the inconceivable luck of knowing in your earliest days."

"Will it seem perversity to say that I think you were more to be envied than I?" said he. "You looked upon these men as lights in a distant temple that you were striving to reach. You saw the peril of becoming one of those who faint by the way, and you were prepared to encounter obstacles; you put out all your strength to arrive at the desired goal. In doing this you were forced to tread new ground, and you acquired the habit of doing so. The difference with me was that I was already enjoying the brightness and glory of the haven where the crowned ones were resting, talking of the race they had run as only part of their youth. I was dandled on their knees. I took to drawing from mere habit, and they all applauded my efforts. I looked upon the diadem as a part of manhood that must come, and now I begin to doubt and fear the issue."

"My dear doubter and fearer," said I, "learn something from me. I have many times in my studio come to such a pass of humiliation that I have felt that there was not one thing that I had thought I could do thoroughly in which I was not altogether incapable. After I had drawn from the antique and life for years, it has seemed to me that I was so imbecile in the most elementary part of design that I have set myself to practise making horizontal, perpendicular, and oblique lines and curves of all kinds, like a beginner. It has been the same with painting. There has on occasions appeared to me no salvation but in working in white and black; in doing this I have affected being a beginner. In our Pre-Raphaelitism there is danger in the determination to stultify one's pride for the nonce. In determining to eliminate all traditional masterliness, when we design without Nature before us, we often draw less well than we did before. However, it seems better thus to make sure of our footing in order to *sauter mieux*. This first part of our experience you are now troubled by, but you must not doubt or fear. Let us do battle, but do not let the fighting be that of a fatalist who thinks Heaven is against him."

Collins and I thus mutually philosophised until we reached the farm, where night reigned supreme, and Millais was sleeping the sleep of the just.

It was continually interesting to note the differences between my two comrades, one fated to win honours, whatever the obstructions might be; the other, spite of original gifts and of strenuous yearnings, doomed to be turned back on the threshold of success by want of courageous confidence.

It was late in the autumn, but I had matured my preparations for "The Light of the World" enough to work in the old orchard before the leaves and fruit had altogether disappeared. To paint the picture life size, as I should have desired, would then have forbidden any hope of sale. For my protection from the cold, as far as it could be found, I had a little sentry-box built of hurdles, and I sat with my feet in a sack of straw. A lamp, which I at first tried, proved to be too strong and blinding to allow me to distinguish the subtleties of hue of the moonlit scene, and I had to be satisfied with the illumination from a common candle. I went out to my work about 9 P.M., and remained till 5 A.M. the next morning, when I retired into the house to bed till about ten, and then rose to go back to my hut and devote myself for an hour or two to the rectifying of any errors of colour, and to drawing out the work for the ensuing night. My first experience in nocturnal labour was alarming. The handsome avenue in front of the farm was, of course, known to be haunted. I promised to be on my guard against the *shameless duchess* or any of her crew, that they should have no excuse for taking away my character. For an hour the stillness was chequered by the going in and out of farm servants, then my friends came out ere they retired to sleep and chatted with me, wrapped against the cold. Shortly after, the lights seen through the windows were extinguished one by one, and a quiet, deep sense of solitude reigned over all. The noises of life ceased save the draggling pulsation of the powder mill down in the vale below, whose measured beating timed the black night. I plied my brush busily, in turn warming my numbed fingers in my breast. About midnight I could hear that there was another noise, like the rustling of dead leaves, and that this grew more distinct, evidently coming nearer as I paused to listen, but the road trodden by the thing of night was hidden from me. Yet I could not the less certainly measure the distance of the waves of disturbed dried leaves. The steps had arrived at the face of the house, and now were turning aside to the orchard, where soon indeed I could see a hundred yards off a mysterious presence. I shouted out, "Tell me who you are." A flash of light shot across the orchard, and then with solemn step the village policeman approached. "I thought you were the ghost," I said. "Well, to tell the truth, sir, that was what I thought of you." Henceforth he was a nightly visitor, and accepted my tobacco while he chatted to me for half an hour. When I asked him whether he had seen other artists painting landscapes in the neighbourhood, his reply was, "I can't exactly say as I have at this time o' night."

I resumed my nocturnal work every full moon when people skated in the daytime in the valley two hundred feet below. After I had made my corrections in the night's work, I had still to apply myself to the sheep in my other picture. Millais continued at his ivy-clad wall, the original of which might have been of the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Late in the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Combe were in town, and they came down to visit us. This was my first introduction to two of the most unpretending servants of goodness and nobility that their generation knew. They were surely "the salt of the earth" to a large circle. He was born at Leicester, and seeing the great likeness in him to the monumental portrait of Shakespeare's friend Thomas Combe of Stratford-upon-Avon, I asked him later in my acquaintance if he could trace the connection, but he seemed indisposed to make a claim to this ancestor, not altogether perhaps unmindful of the raillery of the poet upon his friend's activity as a usurer.

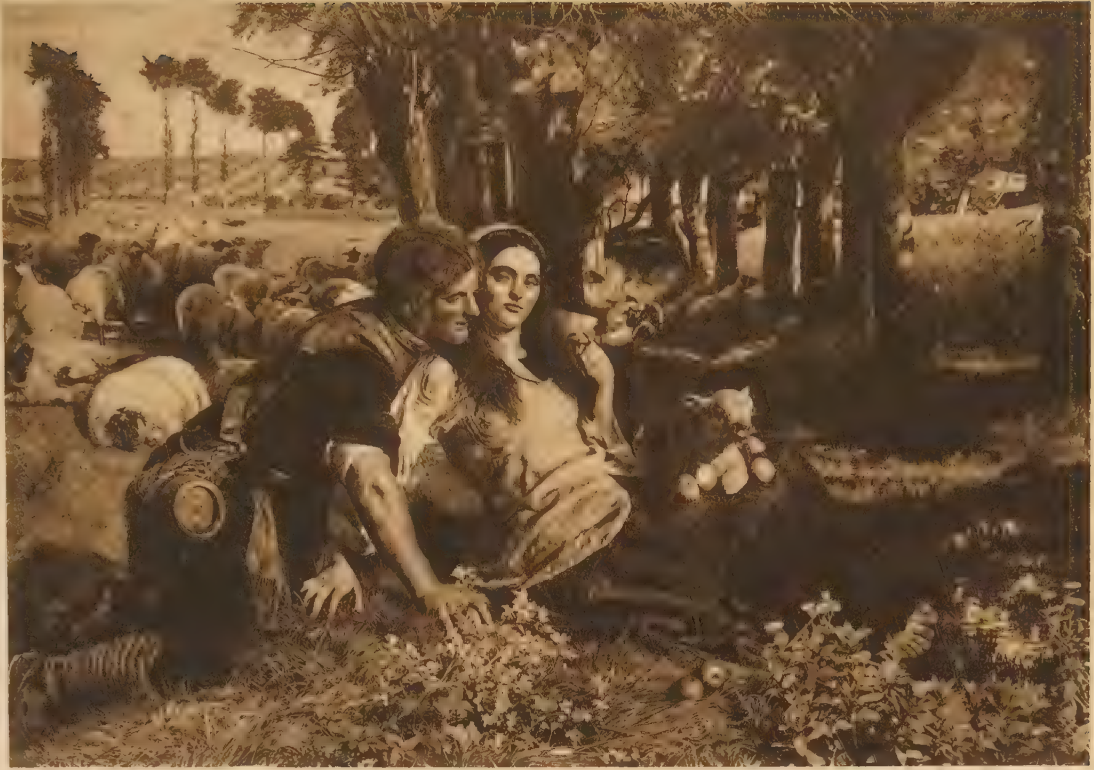
W. H. H.

THOMAS COMBE MONUMENT, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The worthy couple saw my pictures, and from that moment declared the greatest interest in the beginning of the "Christ at the Door."

Before returning permanently from Surrey I took the opportunity of being in town late in the year to call on R. B. Martineau, who, having heard of my success with Rossetti, had, through an old fellow-student, notified his wish to become my pupil in painting. He had already been through the schools of the Academy, gaining some honours, and wished at this point to train himself to paint subject pictures in oil. Concluding that he thought I was very prosperous, I tested him by saying that up to this present time, although I had lived more self denyingly than any lawyer's clerk would have done, I had not succeeded in paying my way, and that I was heavily in debt, with nothing but pictures as assets which nobody would buy; indeed, from all experiences I could scarcely regard painting in England as a *profession* at all, and advised, if he could reconcile himself to any other life, that he would abandon the idea of becoming an artist. But to him the lucrativeness of the pursuit was not at first a vital question, which removed the scruples I had against encouraging any one native born needing to live by his profession from becoming a painter in this country. In the end he became my pupil, and remained my close and much valued friend until his death, nearly twenty years later. I encouraged him to complete a design he had begun from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and this he painted in my studio, while I finished "The Hireling Shepherd." He never became a facile executant, but from the first he produced admirable pictures. His greatest work was "The Last Day in the Old Home."

This visit to town only occupied me a day, and I lost no time in resuming work to finish all the details in my background. Gabriel Rossetti had not been to see us, although once or twice we had expected him. William Millais came and stayed, painting a small landscape, and Wilkie Collins also came to see us. In youth he had thought of being a painter, but had gradually drifted into literature. He was a man now, slight of build, about five feet six inches in height, with an impressive head, the cranium being noticeably more prominent on



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The Hireling Shepherd.

(Larger version)

J. E. Millais.

WILKIE COLLINS.

the right side than on the left, which inequality did not amount to a disfigurement; perhaps indeed it gave a stronger impression of intellectual power. He was redundant in pleasant temperament, his immediate concern was in his brother's recent inclination to extreme Church discipline and rigorous self-denial in matters of fasting and calendar observances, which in Wilkie's mind could only be prejudicial to health and to the due exercise of his ability. He charged us not to be too persistent in our comments upon the eccentricity, believing that, if left alone, Charley would not long persevere in his new course. Wilkie took a lively interest in our pursuits, and professed a desire to write an article on our method of work, leaving the question of the value of results entirely apart, that the public might understand our earnestness in the direct pursuit of nature, which, if not establishing the excellence of our productions, would at least be convincing proof that our untiring ambition was not to copy any mediævalists, as it was so generally said we did, but to be persistent rather in the pursuit of new truth. This intention was never acted upon.

Before we left, Millais' friends the Lemprières, Sir George Glynn, and many worthies of the neighbourhood came to visit us.

My uncle at Ewell and his admirable wife were among our visitors. They were full of deferred curiosity to see the pictures we three had been doing, and they drove over in their light chaise to luncheon; they both highly enjoyed dwelling on all the field growths of our paintings, but they caused us much laughter about a water rat which Millais had put in his "Ophelia." The creature was perfectly correct in its perspective, but in comparison with the flowers on the other side of the stream with the intervening space not painted, it appeared prodigiously large, and my uncle guessed twenty different *varmint* without hitting on the little beast it was intended to be. The painter wanted to test how far the rat was a good likeness, and would not help the critic, until my uncle gave up the question in despair. The creature had been introduced to give the idea of a lonely peacefulness in the spot, but its presence suggested a painful idea, and though it had been exquisitely treated, eventually Millais reluctantly erased it. It was C. R. Leslie's advice which ultimately prevailed on this point when he saw the picture.

RECTORY FARM, EWELL.

With all our work done we took leave of the farm household and came up to town in December, parting from one another where the Waterloo Road and Strand met, thinking that we should often again enjoy such happy fellowship, but, alas! no two dreams are alike. Never did we live again together in such daily spirit-stirring emulation. I feel this deeply in my old age when I alone am left of the band who worked together with so much mutual love and aspiration. I have dwelt much on homely details of the time; they carry with them a significance that no artist will deny.

Brown had now taken a studio at the back premises of a house occupied by Bailey the sculptor, with an entrance through the house and at the back; it was capacious enough for the large picture of Chaucer still in progress. We found him with the picture of "Christ washing Peter's Feet" on the easel, and he was conducting it on our plan communicated at Worcester Park Farm. The head of St. John was painted from W. M. Rossetti. My father sat for the first draft of one disciple, and I of another; but as these were in tone they were not much dependent upon the strict principle of our system, and in the end they were altogether repainted, either from other sitters or from fancy. I never understood why Brown, being the independent thinker that he was, represented Peter as a burly man of sixty, since the active career of the apostle took place after the event recorded, before his martyrdom, which occurred at least thirty years later.

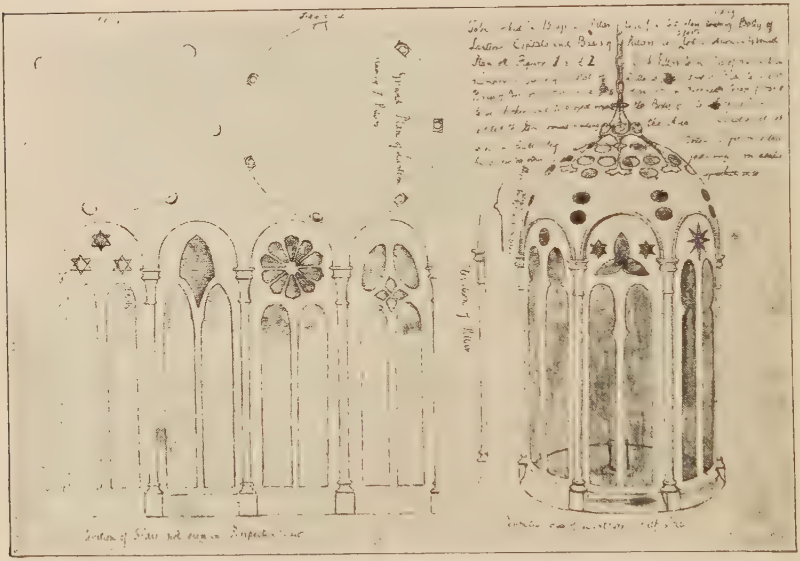
CHAPTER XII

1852

For God is Perfection, and whoever strives for Perfection strives for something that is God-like.—Michael Angelo.

Naturally all my friends came to see the work done in the country. Gabriel felicitated me upon the choice of sacred subject, saying he had quite recently read the whole Testament through from the first word to the last, in the hope of finding some hitherto untreated circumstances suitable for painting, and he had not noticed the text in Revelation. Other friends made comments that were in their way worthy of attention. Miss Siddal came in turn to let me study the effect of the light and shade on her beautiful copper-coloured locks. She called again to tell me that she had just seen a small print in a Catholic book shop illustrating " Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," which was in every particular exactly like my conception of the night effect, the closed overgrown door, the orchard, and the fruit fallen on the ground, even the flitting bat, Christ crowned and robed, with a connecting breastplate, and carrying a lantern.

The statement was highly provocative of fear that at least some of my original thoughts had been anticipated. I therefore took the first opportunity of going to see the print, when lo ! it proved that the only resemblance was in the fact that the Saviour was standing and knocking at a door. The scene was in daylight ; the Saviour was uncrowned, He had no priestly robes or breastplate, He carried no lantern, the door was not overgrown, there was no orchard outside and no bat, and in truth all the accessories which had given value in my eyes to the subject did not exist at all, but had been transplanted from my picture by the imaginative lady to the Overbeckian design. One of my first duties now was to design the lantern which was to be carried by the Saviour ; the windows and openings had to be carefully studied in relation to the rays of light they would emit from the central light. It had to be made in metal ; it seemed to me that tin might serve the purpose, which could be lacquered to represent gold. A metal worker agreed to make it for a small sum, but afterwards represented that the cost would not be much extra if made in brass, and as this seemed too trifling to be considered, I assented, but was not a little dismayed eventually at having to pay over seven pounds.



DESIGN FOR LANTERN IN "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

Had I gone to a brass ornamentalist in the first instance it is probable that his price would have been less, and the work much better.

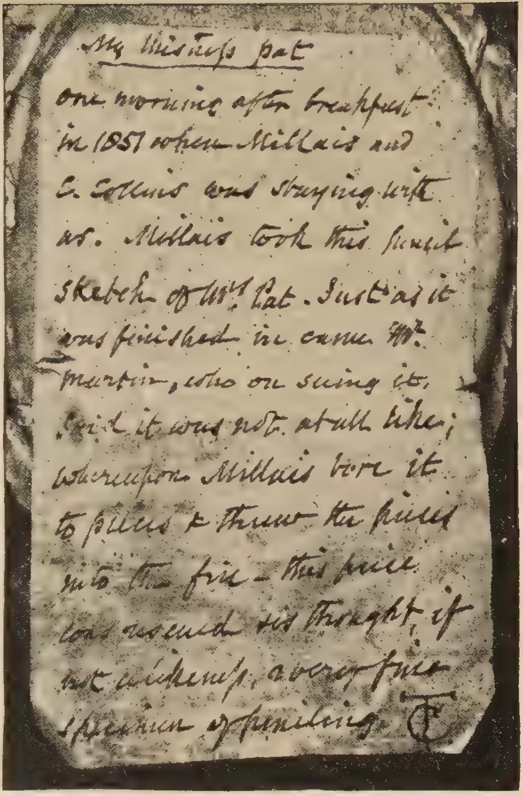
On moonlight nights at Chelsea I was able by some dried clinging tendrils of ivy, which I had brought from the door in Surrey and fastened to an old board, to advance what I had done on the spot itself. Until the place of the figure and drapery could be decided I had been unable to paint this part of the background. In the daytime I worked on "The Hireling Shepherd," and in the intervals I was directing my new pupil exactly on the system I had adopted with Rossetti. Thus Martineau's work progressed beyond expectation. The monthly instalments for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" from Mr. M'Cracken became after this date sadly intermittent, and as I could not agree to delay, the correspondence grew vexatious.

As a pleasant and cheering distraction I occasionally dined with the Collins family. Nothing could well exceed the jollity of these little dinners. Edward Ward and his pleasant wife would sometimes be of the party. In any case Mrs. Collins did not often make our smoking after the meal a reason for her absence from our company. We were all hard-worked people enjoying one another's society, and we talked as only such can. Many of the stories that were told were of artists and authors of the last generation. Verily a man has not played his full part when he is buried. While yet his contemporaries old or young have tongues wherewith to re-echo and reanimate his unforgettable personality, he is still often called upon to come forth and repeat his rôle. David Wilkie, with his simplicity, his absent mindedness, and his strong Scotch accent; Turner, with his unpolished exterior and his direct and piquant speech; Constable, with his contempt for the sophistication of Nature, and, besides these, others who had been of mark only for a passing season, not infrequently came before us. Bailey the sculptor, to wit, was a man who took an ephemeral success as one betokening unending glory for himself, and on the strength of this prospect drove about in handsome equipages until one day he discovered that the summer warmth on his brilliant wings had gone by for ever. The view of Morland lying brutally unconscious in drink was revealed to us; his was an eternity, not of innocent yet unrealised joy, but of debasing slavery, a warning to all men sent out on the mission of life; and how one's emotions changed their notes in the successive scenes that came before us! the records as imperishable as the life of the figures on Keats's Greek urn. In talking of painters like Romney, Constable, Turner, and Leslie, who had found friends and patrons in Lord de Tabley and Lord Egremont, full recognition was made of the services of those lovers of painting in opening a way for British art outside of portraiture, to which at first it seemed confined. "Do not, however," said Wilkie Collins, "think that these noblemen were any but signal exceptions in their attitude towards art. Of the English aristocracy the majority have no care for their country's art. The works of the old masters, done for the satisfaction of the Church centuries ago, which some of them collected, might all have been bought for English collections without advancing British art one whit. The men who really opened the way for you painters were the manufacturers when finding themselves rich enough to indulge in the refinements of life. 'We want works that will be within our own intelligence and that are akin to our own interests,' they said. 'Jupiter, Venus, and Minerva, and such gentlemen and ladies may be proper to high society, and the pictures of the Virgin and Child, as also subjects of apocryphal tradition, are strictly in the vogue, but we want beautiful works for our own living rooms, and we prefer those which treat of matters within our own comprehension, which we can only get from men of our own time and our own national sentiments.' Those were the appreciators who founded English art, and they showed their good British common-sense. You artists and the whole country owe them a debt of gratitude for having done it. Beforehand English painters rarely found employment except in doctoring old masters suffering from decay." Wilkie Collins had knowledge of the interests of art for more than one past generation; thus he spoke with authority on the matter.

Amongst my few visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Combe. They invited me to spend Christmas with them and join in the Oxford festivities, particularly the celebration in Magdalen Hall. I gladly availed myself of this pleasant opportunity; it was evident that they overflowed with good thoughts for me, as for all their protégés. Mr. Combe had, some few years before, been appointed head of the University Press. When he came into control the printing of Bibles and Prayer-Books and the publishing of a few choice classics, although a business monopoly, was in a languishing condition, and occasioned an annual loss to the University, but his energy and capacity had already changed the deficit into a gain. He resided in one of the two conjoined houses in the quadrangle. The architecture of the group of buildings was as bare as it could well be, but by means of a circular basin in the courtyard, with a fountain shaded by a weeping willow, the luxuriant growth of deciduous and perennial plants and flowers around the confines of the square, with the occasional visits of peacocks from a yard behind, a park-like look was given to the small enclosure. The sitting-room had ranges of books at one end, and many choice prints and drawings about it. A fragment of a beautiful drawing of Mrs. Combe was framed over the mantelpiece. It had been done with great care by Millais, and was just completed when Dr. Martin entered. The doctor was the link which had brought the new friends together, and he was at once asked to pronounce on the likeness. It happened to provoke some merry strictures, on which the draughtsman snatched it away, tore it in bits, and threw them into the fire; the face was rescued by Mr. Combe. Mrs. Combe, though still young, was the foster-mother of the whole parish; she knew the troubles of every house, and left neither good, bad, nor indifferent without her solid sympathy. I had not been long her guest before Dr. Acland and John Hungerford Pollen called upon me, and so began life-long friendships; both were at the time amateur artists, the latter having already painted the roof of Merton College Chapel.

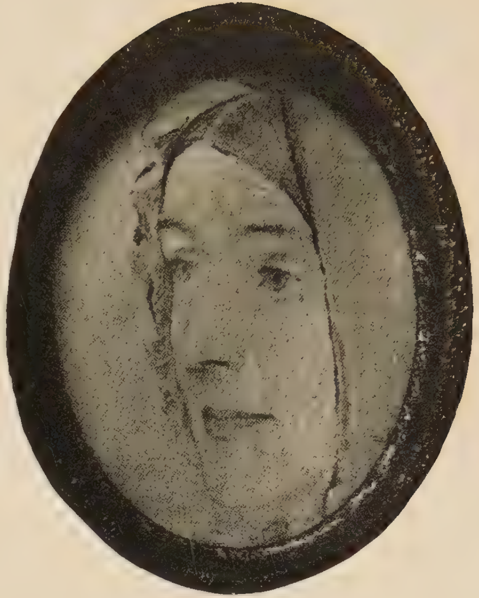
I had looked forward to my Oxford visit with no little nervousness. It seemed appalling to face the learned fellows and dignitaries of this University, and I knew that my introduction would be to them rather than to the undergraduates. The apprehension of their stiff exclusiveness made my experience of their genial and unaffected hospitality the more enjoyable. My estimable friends had won me favour, and on my presentation it seemed that every elder had put on his suit of youth, and had hidden away all his just claims to importance. I received a shower of invitations.

One morning at a college breakfast with many dons present, each of whom had soon become warmly engaged in general conversation, my neighbour quietly asked me to reveal to him the true purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism. I essayed it in confidential tones, charging him to dismiss all explanations published in the Press, and went on to say that British art when installed under George III. was encouraged by what seemed the best judgment to take the highest development of Italian art as the particular object of its own emulative ambition. Reynolds, in 1769, it must be remembered, was then the spokesman of the new Academy just founded by the King; he declared his belief that the result of this school would be so glorious that its work would soon eclipse that of all present art, and he was thus prejudiced to look upon the founders of all Academies, not excepting Le Brun, as the grand luminaries of past art. The requirements of the passing day and the special character of our race were equally ignored; but the genius our painters



My Mistress Pat

One morning after breakfast
in 1851 when Millais and
C. Collins was staying with
us. Millais took this pencil
sketch of Mrs. Pat. Just as it
was finished in came Mr.
Martin, who on seeing it,
said it was not at all like;
whereupon Millais tore it
to pieces & threw the pieces
into the fire – this piece
was rescued its thought, if
not likeness, a very fine
specimen of pencilling. TC



J. E. Millais.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. COMBE.

displayed was not in any degree owing to the exotic system they were obliged to adopt; the "grand style" had no atmosphere in which to flourish. The first President pronounced that rules are not the fetters of genius, but only of those who have none. When he worked at his highest he proved a force, in each of the double meanings of his words, for although he observed the rules, his inventiveness came from the independent working of his own mind. In accepting traditional convention he certainly expedited the course of each work incalculably, and may also have satisfied his educated conscience; undoubtedly he humoured the prejudices of the conventional connoisseur, but unbiassed mankind was not gained by his *one-eighth of pure light* and his *seven-eighths* of scientifically modulated bituminous dark, but by his new truths from Nature.[1] The untutored, from his own kinship with Nature as depicted by Reynolds, is ever moved with delight at this painter's seizure of graces and charms which no one before him had secured; his rivals also were great when inspired by the same faculty of awakening attention to divine innocence in creation. Still the academic dogma had been preached, and it became a merit in the dull and pretentious to show their fetters by rivalling the artificialities of the grand masters. Art was to be kept in bounds from fear of incendiarism, and so it was kept without fuel. In painting landscape and portraits it was impossible for any with full degree of observant sense not to catch some aspect of Nature, but when imaginative work was demanded, no aid was sought from this eternal source of all inspiration; thus even now the heaviness of authoritative dogma has been never fully counterbalanced.

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[1] "When I was in Venice the method I took to avail myself of their principle was this. When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as in the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and the secondary lights; another quarter to be as dark as possible; and the remaining half to be kept in mezzotint or half shadow."—*Notes to Du Fresnoy.*

While thus speaking I noticed that my neighbour to the right, having found a break in the chat with his gossip, turned to hear my treason, and then his companion joined our little circle. From a lingering bashfulness of youth I felt the more need of hushed privacy in my discourse, till suddenly there was a distinct turn all along the table, and a doctor from afar in the most sedately polite manner asked whether I would have the kindness to speak somewhat louder, as he was sure he was not alone in wishing to hear an exposition of Pre-Raphaelitism. Oh, modest reader, did you ever in youth have such an experience? If so, add to your own cause of trepidation the many that I had in all the irregularity of my education, and imagine my tremor in unexpectedly finding myself discoursing to more than a dozen of the most learned of the University. For a moment I wavered, but a supreme effort sent me on once more, in bungling manner, doubtless; the proposition that had to be urged was that while artists must ever be beholden to examples from the past for their tuition, the theme that they treat must ever be new, or they must make it so by an infiltration of thoughts belonging to their own time. In our art, as in all others of the ever advancing human mind, there are continually new prizes to be found.

> The fair new forms
> That float about the threshold of an age,
> Like truths of science waiting to be caught,
> Crying, "catch me who can," and make the catcher crowned.

"Stop, pray," said a don, "please tell us whom you quote?"

"I was quoting a passage from Tennyson's *Golden Year*, which expresses my meaning better than anything I could say," I replied.

"Tennyson!" was the chorus from several voices.

"You don't regard Tennyson as a poet," and some lines from *The May Queen* were cited to settle the question. I gave up that poem as infantile, but tried to justify my admiration by adducing others. The digression went on warmly, and soon all the church clocks rang out our dismissal. Throughout the whole of the polite and pleasant converse with friends whose acquaintances I was happy enough to make in Oxford there was but one man, a fellow of Jesus, who endorsed my enthusiastic defence of Tennyson. I was often after invited to various high tables to continue my arguments as to the need of a reform in art, but this was not until I had been introduced as more eccentric in being a champion of the poet than in defending Pre-Raphaelitism. It is singular that there was less disposition to yield to me on the point of the excellence of the future poet laureate and D.C.L. than on the reasonableness of the views of our new school of art. Whatever my most cordial hosts conceded to me was overridden by their love of Ary Scheffer and Overbeck, examples of whose works were displayed with pride on the walls of the most advanced of art admirers. To me these grew more unpleasing every day, but when I revealed my prejudice, and tried to point out the sickliness of character in the designs, only few indications of change of conviction appeared on the faces of my friends, who naturally regarded my rebellion to authority—at least on this point—as an example of youthful narrowness.

Yet before I left the University I had cordial invitations to come and see my disputants at the Commemoration, to which the Combes had kindly pressed me to return.

I worked steadily at "The Hireling Shepherd" till the sending-in day. With this gone I devoted myself to finish the original coloured studies of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" to make it marketable, and the sketch of "Claudio and Isabella," which promised remunerative recompense; the work, however, much exceeded my calculation in the time taxed for its fastidious elaboration.

The Hireling Shepherd.

A certain amateur dealer came when these works were standing in their frames. He announced his intention of opening an exhibition of sketches, and, having chanced to hear of mine, he had to ask me to contribute them to his collection. I explained that I must defer reply until I had shown them to an experienced friend, because in both cases I had counted upon obtaining more than usual payment, as they had engaged me much longer than I had anticipated; the smaller I had hoped to finish in a week and to sell for five pounds; but notwithstanding incessant diligence it had employed me for three weeks. It had been a bad venture for me, and I must now ascertain how far I could raise the price. My visitor urged that I should send both to his rooms; the Valentine he would strive to sell for me for my price, forty pounds, and if I would fix a small additional sum, say two pounds, on the "Claudio and Isabella," he would take it at once. I repeated my desire first to gain a professional opinion of the market value, but on his insistence that he had only

W. H. H.

STUDY OF SHEPHERD'S HEAD.

a small amount to expend, and that he must settle the question ere he went to see the other artists' sketches, I closed with him for seven pounds ten shillings.

The next day Egg called saying that a friend of his had asked whether I would finish my original study of the "Claudio and Isabella" for him. I explained how I had finished and sold it. He hoped that I had gained a good price, as this kind of work was the most paying of all. My story made him indignant with "the old sharper," for his friend had proposed to give forty pounds. On the private view of the sketches, the secretary informed me that the Valentine was bought by his principal for forty pounds, but reduced by ten per cent commission.[1]

The "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot" were both finished by Millais for the Royal Academy of this year. They were hung well, and were received with whispering respect and even with enthusiasm. My "Hireling Shepherd" was also hung on the line in a good place, and certainly it won many converts on the varnishing morning. I was sorry to see that Madox Brown's "Christ washing Peter's Feet" was posted up above the line in a most unworthy place; even there it looked like a great work, but the artist was very sore about its treatment. While standing near me, pouting and frowning more than he knew perhaps, Mr. Francis Grant came up to him and somewhat abruptly said he had been deputed by his fellow-members to state how much the picture was admired by them, and to explain that the committee had been caused anxiety by the fact that certain deeply coated thick madder lake used in some drapery, which was not dry on its arrival, was found, on the canvas being turned round, to have streamed in a long crimson line over the lower part; that one of the members had cautiously removed the colour, and with the same care had used a soft rag to rub away the remaining stain; and finally, they were glad to congratulate him on the picture. The practical outcome of this professed admiration was more than Brown's temper could bear. He glowered at the speaker till the last word, then pivoted on his heels without uttering a remark. The body of the Saviour in his picture was perfectly nude at the time, Brown having interpreted the passage, "He laid aside His garments," as meaning this. The picture had been mainly painted on the system which Millais and I had revealed to him at the farm. This was more conspicuous when the figure was nude, but any discriminating observer will now see it in the face, arms, and hands of the Saviour, which were left uncovered as they were at first, whilst the body is clothed in a grey dress, added some years later.[1] In all of the exposed parts it may be seen that the transparent colour was put on in streaks, with evidences that the brushes used for the carnations were long and round in shape and were less flat than we should have used, and the opportunity was lost, while the layer was still wet, of blending it with soft cross touches; notwithstanding the want of this mystery, the effect at a short distance was rich and good. Brown's mastery in colour and form made all fall into beautiful concord.

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[1] "Claudio and Isabella" was sold at Foster's Auction Rooms some months after for one hundred and ten pounds, and in another year or two for two hundred and ten pounds.

The beautifully painted copper bowl will further elucidate the use of our *secret* of working over wet white. The hair and the face in part were painted from Miss Siddal, with the guidance also of a sitting from F. G. Stephens. The picture was in Brown's possession for several years, during which he frequently worked on it, and as frequently improved it, until it became the glorious example of design and colouring we now see.[2]

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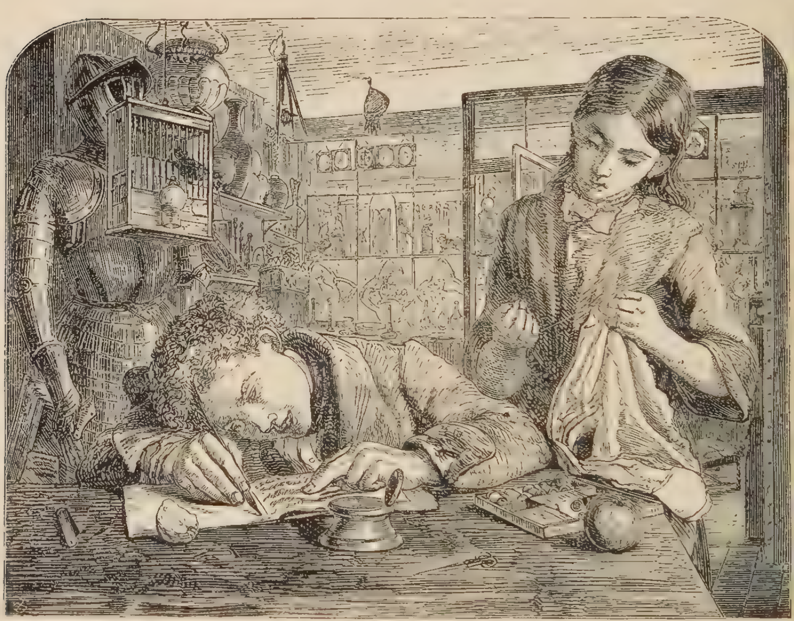
[1] It was in the year 1856 that he took up this picture to cover the body with drapery and make other changes. He did this to its manifest advantage, as was always the case when he retouched his pictures. See Hueffer's *Life of F. M. Brown*, chap. vii. p. 182.

[2] See Hueffer's *Life and Works of F. M. Brown*, chap. xix. p. 413, remarkable for its conscientious care, as also for its occasional too modest estimate of the artist's genius.

His "Pretty Baa Lambs" had been "skied" in the Octagon Room; this, indeed, was serious to him; he had lately married again, and his moderate annuity needed increase. He was about thirty-two years of age, and so far his profession had been only an expense to him; never again did he appear at the Academy.

My pupil Martineau had his picture of "Kit's Writing Lesson" very luckily placed for a first work; it was purchased by Mr. Mudie.


R. B. Martineau

KIT'S LESSON.

With these pictures of Brown and Martineau were many others evidencing the influence of our example. Maclise had a painting of "King Alfred in the Danish Camp," in which an overhanging May tree had blossoms elaborated with the utmost precision and frankness. Arthur Hughes, who had been a steady disciple from the beginning, had a painting of "Ophelia," but this was placed too high to be seen without a ladder, from the steps of which Millais expressed warm congratulation of the poetic younger artist. Many others also were (some with, and others without, avowal) working in our spirit. The system of painting over a wet white ground was tested afterwards throughout the profession. Frith told me a few years later that he had tried it on a cap in the "Derby Day," and that after persevering for a few hours he produced the most hopeless mess he had ever seen before on any canvas; he therefore wiped it out and painted it in the ordinary way.

The opening day went by without inquiries after the price of my picture, but it was evident that people were wavering. Weeks passed, and it seemed as though again success was to be indefinitely postponed, when a very courteous letter arrived from an unknown gentleman, stating that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the picture, but could not afford the price, three hundred guineas. He did not think this too much, but he wished to know for what sum I would repeat the group of the sheep by itself. I proposed seventy guineas, and he agreed. The same gentleman, Mr. Charles Maude of Bath, then wrote to say that a friend of his had no less enthusiasm for the "Hireling Shepherd" than himself, and that he trusted I would excuse him for proposing whether I could agree to take the money for it in instalments, one hundred and fifty pounds in a first payment, and the remainder as his friend received his own stipend, quarterly, in sums of about sixty pounds; if so, he would be ready to purchase it. I at once closed with this offer. The same polite gentleman wrote then to say that his friend was his cousin, Mr. Broderip, the magistrate and naturalist, from whom he conveyed to me an invitation to lunch, and this gave me the opportunity of seeing two of the most pleasant old gentlemen I ever had the felicity to meet. Nor was this all, for Mr. Broderip then said that his great and valued friend, Professor Owen (since Sir Richard, K.C.B.) wished to know me, and had asked him to drive me down on an early day to pass the afternoon with him, a proposal which I felt it a great honour to accept. Accordingly, with an explanation on the way that our host had been one of my stoutest champions throughout, I was introduced on a sunny summer noon into the portals of the sweet little cottage in Richmond Park which Her Majesty had given him for life.

It so happened on that afternoon there was another painter visiting the Professor. I had not met him before, but he turned out to be genial and pleasant. He was, however, quite of the conventional faith ; and spite of the fact that the battle over our principles had been raging for three years in the press, he at length, as we were assembled in the sunny little drawing-room, asked, as if it were quite a novel idea, whether I could explain on what grounds I put aside the canons of art which laid down the need of a restricted focus as the scheme of chiaroscuro in a picture, and why I disregarded other laws of effect discovered and composition practised by the greatest masters. Even up to this date I had retained a boyish tendency to break into uncontrollable laughter when a situation amused me. It was now only by giving weight to the fact that my interrogator was an older man than myself, and that the scholarly listeners might well expect me to acquit myself soberly, that I could assume a sufficiently grave demeanour. I had entered upon a preamble, when suddenly the host held up his hand as by a happy surprise, saying, "By the bye, I must now, while the sun still shines, be allowed to show Mr. Holman Hunt my bees," and he dragged me out to the end of the garden, where, with his large eyes turned on me, he said, "You know, Mr. Painter is a most excellent gentleman, and I am glad to see him here at times, but what he says about art cannot be of interest to any one whatever, and it is certainly not worth your answering, so you must excuse me for interrupting you," on which he invited my pity for a poor bumble bee, so hopelessly intoxicated in a canterbury bell that when we made a show of catching him he could only put up one of his inebriated legs and say, plain as plain could be, "You leave me alone, can't you?"

The time for my Commemoration visit was now at hand, and I gladly went down again to see my friends at Oxford. One of the Fellows of Christchurch, whose acquaintance I had been happy enough to make, was the Rev. J. Gordon, who had been the tutor of Ruskin. He gave me many interesting accounts of his pupil's time at the University; and it was sad to hear that Ruskin had been made the subject of a great deal of horse-play by the other undergraduates of the college on account of his avoidance of all the sports and fun in which these young gentlemen were disposed to indulge. Ruskin, at the time referred to, had temporarily lamed his ankle. Ryman, the print-seller, had a rich collection of Turner prints and some drawings, so in the place of exercise Ruskin obtained permission from the tradesman to go into the back shop and make sketches from some of Turner's pictures. Mr. Ryman was intimate with Turner, and as it happened the latter, coming to Oxford at the time, entered the shop, and seeing the Gentleman Commoner engaged in copying one of his works, asked Ryman who the young man was thus wasting his time. Ryman replied that the stranger was a most enthusiastic admirer of Turner's work, and that nothing would delight him more than to be introduced, at which Turner went forward; thus began the personal friendship between the two.

I was at the very centre of the then High Church party in Oxford; what they had done hitherto in introducing certain changes in the furniture of churches and in breaking down what may be called the beadledom of Church Service was altogether to my taste; but many serious men were anxious about the end these ecclesiastics had in view, and certainly there were words uttered which seemed ominous of impending priestcraft. One of the new schism, for example, praising the Martyrs' Memorial, deplored that so beautiful a monument should be erected in honour of such rank Protestants as Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer ; yet I could not then believe any Englishmen would so far forget their national character as to desire in sober mind to suppress liberty of conscience. Certainly reversion to blind authority would affect true living art, as indeed it would British character in every respect. Two independent movements affecting the future of the University influence on national and external interests were active at the time, and both of these had been offensive to the conservative spirit of Alma Mater.

The older of the innovations was directed to abolishing the taste for classical architecture, the first example of which was the porch of St. Mary's Church, built in 1637 under Laud's influence. The fashion then established in Oxford slowly degenerated in character to a square style of architecture that might be called Hanoverian, without any grace of the Renaissance or further elegance of decoration ; bald and heavy, and constructed of stone doomed to unsightly decay. In London, from Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren to Adams and Chambers—with admirable ornamental designs in wood, stone, and metal, carrying out the architect's details—the choice of classicalism had fully justified itself. Although now throughout England it had ceased to be a vital force, standing as the heavy structures did side by side in the University town with ancient Gothic edifices, it was not wonderful that the determination should have been hastily made under the influence of literary reversion to feudal poetry and picturesqueness, that for new buildings nothing could be better than imitation of the mediæval forms ; and perhaps the resolution was strengthened by knowledge that the lovely cloisters of Magdalen only escaped destruction because there were not funds at the time for the completion of the projected quadrangle. Perhaps Blore's staircase at Christchurch was the first effort of the attempt at Gothic revivalism. The favour for classical taste died hard, and, it may be said, not without a certain honour, in the erection of the Taylor Buildings by Cockerell.

About 1850 the University taste for modern Gothic was established beyond recall; and every don, and indeed every undergraduate, discanted of the features of their Gothic buildings like a glossary, and each took care to discriminate nicely between the different dates of construction, and to speak with pity of all that was not of the "correct period." They did this with no toleration for other varieties of styles, professing desire to do away with everything else; so that in Oxford and elsewhere, as the graduates spread all over the country as squires and parsons, every church and mediæval building of "incorrect date" in whole or part was, under their influence, improved off the face of the earth. Much beautiful and historically interesting Perpendicular, Tudor, Jacobean, and Carolian building and furniture fittings were destroyed to make way for restorations of the approved pattern, so that more destruction was wrought than had been suffered by the historical architecture of England since the havoc made by Henry VIII. or by the Puritans. With the dislike of all but one type of design for new edifices, every detail was expected to conform with the approved pattern; and I could only conclude that when pictures might be desired for their embellishment, works of revivalish character would be sought for rather than those with fresh truth and meaning in them.

The second movement, of later origin, was for the establishment of scientific teaching in the University. Dr. Acland was the representative of the proposed reform, and he worked with both discretion and courage. His artistic instincts made him love the picturesqueness of Gothic architecture. The danger from the blindness with which its champions had introduced it was not yet foreseen, and when the building of the Museum was canvassed he joined force with those who favoured one of mediæval design. When, shortly afterwards, the building by Woodward and Deane was in progress, many powerful elders expressed discontent in no measured terms.

The Literature and Art of an age are ever inspired by a kindred spirit, the latter faithfully following the former.

My championship of Tennyson was still challenged, but I have reason to believe that had the name of the author of *Ulysses*, *In Memoriam*, and the manly *Sir Galahad* been uttered in a company of undergraduates at the University at the time, its reception would have been very different from that which their elders gave it. The wholesome tenor of his poetry was in concord with that of his predecessors, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other protestors against adoration of licence and outlawry. The fashion for making robbers, regicides, corsairs, betrayers of homes and innocence, heroes of romance, which Byron, Schiller, Goethe, and Shelley had followed, still captivated the elder world. This rebellious fashion was provoked in natural reaction from the hollowness of pious sentiment expressed in monotonous diction by previous rhymers, and found favour by the great genius of its reckless exponents. The lovers of disorder had commanded rich sound and metre to their service, and made rivalry in the race for outrageous liberty fascinating. Thus while weak readers were left to follow out the sentiment in practice, the elect in taste acquiesced that poetry should not be judged by standards of right morals or common-sense, though when they put down the affecting volume of sonorous verse and took up the newspaper, or engaged in their duties as members of society, they felt unparalleled horror at records in the newspapers of the same wickedness, the suffering of penalty for the like of which had drawn tears not yet dry on the perusal of the poet's verses. In the first years of the nineteenth century the young, having been enslaved by this bombastic and false heroism, had grown old at the time I speak of, and still unquestioningly retained this taste, while a newer generation had found in Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge the mental matter of robust honesty which Henry Taylor, Tennyson, and Browning utilised to teach the manliness and heroism of simple goodness, a basis which Chaucer and the early English poets had made as that on which our poetry should be built.

Taking literature generally (although in the middle of the nineteenth century a strain of tawdry sentiment occasionally mingled with the love of truth and gentleness), there was in the best of it a manly disdain of licentiousness, and with this was retained the one healthy spirit of its immediate predecessors, contempt for the caterers of hackneyed pharisaism. Yet to the public at large, and especially to those of them who took an interest in art, outward marks of the stereotyped profession of religious sentiment were not distasteful, and thus a puerile display of false pathos and religion still lingered both in literature and painting, and often so far mingled with sterling purpose that the difficulty arose of sifting the true from the false. It was high time for the winnowing of chaff from grain. Thackeray was a most uncompromising satirist of the mawkish authors who indulged in sickly pathos and fevered sentimentality. He had barely yet won general recognition among the Oxford elders, but from subsequent signs it was obvious that the undergraduates accepted the bracing influence which he, Carlyle, and Browning were exercising. The pendulum was sure before long to bring justice to the preachers of virile virtue; it was, alas! also sure, from the inevitable rebound of a succeeding generation, to bring a return of licence in one form or the other.

It was not long after my return from Oxford to London that I had the pleasure of going to old Mr. and Mrs. Millais and paying the remainder of my debt. After this I could work both on "Claudio and Isabella" and "The Light of the World" without a trying calculation of the cost, but the new commission demanded attention. Seeing that I was removed from the keen money pressure which had made me agree to the repetition of the group of sheep in "The Hireling Shepherd," I longed to paint an original picture instead of a copy, and when I made this proposal to Mr. Maude he agreed without hesitation.

About this time Robert Martineau spoke to me of Edward Lear, and gave me an invitation to his chambers in Stratford Place to see his numberless drawings, which were in outline, with little to indicate light or shade. Lear overflowed with geniality, and at the same time betrayed anxiety as we turned over the drawings, avowing that he had not the ability to carry out the subjects in oil; in some parts of them he had written in phonetic spelling the character of the points which the outlines would not explain—"Rox," "Korn," "Ski," indulging his love of fun with these vagaries.

When I was about to take leave he frankly inquired of me what I should do to make use of such material, whether, in short, I could, as Roberts and Stanfield did, realize enough to paint pictures from their pencil sketches. "For when I set myself to try," he added, "I often break down in despair."

"To speak candidly," I replied, "I could not and would not attempt to paint pictures in a studio from such mere skeleton outlines."

He looked dejected and said, "What can I do?" To which I replied, "Let us consider a particular one," and took up a drawing of "The Quarries of Syracuse." I said, "Now the rocks forming this were, you tell me, of limestone. Without going back to Sicily you would have to find some weatherworn escarpments of this particular stone, and choose a place where figs grow, for on your drawing you have written over the foreground tangle, 'figs.' Under the open sky, with the sun shining, you would have little difficulty in giving an air of reality to this part of the scene. For distant fields and the hills again you could easily find Nature near at hand, only these would have to be adapted to suit the form given in your outlines. Nature would in the summer soon supply clouds and azure firmament for your sky without calling too much on your memory. Now what more do you want? You have indicated the presence of innumerable rooks. These you could easily paint in the open air without leaving England."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I will do this at once, but I should want you to direct me."

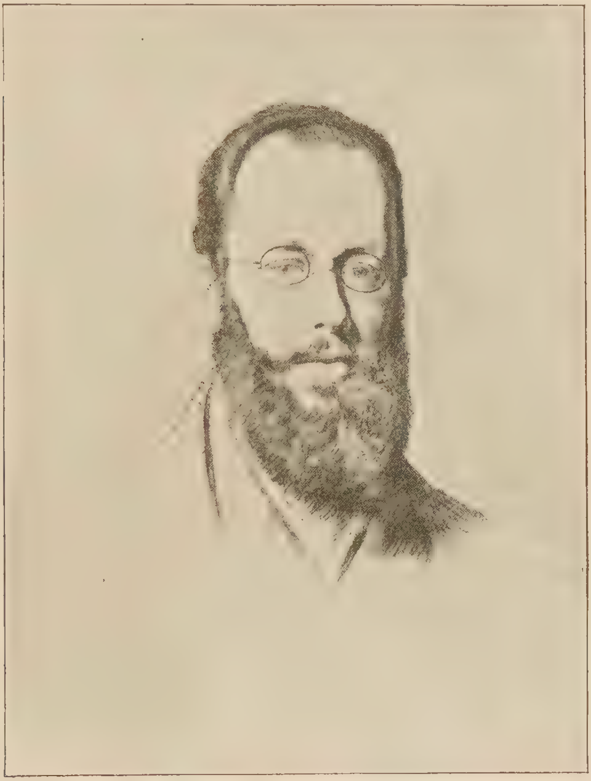
"Well," I said, "I am about to begin a picture of sheep, with the cliffs at Fairlight as a background, and I am going down when free from a few days' work here to take a lodging in some farmhouse."

"But," he said, "let me save you the trouble. I will go down and find apartments, and we will lodge together." And we parted with this understanding. In two days I received a letter from him saying that he had found accommodation for both of us at Clivevale Farm, mentioning the rent, and asking whether I would agree. I did so, and soon came assurance that the lodging was taken, and that he was already there. Just a day or two before I started, a further letter came from him of a perplexing nature, saying that it was unwise to do things on the impulse of the moment, and that he felt we ought at once to take precautions not to make our living together a cause of possible discord; that we should arrange to divide the house and each have his own sitting-room, only meeting at meals. I was too busy to give special attention to this caprice, and acceded. William Rossetti, having a week's vacation, had agreed to come with me, and we went down together. It was curious to see the unexpected guardedness of Lear's reception of us, but he gradually thawed, and by the end of dinner he was laughing and telling good stories. When the cloth was cleared he said, "Now I had intended to go to my own room, but, if you do not mind, I'll bring down some of my drawings and pen them out here, so that we may all be together." This was agreed to, and while going over his pencil lines with ink he continued his conversation with William in Italian, principally in order to begin a course of lessons which he found I was desirous to receive. The proposed separate apartments soon became a joke, and then he explained laughingly that a dread had suddenly seized him that I might be a great lover of bulldogs, and that I might come down with two devoted pets of this breed. Dogs of all kinds, small and especially great, were his terror by night and day.

The Martineaus lived close by, and had at that time a handsome dog called Cæsar, a large Newfoundland, and a great favourite of the family. When they went on excursions it used to bound about them, jumping up to induce them to throw a stick or stone for it to scamper after. To Lear, a man of nearly six feet, with shoulders in width equal to those of Odysseus, the freaks of this dog were truly exasperating. "How can the family," said he, "ask me to call upon them when they keep a raging animal like that, who has ever his jaws wide open and his teeth ready to tear helpless strangers to pieces? They say it is only his play. Why, in the paper I lately read of a poor old woman who was set on by just such a beast! It was only his play, they said. Yes, but the poor old creature died of it nevertheless; such monsters should not be allowed to go at large. In Albania and Greece the shepherds have dogs for guarding their sheep from wolves and wild beasts, and when one is in such countries one cannot wonder if these ferocious creatures sometimes attack strangers, but to keep them as family pets is not to be borne." In the early morning he occupied himself in a most extensive correspondence; sometimes he would write as many as thirty letters before breakfast. For the first week or ten days he accompanied me to the cliffs, painting the same landscape which I was using for my background. Thus he obtained acquaintance with my manner of work, professing himself satisfied with this; he soon after found some limestone rocks that had been extensively cut away, which served exactly for the principal feature of his "Quarries of Syracuse." He began this on a canvas some five feet in length, and his occupation separated us till the evening meal. Later, in the intervals of his other work, with a great deal of joking he exercised me in Italian, and beat out new

Nonsense Rhymes which afterwards found a place in his well known volumes.

Lear certainly showed no sign of delicacy at first sight, although he had only saved his health by making



W. H. H

EDWARD LEAR, AGED 50.

Rome his home for thirteen years. He was twenty years my senior, but this did not prevent him from addressing me as "Pa," and enacting the part of a son.

Certainly fate could not have sent me a more agreeable or profitable companion to prepare me for my settled purpose of painting in Egypt and Syria. He had not then been to either of these countries, but he had travelled throughout Calabria, Albania, and Greece, and he had hundreds of drawings of the sacred spots in these places, which he brought forth from portfolios each evening to make permanent the pencil outlines, describing the localities and their relation to one another. While we were at work out of doors he would tell stories of the incidents of his many wanderings, and surprised me by showing that he was uncombative as a tender girl, while at the same time the most indomitable being in encountering danger and hardship. Nothing daunted him, and yet no one could be more fearful than he of certain difficulties he had to face as the fixed conditions of travelling. He would rather be killed than fire a pistol or gun ; horses he regarded as savage griffins ; revolutionists, who were plentiful just then, he looked upon as demons, and Custom officers were of the army of Beelzebub. On the other hand, he had the most unquenchable love of the humorous wherever it was found. Recognition of what was ridiculous made him a declared enemy to cant and pretension, and an entire disbeliever in posturers and apers of genius either in mien or in the cut of the coat and affectation of manners. When we were seated together after dinner he varied our occupation for half an hour by writing what he entitled "Ye Booke of Hunte," in which he wrote down my answers to inquiries as to the pigments and system I should use in the different features of a landscape. I hazarded my replies with many protests against their standing as more than the formula of a system, to be modified in every case by conditions and circumstances. While thus satisfying him, he exercised me with funny sentences in Italian of every variety.

While the singer of nonsense rhymes and I were busy working, a letter from Millais announced that he would come down on Saturday night and spend Sunday with us. Lear had not seen him, but he was anxious to know what manner of man this already widely renowned one was in person. I had described him so glowingly that Lear remarked he was indeed a fit being to bring in the "Millaisneum" of art, but he inquired, "Is he disposed to lord it over others?" "Well," I replied, "you know there are men who are good-nature itself, but who have a knack of always making others carry their parcels." "Oh, but I won't carry his!" said Lear. "Yes, you will," I returned. "You won't be able to refuse."

When the visitor arrived good comradeship was quickly established. The next day was perfect for a good walk, and we started early to reach Winchelsea and Rye, and take our chance for luncheon at the inn. We descended to the beach by Fairlight Cliffs, and had not walked far when we came upon cuttlefish bones lying about, clean and unbroken. Millais, when he had picked up a few, declared that he would take them home. The argument that they could be bought at any chemist's in London availed nothing, neither did the remark that with our system of painting they were scarcely wanted. Millais said he had never before seen such good ones, and that a painter never knew when he might find them essential, so he filled a large handkerchief with the spoil. At the end of ten minutes he came up to me and coaxingly said, "I say, carry these for me now, like a good fellow, do." Lear was already exploding with laughter, while I said, "I am not going to spoil you. I will put them down here; no one will take them, and you can get them on our return, or carry them yourself, my dear boy." Millais said, "They might be trodden upon," and could not understand why Lear laughed so helplessly, but his ardent good humour urged Millais to appeal to him, "You carry it for me, King Lear," he said. At which that monarch of merriment, doubled up with laughter, declared that he would take the bundle, which he did with such enjoyment that he was incapable of walking sedately while the memory of my prophecy was upon him. "He doesn't carry his own cuttlefish" passed into a proverb amongst us.

We were all delighted with the locality we had walked to see. We were able to examine the church and the country about, which made such an impression upon Millais, that two years later he returned, with Mike Halliday as his pupil, and painted "L'Enfant du Regiment" and "The Blind Girl" while he superintended his pupil in painting the background of "Measuring for the Wedding Ring." Both Thackeray and Leach were guests at different times. I took occasion soon after to go again to Winchelsea, and made a pencil drawing of the city gate and the hillside, which I gave to Coventry Patmore.

While Lear and I were happily living thus together he talked with a vivacious enthusiasm of future expeditions. Going up the Nile was his first pet object, and he thought to conjoin with this a visit to Syria, so that he might meet me when I should be able to carry out my plan of working there.

At the end of a fortnight the heavenly weather we began with was broken up by a great storm, and although this disturbance passed away, the interval was followed by a succession of cloudy days, causing woeful interruption to out-of-door work.

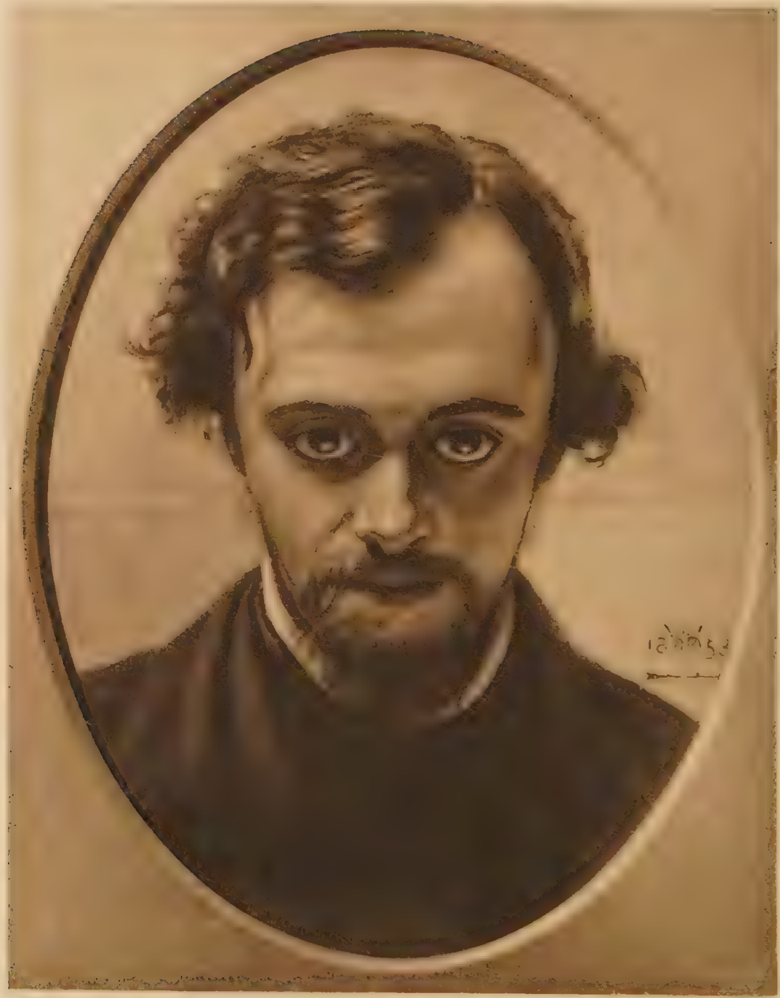
One calm morning, on arriving alone at my cliff, there was so thick a sea mist that I could not see the distance. Leaving my picture-case still closed, I spread my rug and took out a little book to read. I was disturbed by advancing footsteps, and, on looking up, a visitor, proved by canvas and portentous easel in hand to be a painter, was close upon me. As I did not wish to encourage interruption, I resumed my study. Soon my brother of the brush stood behind, challenging me with "A fine morning!" I said, somewhat curtly, that it was not much to my taste; but my visitor remained. He inquired whether I was making a sketch of the spot in oil- or water-colour, and I returned that I was trying my hand, when the weather permitted, with oil-colours. He chattered on that many distinguished artists had been working in the neighbourhood lately. Clint had only left last week. Did I know him? "Yes, I do by name," I replied. Tom Danby had also been sketching there.

"Do you know *him*?" "Yes; indeed, in my small and choice collection, I am happy in being the possessor of a picture by him," I said. At this his opinion of me seemed to grow, and he talked long of other celebrated artists and of what they were doing, not at all discouraged by my show of desire to continue my reading. At last, to escape the charge of being a downright bear, I remarked that painters recently appeared to make a greater point of working direct from Nature. "Yes," he responded, "all but the Pre-Raphaelites." "Oh! I have been given to understand," I said, "that they make a principle of doing everything from Nature." "That's their humbug; they try to make ignorant people believe it; but, in fact, they do everything in their own studios." At this I looked fully up from my book and said, "Well, I have been assured positively that, whatever their failings and incapacity, they do give themselves the chance of getting at truth by going to the fountain-head, so your statement to the contrary surprises me. May I ask whether you speak this from hearsay or from your own knowledge? For indeed," I added, "I was really made to believe that Millais and Holman Hunt, with Collins, were living together last summer in Surrey, and that there they painted the 'Ophelia,' 'The Huguenot,' and 'The Hireling Shepherd,' which were in the Academy this year." "Not a word of truth in it," he said; "you have been entirely imposed upon. I know them as well as I know myself." "Personally?" I asked, looking fixedly at him. "Yes," he said, "and they are all thorough charlatans. Don't you know how they do their landscapes? I will tell you. I've seen them do it. When they want to paint a tree they have one single leaf brought to them, and a piece of the bark, and they go on repeating these until they have completed their Brummagem tree. They paint a field in the same manner, repeating one single blade of grass until the whole space is covered; and they call that Nature. Once, indeed, I did see the root of a tree fresh from the ground taken into Millais' studio." "By Jupiter!" I ejaculated, "I am quite surprised to learn that they are such barefaced impostors." Whereupon my visitor wished me "good morning," saying that he was glad he had been able to undeceive me ; and called out as he walked away to a cottage up the glen, where he was painting, "You may take my word for that." His word for it! It was at first-hand too, and quite as good as "the very best authority," quoted often then and now for enforcement of conclusions! I never saw him any more, or I might have become a wiser man. In sending him away without explanation, which might have entailed much trouble upon me, as I had still to return daily to the spot for several weeks, I felt a singular satisfaction in the thought of the pleasant quarter of an hour he would pass in seeing my picture at the Royal Academy Exhibition of the succeeding May.

In the intervals of my attention to the picture from the cliff, I commenced the little landscape of Fairlight Downs. "The Strayed Sheep" was only finished after the equinoctial gales and their suite of rains and wind had often marred the day's work, and my extension of the original limits of the picture had proved a more serious addition to the extent of my work than I had contemplated, so that my rent at home, the bills at my Fairlight lodgings, and the cost of materials and carriage had exceeded the price (seventy guineas) which was to be paid for the picture.

Lear now had to move his place of painting for fresh objects in his picture to the other side of Hastings. He found a spot with an abundance of fig branches rooted in the fissures of the rocks, with rooks in hundreds. Thus he obtained all the materials for his picture. It became an impressive work. It is now the property of Earl Beauchamp.

My fellow-lodger had to return to town before me. He would not leave, however, without first asking if he might call on my father and mother, to assure them of my well-being and the certainty of my success, which he did.



Dante Gabriel Rossetti,
1853

CHAPTER XIII

1853–1854

> The Christian Religion under every theory of it, in the believing or the unbelieving mind, must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul of our own modern culture. How did Christianity arise and spread among men? It arose in the mystic deeps of man's soul; and was spread abroad by the preaching of the word; by simple altogether natural and individual efforts; and flew, like hallowed fire, from heart to heart till all were purified and illuminated by it, and its heavenly light shone, as it still shines and (as sun or star) will ever shine through the whole dark destinies of man.—CARLYLE, *Signs of the Times* (1829).

ALTOGETHER I was in low spirits when I returned to town, and I dreaded to look at my work lest it should be disappointing, but after some three or four days I opened the box, and was relieved to find how far it represented my intention. I then wrote to Mr. Charles Maude, telling him that I had given the additional inches to the canvas solely for my own satisfaction; that I had intended to say nothing whatever about it, but finding that it had resulted in so much extra work, and in causing a substantial increase of value to the picture, I trusted he would not be shocked at my proposing that after all I should make the repetition of the group of sheep in "The Hireling Shepherd" for him as at first proposed, and that I should have "The Strayed Sheep" to sell independently. This was suggested, however, with full acknowledgment of his claim upon the painting for the price agreed upon, for in correspondence I had always spoken of it as his picture. He generously admitted my right to larger remuneration, and offered £120, which I gratefully accepted. To this work was awarded next year the £60 prize at Birmingham.

This was a double success for our school, as Millais' picture of "The Huguenot" obtained the prize at Liverpool. The growing recognition of our claims was thus proved to be general.

I had now to bring the "Claudio and Isabella" to a finish, and I worked on it steadily throughout the winter. There was not so much to elaborate as to hinder me from working on moonlight nights at the picture, which Ruskin, who visited me, called "The Watchman." In addition to the long delayed painting for Egg, I had the portrait of Canon Jenkyns,[1] entitled "New College Cloisters," as also "The Strayed Sheep," for 1853. My earliest professional champion and friend, Augustus L. Egg, had watched the "Measure for Measure" picture from the beginning with the greatest kindness, and had always approved of my putting it aside whenever there was an opportunity of doing more pressing work; now I hoped to see him justified in his favourable view of the design.

We had continual signs that there was division in the camp of our enemies. Every exhibition contained examples of attempts to work from Nature, in avowed, and still more often in unavowed, accordance with our principles, and the efforts made by professed adversaries to appear confident of our defeat were not always very impressive. Their curiosity to see our last production was not indicative of contempt.

On show day at Millais' studio the outraged rear-guard of the profession appeared, looking implacable when in full force. John Phillip arrived with his handsome and candid tempered wife, and before the pictures both for a time stood silent.

He had been intimate with Millais since the latter was a child, and had rated him roundly upon his heterodoxy in art, using all the pet accusations of his set, that our pictures showed an abandonment of the spirit of beauty, that there was an utter want of repose and tone, such as the great masters had secured as their crowning excellence; that our forms were coarse, that the colour was extravagant, unnatural, and inharmonious; that our attempt to imitate sunlight was against all the worthiest precedents, and, in short, in his own words, that "the whole movement was an example of rank humbug." This time there was no one to bolster him up, and as he stood moody and mysterious, suddenly his wife said, "Jockey dear, I don't see how people can say that such a painting as this is affected and false, it seems singularly perfect, and wonderfully like what Nature looks to me." "By Jove, you're just right!" he suddenly exclaimed, "and it's all confounded nonsense and rubbish that we've been persuading ourselves to say; and I'll tell you what, Johnny my boy, I've been a fool, and I won't be one any longer, but throw up the whole conventional dogma and paint like the Pre-Raphaelites. You trust me! And I wish you would just come one evening, and ask Hunt too, and we'll have a bit of supper and smoke a pipe over it together." And so it was, and Barlow the engraver was present to hear his recantation. In the ensuing Exhibition appeared the picture, painted according to promise, of "The Spanish Letter Writer," with strong sunlight trenchantly rendered, and all details given scrupulously, with every trait besides of his complete conversion to all that he understood to be Pre-Raphaelitism. It was enough for a convincing recantation, and we wondered whether he would follow it up with a more complete and subtle pursuit of the poetic mysteries of Nature. This picture is now in His Majesty's collection. The new disciple, however, did not continue staunch; he soon returned to a more unrestrained manner, and he was quickly rewarded for a second declaration of hostility to our principles by the championship of the critics, and advance in position with the "powers that be," which the advocacy of the contemporary press always accelerates.

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[1] Now in the possession of Jesus College, Oxford.

After we had sent in our pictures to the Exhibition we gave up a full day to a task which proved that we had not forgotten our bond of good fellowship. Woolner had in his letters explained his want of good fortune in the gold-fields, and that he had again made art his

W. H. H.

J. E. MILLAIS.

(This Portrait is not the one made on the occasion referred to on page 341, it represents Millais some eight months later.)

profession by establishing himself as a portraitist in medallions and busts, and it seemed his practice in this branch of work was improving. He informed us further that as our names appeared so often in the home newspapers it would be an advantage to him with the colonists to have visible evidence of our friendship. We therefore all met one morning at Millais' studio, and set to work to complete a collection of our portraits, in pencil, chalk, or pastel. Millais did William Rossetti and Stephens. William did, if I am not mistaken, make a beginning with some one, but gave up his purpose to save the time for others. Stephens abstained from any attempt. Gabriel chose me for his subject, and I managed to get Millais and Rossetti done, although the slowness of Gabriel, with his appeals for special posings, gave the dusk the opportunity of overtaking us before I had quite finished Millais. Rossetti's tendency then in sketching a face was to convert the features of his sitter to his favourite ideal type, and if he finished on these lines, the drawing was extremely charming, but you had to make believe a good deal to see the likeness, while if the sitter's features would not lend themselves to the pre-ordained form, he, when time allowed, went through a stage of reluctant twisting of lines and quantities to make the drawing satisfactory. With unlimited time his work became eminently true and artistic too. On this occasion he had to leave off when my likeness stood between the two stages, so that the verdict given was that it made me twenty years older than I could claim to be, and William Rossetti suggested that it resembled Rush, the notorious murderer of the day. However, the drawings all went as they were left that evening, and they were framed together to hang in Woolner's studio at Melbourne, and afterwards in London, not without the desired effect upon his clients, while he was waiting for recognition.[1]

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[1] The collection some twenty years after was broken up, some of the portraits being sold at Christie's. The pastel of Rossetti, much rubbed, and in danger of obliteration, was obtained by his brother William, who kindly lent it to me to make an oil painting of it, which I still possess.

On the Sunday before opening day, Mr. Augustus Egg came in, telling me that the "Claudio and Isabella" had obtained an excellent place in the first room of the Academy. Further, that on the morning before the dinner it was much discussed and had won many warm admirers. Lord Grosvenor—I write entirely from memory—did not profess to like the school, or this picture himself, but one of his friends approved it so much, that his lordship said if it could be bought for three hundred guineas he would purchase it as a present for his friend. Egg urged then that I should take the opportunity to obtain a fair price for my work, saying that he would cheerfully wait my convenience for the picture of a single figure for the twenty-five pounds he had paid to me; but I said, "I shall do no such thing. When I began the picture the market value of the work was proved to be not even fifty guineas—in fact only twenty-five; had you not come forward with an offer of this, the picture would never have been done at all. If it had not been put by for my convenience, there would have been just the same temper towards it on its appearance as was shown then to other works of mine." He pressed his point until I affected indignation, and added, "You little know what an obstinate dragon I am when thoroughly provoked. The picture is yours, sir, and nobody else's. You may do what you like with it. Pray, assure Lord Grosvenor that I am truly flattered by his intention, but that I have nothing whatever to do with the possession of the picture." Afterwards Egg asked me to come and have a little dinner with him alone at Greenwich, to "make it up"; he made a speech, and I returned thanks to him as my patron. Some three years later, I received, as a memento, an old-fashioned sideboard which had been turned out of Kensington Palace, and which he had wisely rescued; and we remained the dearest friends till he died. How I love now to call up his handsome, kindly face, sitting at table with his dear prism at his side![1]

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[1] This he kept by hand to enjoy its mysterious colours.

I ought here to add that a few nights after my interview with the artist who had originally given me a commission and had then withdrawn it, he and Egg were at another artist's house, and I was told by a third person present (never by Egg) that the repudiator began saying, "Young Hunt called on me the other morning, asserting that I had given him a commission for fifty guineas, but I soon told him that I had never done so; and he showed me some designs, which I declared to him candidly were odious and full of affectation." At this Egg said, "Stop!" And beginning at one end of the table, he went round to nearly every guest, asking, "Were you not at Forster's two years ago with Charles Reade?" When all had remembered, he went on, "Did or did he not come in boasting that he had asked Hunt to paint a picture of one or two figures for fifty guineas?" Egg would have no evasions, and every one remembered the circumstances. "As for the rest," he added, "Hunt brought the drawings from you to me. I declare they are admirable, and I have persuaded him to commence the 'Claudio and Isabella,' and you shall all judge of it in time."

—— was silenced, but he never forgave me; men rarely do when they have done you an injustice, or even a deliberate rudeness.

Millais that year exhibited his fine picture "The Order of Release." The art critic in *The Times* had been removed, and Tom Taylor, who had made an impression of liberality by an enthusiastic article on "The Huguenot" in *Punch* in the previous year, was put in his place. The whole world was beginning to waver; even the converted oracles guarded themselves against signs of too sudden a conversion. On the previous opening day, when Millais' "Ophelia" and "Huguenot" had convinced many of his former enemies, in the press of people I found myself near a group of very authoritative critics of the loud talking kind. One was prominent who had scrupled at nothing to oppose us, giving to the public, in the intervals between the Exhibition, startling and spurious information of our doings for the forthcoming year. He was accosted with, "Well, it seems as though the P.R.B. are looking up." "Millais is decidedly coming forward, but I hate his followers!" he replied. The chance shot—for he did not know me—could not have been better directed, and it brought into greater distinctness the need of proving that P.R.B.-ism was of wide application, and that each expounder of its principles could find regions for enterprise which would show even to the least reflective that amongst the originators there was no following of one by the other. I had begun, therefore, to prepare more openly to carry out my long conceived plan, already often talked of with Millais, of going to the East. My good friend Mr. Combe had from the first taken the greatest interest in the project. We had talked of it in many a ramble across Port Meadow, about the Cherwell, and over Abingdon and Shotover; and he then almost hoped to come out to me for a time to Palestine.

My "Claudio and Isabella," it is true, had brought me no accession of means, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" had only just kept things going, but the payment for "The Hireling Shepherd" left me with a surplus. With such experience as I had, it was amusing to read references to painters as generally leading a lazy, cigar smoking life. The only artists I ever knew who achieved work of note in any sense whatever, went first through a steady training of several years, and afterwards entered their studios with as unvarying a punctuality as business men attend their offices, worked longer hours than these, and had fewer holidays, partly because of their love for art, but also because of their deep sense of the utter uselessness of grappling with the difficulties besetting the happy issue of each contest, except at close and unflinching quarters.

About the end of 1852 I had the happy fortune to be chosen as one of the original members of the Cosmopolitan Club; its meetings in Charles Street were in continuation of less formal ones held there when G. F. Watts used the room as a studio. He had now relinquished it, and

Claudio & Isabella.

his artistic and other numerous friends had taken steps to keep together and extend the circle of remarkable men of differing intellectual activity whose association had represented the talking clubs of Dr. Johnson's time.

One large wall of the room was covered by a masterly composition painted *in situ* by the late occupant. It illustrated Boccaccio's story of the *Demon Lover*, and it was the more interesting in my eyes because since the cartoon days at Westminster Hall none outside Watts's private circle had had the opportunity of seeing works of importance by his hand. In the painting as it stood there were passages of form and colour which Michael Angelo and Titian might have been satisfied to claim. Two head portraits of young ladies were also temporarily there, which at any epoch of art would have commanded high esteem, but which in the existing age of vulgar portraiture courted special enthusiasm.

There was ever a throng in the room of the true working men of the time; English literary men, artists, statesmen, and noblemen met together in a spirit of unreserve truly enjoyable. Thackeray was a member of this club, and it was here that I first set eyes upon this wondrous delineator of the hidden impulses of humanity. I had read all his books of which I could get possession. Of all modern authors he was the one to whom I felt most reason for gratitude, in that he interpreted into contemporary and personal language the general moralising of others, and made one feel what it meant to be self-controlled in the duties of actual life. I looked at him with hardly concealed awe, but his manner seemed to withdraw demand for such homage for him. Surveying his six feet of somewhat burly build standing there with his hands in pockets, it was impossible not to class him in type with others of past ages who had been daring proclaimers of a new perfection. That broad and soaring cranium, that short nose, that full face, with large eyes and well-advanced chin, made him brother to Socrates, Tintoretto, Hobbes, Sobieski, and Hogarth, who each denounced the corruption of his time. It was surely no accident that this prophet should bear a kindred stamp to those who in old time had done similar work.

Another opportunity specially appreciated by me at this time was my meeting the Eastern traveller, Henry Austin Layard, who had only recently returned from adventurous wanderings and his invaluable excavations in the Mesopotamian valley. I told him how, three years earlier, I had lost the appointment of draftsman to his expedition only by being one day too late in my application, and that my passion for the East he loved so much had not waned, for I was then on the point of going to Syria. With spontaneous good nature he thereupon gave me advice, and furnished me with letters to several officials of high standing in my probable line of route.

Proceeding with my painting on "The Light of the World," a board in the balcony of my studio at Chelsea was so adjusted that from the street scarcely anything could be seen by day through the window which lit my canvas; by night the venetians were down, with intent to hide me and the easel completely. I would sit at my work from 8 or 9 P.M. till 4 A.M., and this I continued till the moon no longer suited. Thus, with intervals, I went on for some months.

Once when I was riding on the omnibus to Chelsea, the driver was talking about the characters of an eccentric kind peculiar to the neighbourhood; having spoken with amusement of Carlyle, of his staid aspect, his broad-brimmed hat, and his slow gait, he added he had been told "as how he got his living by teaching people to write," and he mentioned other odd characters who were unknown to me. "But I'll show you another queer cove if you're coming round the corner," he went on. "You can see him well from the 'bus; he is in the first floor, and seemingly is a-drawing of somethink. He does not go to bed like other folks, but stays long after the last 'bus has come in; and, as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four, out goes the gas, down comes the gemman, opens the street door, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and when he gets to the end he turns and runs back again, opens his door, goes in, and nobody sees no more of him." But that night the "cove" was not there, as it turned out, and the driver said, with disappointment, "Ah! it is unlucky; this ain't one o' his nights."

I had modelled a head, taxing many friends in turn from whose features anything could be gained. Appreciating the gravity and sweetness of expression possessed by Miss Christina Rossetti, I felt she might make a valuable sitter for the painting of the head for which my plaster model would not, of course, serve for the colour. She kindly agreed, and Mrs. Rossetti brought her. I decided to use the opportunity afforded by the sitting to work direct on the canvas rather than make an independent drawing of her; otherwise I might now have a memento of her of great interest; but for me the practice of making separate studies of vital parts of a picture does not bring a gain commensurate with the loss entailed by it; on the canvas itself the surrounding forms and lines often suggest improvement of the initial idea which brings the work into harmony of expression and meaning, while by use of a separate drawing this is often impaired.

When I had gradually advanced my picture towards completion, Augustus Egg came concerning a design of "The Awakened Conscience" which I had shown to him, and which he wished me to paint. The pathetic verse in Proverbs, "As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, so is he that sings songs to a heavy heart," had led me to this subject when thinking of a material interpretation of the idea in "The Light of the World." My desire was to show how the still small voice speaks to a human soul in the turmoil of life. Egg had been talking of it to Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, and the latter took so much interest in the subject that he commissioned me to undertake the picture for him. Without the support of a patron I could not, in my still precarious position, have ventured to paint it. To do this I deferred the arrangements for my journey to the East.

At this point my good friend Egg urged me carefully to reconsider the resolution to go abroad; he insisted that it was only after a continuously bitter struggle that I had succeeded in getting recognition; that now there was an excellent prospect before me; that the world must be taken as it is, and that it would hold to the fashion that a painter, once known, should be accommodating enough to keep to one class of subject and character of work, so that there should be no difficulty in distinguishing his production. It was conducive also to a man's fortune to be *en evidence*, he said. He knew of cases where men, changing their subjects, and being away for a time, had had to begin the battle all over again. "How do you know," he said, "it would not be so with you? And that is assuming that the untried difficulties alone would not prevent you from making a success of your experiment."

I insisted that the fashion he spoke of appeared to me an unwholesome one in its influence on art, and that hitherto I had ignored it, inasmuch as I had already painted pictures of very varying subjects; that an artist should not be limited in his interests; that it was for him to find in the world the overflowing garners of beauty, and show these unconsidered graces to his non-observant fellows. To Egg's argument that I should go only for a few months to make sketches, and come back to paint from these, I demurred that others had done this; Roberts, for example, and Wilkie had intended to do so, that I was convinced the sketches by the latter would have had no great service for pictures had he lived to make use of them. Confessing to Egg that my project of going to Syria had originated when I was a boy at school when the lessons from the New Testament were read, I added, that "although the revelations of science, and more transiently the conclusions drawn from these by theorists and commentators, had often compelled me to reconsider my earlier understanding of the story, yet the doings of that Divine Master in Syria never ceased to claim my homage. The pursuit of painting only gave my childish Palestine project distincter purpose. The gain in thoughtfully spent life is," I said, "the continual disturbance of obsolete convictions ; at such tremulation of ideas one is tempted to shoot off to any extreme harbour of rest, and to violently denounce all others. I would guard against this danger with my respect for impartial investigation, built upon confidence, that truth, whatever it be, is above all price, and my desire is very strong to use my powers to make more tangible Jesus Christ's history and teaching. Art has often illustrated the theme, but it has surrounded it with many enervating fables, and perverted the heroic drama with feeble interpretation. We have every reason to believe that the Father of all, demands that every generation should contribute its quota of knowledge and wisdom to attain the final purpose, and however small my mite may be, I wish to do my poor part, and in pursuing this aim I ought not surely to serve art less perfectly." At which Egg yielded the point, saying, "Well, perhaps you're right."

It was not alone the jeopardy of my professional prosperity that was urged upon my attention as connected with my project. From many quarters came remonstrances more or less similar to those Rossetti had already advanced. Patmore urged graphically that the flora I should find would be only that of overgrown weeds, and that no natural beauty could be found that might not be gained in tenfold degree at home. Ruskin refused to admit that any additional vitality could be gained by designing and painting in Syria with its life and manners before my eyes, and argued that my true function in life was to establish and train a new School of Art, and that this important service would be sacrificed by my wild venture. Friends with a simple personal feeling pressed me to remember the fate of Wilkie, and hesitate before taking a course which would probably end, if not in leaving my bones in the desert, at least in implanting in my blood Syrian fever, that would leave me a miserable invalid for the rest of my days.

With "The Light of the World" standing upon the easel, I was surprised one morning by the sound of carriage wheels driven up to the side entrance of my studio at Chelsea, then of loud knocking, followed by the names of Lady Canning and the Marchioness of Waterford. I received the ladies as they ascended to my studio. They said that Mr. Ruskin had assured them they might call to see the picture. My room, with windows free, overlooking the river, was as cheerful as any to be found in London; but I had not made any effort to remove the traces of the pinching I had suffered until lately, and to find chairs with perfect seats to them was not easy. But the beautiful sisters were supremely superior to any surprise. It might have seemed that they had always lived with broken furniture by preference; and when Lady Waterford, taking a chair by the back, placed her knee in the perforated seat, and so balanced her queenly person as she stood looking and talking, it might have been thought that the piece of furniture had been prepared for that especial purpose. They were both seriously interested in my picture.

I may say that any occult meaning in the details of my design was not based upon ecclesiastical or archaic symbolism, but derived from obvious reflectiveness. My types were of natural figures such as language had originally employed to express transcendental ideas, and they were used by me with no confidence that they would interest any other mind than my own. The closed door was the obstinately shut mind, the weeds the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth; the orchard the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous labourer under the Divine Master; the bat flitting about only in darkness was a natural symbol of ignorance; the kingly and priestly dress of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul, to them who could give their allegiance to Him and acknowledge God's overrule. In making it a night scene, lit mainly by the lantern carried by Christ, I had followed metaphorical explanation in the Psalms, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," with also the accordant allusions by St. Paul to the sleeping soul, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The symbolism was designed to elucidate, not to mystify, truth; and as I never gave any explanation of my underlying meaning, and the purpose has in the main been interpreted truly, the strictures upon my typical presentment of the subject are surely not founded on reason. My first visitors were interested in the mystic treatment, although they were not on that account prevented from looking at the picture for its delectability—as indeed a picture should always first be regarded.—A few days after the visit a letter came from Lady Canning to ask the price of the work. I therefore wrote to Mr. Combe, in accordance with a compact from the beginning, that when finished I should let him know the price before selling it to any other. I asked four hundred guineas, which he immediately remitted to me, and so the picture became his.

Soon I had another visitor—a distinguished picture-dealer. Mr. Linnell had sent him, as he explained, to see a religious picture which I had just painted. I replied that the only work of mine he could refer to was the one before him on the easel. No, he said, that could not be the one he meant, for it was a really important picture, and he had come to see if we could not do business for it; he had fancied it must be large with several figures. When he was convinced there was no other picture, he asked the price, and I had to explain that it was already sold; then he expressed desire that Mr. Combe should give it up to him. The instinct to care more for what others already have is very general, even with dealers.

Living at Chelsea, I was near to the house of the philosopher who had from his genius pure and simple won worship of such degree that it was treason at the time I write of to limit the adoration offered at his shrine. Although he was strangely deficient in gladsomeness of soul for a prophet who was to regenerate the beaten-down children of men, the reading of any chapter of his could not leave any wise man reluctant to acknowledge the wealth of his sturdy genius. How the revulsion of feeling that has grown up about him since his death can be maintained while his books are within reach, it is difficult for me to understand. It has arisen mainly from the fact that the clever wife, having no one in her household to whom she could tell her real and imaginary vexations, committed a statement of these to her diary as a confidant that would never speak the secrets to others. What a difference this has made in his reputation from the days when young authors such as James Hannay left my bachelor gatherings for a quarter of an hour, only to look up at the dark house of the great sage, and to distinguish the room he was sitting in by the light in his window! I had read all his books that I had been able to buy or borrow, and with all the reverence of my nature I had seen the living prophet rambling along the streets of the neighbourhood, bent down, as it seemed, with the weight of sad wisdom—for joy it never seemed to have brought. Curious as his aspect was in his slow perambulations, it was noticeable that never did the rudest boor or the most impudent gutter-boy fail to be chilled into dumb propriety when he passed; they were silenced in their noisy idleness by his outer grotesqueness and inner grandeur. It was noticeable to me that none of the thousand entertaining incidents of childish caprice and character, nor the endless surprises of whim in the grown-up children of men, ever made him pause or turn his head; his eyes were at all times turned inwards. Despite this habit of mental absorption, he could at unexpected disturbance awaken to reality. One day walking on a narrow pavement, passing a lady girded with preposterous hoops, he was well-nigh thrown to the ground; disentangling his foot, he recovered his balance of limb and temper, and, unruffled, turned ceremoniously to the lady, raised his hat and made his bow, revealing neither annoyance nor sarcasm. Before this period a visitor, in leaving the Carlyles to come to me, had told Mrs. Carlyle of his intention, and the lady asked with interest about me and my work, a curiosity in which her husband somewhat participated. This induced me, when I had some pictures finished, to ask my friend to ascertain from her whether the prophet would honour me with a visit. Although I did not subscribe to all that his worshippers demanded, he was to me one of the real greatnesses of England. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle came. On the first visit I need only say that he looked taller and younger than when muffled up outside, and that his face, despite a shade of rickety joylessness, was one of the noblest I had ever seen. His large-orbited blue eyes, deep sunk, had upper lids drooping over the iris, the lower lid occasionally leaving bare the white below. The brow was prominent, the cranium domed and large, the hair shaggy. His nose and the lower part of his face had the stamp of grandeur, and his figure when unbent had a dignity of its own. Weakness revealed itself in the meagreness of his neck, and want of robust development in a slight twist of the spine. These cripplings were also accompanied by a voice which reached the treble when he wished to discourage interruption at the melancholy tone of his philosophy. Following his talk was like listening to the pages of one of his own books. He would have no dialogue, but the tenderness of the man bespoke itself in unaffectedness of gesture and the directness of his first word. Like all great men I have ever seen, he indulged in no pomposity. He assumed, not unnaturally however, that people—young people particularly—wanted to hear him talk, and did not expect him to listen, and when the intention was made clear I was more than content. His enthusiastic comments upon my "Hireling Shepherd" and "Strayed Sheep" were far beyond my hopes; a letter from Mrs. Carlyle written at this time proves that his eulogiums were not only those of a passing interest.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
13th April.

DEAR MR. HUNT—Will you oblige me by letting Mr. Watson see the Picture? Having raised his curiosity about it to a pitch, I feel myself responsible for the gratification thereof!

Mr. Carlyle says "it is a really grand Picture! The greatest Picture that he has seen painted by any modern man!" And Mr. Carlyle being notorious for never praising except in negations ("*not* a bad Picture"—"a picture *not* wholly without a certain merit," etc., etc.), the present outburst of *positive* praise evinces an appreciation of your Picture not to be exceeded by "any modern man"!

Please recollect that you settled with him to come here some evening soon.—Yours very sincerely,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

This naturally encouraged me to repeat my invitation to him to see my picture.

Mrs. Carlyle had often in chatting to my friends let them know that she had been a noted beauty in her youth and an heiress, and that her friends were much averse to her marriage with Carlyle, but that she would not give him up. She said the same to me in turn. It seemed absurd that the lady who had by her marriage become one of the most renowned wives of her time—instead of being the wife of a respectable mediocrity—could be thinking or what she had given up for him. I observed that, in real fact, she was proud of her husband to the point of vanity. While he talked she placed herself behind him, and whenever something he said deserved special attention, she good-naturedly smiled across to me, nodded, and when at first I thought I must reply to some of his remarks, she held up her finger and shook her head. I saw her often afterwards, and now, spite of the grievances recorded in her diary (of his inconsiderate demand for buttons for his clothes by return post, when the letter arrived after the shops were shut), I think she was one of the proudest wives in the country in all but having no children to divide her care.

It was Carlyle's second visit to my studio that best revealed the inner nature of the man, when "The Awakened Conscience" and "The Light of the World" were just completed. He spoke approvingly of the first, but without any artistic understanding of the effect (he pointed to the reflection of the green foliage into the shining table and said, "The moonlight is well given"); turning to the other, he spoke in terms of disdain. "You call that thing, I ween, a picture of Jesus Christ. Now you cannot gain any profit to yourself, except in mere pecuniary sense, or profit any one else on earth, in putting into shape a mere papistical fantasy like that, for it can only be an inanity, or a delusion to every one that may look on it. It is a poor misshaped presentation of the noblest, the brotherliest, and the most heroic-minded Being that ever walked God's earth. Do you ever suppose that Jesus walked about bedizened in priestly robes and a crown, and with yon jewels on his breast, and a gilt aureole round His head? Ne'er crown nor pontifical robe did the world e'er give to such as Him. Well—and if you mean to represent Him as the spiritual Christ, you have chosen the form in which He has been travestied from the beginning by worldlings who have recorded their own ambitions as His, repeating Judas' betrayal to the high priests. You should think frankly of His antique heroic soul, if you realised His character at all you wouldn't try to make people go back and worship the image that the priests have invented of Him, to keep men's silly souls in meshes of slavery and darkness. Don't you see that you're helping to make people believe what you know to be false, what y' don't believe yourself? The picture I was looking at just now of the shallow, idle fool and his wretched victim had to do with reality; this is only empty make-believe, mere pretended fancy, to do the like of which is the worst of occupations for a man to take to." I tried here to declare that I did firmly believe in the idea that I had painted, more than anything I saw with my natural eyes, and that I could prove from his writings that he also did ; but he raised his voice well-nigh to a scream, and Mrs. Carlyle, standing behind, put up her emphatic finger and shook her head, signing to me.

He vouchsafed but passing notice of my defence. "It's a' wilful blindness, ye persuade yourself that ye do believe, but it's high time that ye gave up the habit of deluding yourself." I tried again to say that he had himself written of the spirit of truth coming to men, and of the need of listening, and that no Spirit of Truth was so candid as that which Christ represents ; but he would not stop, and his good wife more vehemently beckoned silence. "I'll tell ye what my interest in the matter is, I have a screen at home, and on it I have put portraits, the best I can anyhow get—often enough I have to be content with very poor ones—of all the men that ever were on earth who have helped to make us something better than wild beasts of rapine and havoc ; of all the brave-hearted creatures whose deeds and words have made life a term of years to bear with patience and faith, and I see what manner of men most of these were—Socrates and Plato, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, aye, and Brutus, and many another man of the old time who won or lost in the struggle to do what they deemed the justest and wisest thing. By the help of these effigies I can conjure each up to my eyes as though he were an old acquaintance, and I can call up more or less vividly many a man of the time that has come since ; but that grandest of all beings, that Jesus of heavenly omens, I have no means whatever of raising up to my sight with any accredited form." Taking a long breath here, he proceeded as if to a new chapter : "I am only a poor man, but I can say in serious truth that I'd thankfully give one third of all the little store of money saved for my wife and old age, for a veritable contemporary representation of Jesus Christ, showing Him as He walked about while He was trying with His ever invincible soul to break down the obtuse stupidity of the cormorant-minded, bloated gang who were doing, in desperate contention, their utmost to make the world go devilward with themselves. Search has been made honestly, and imposture has striven to satisfy the desire to procure some portraits of Him, but not the faintest shadow exists that can be accepted, nor any legendic attempt to represent Him can be credited, notwithstanding your fables of King Abgarus[1] of Edessa or of St. Luke or of St. Veronica's napkin. Yet there were artists enough and to spare, and the sculptors' work has come down to us, filling all the museums of Europe. They adored their stone images of obsolete gods, and looked to the augurs of these as ruling their destinies, while the living mouth-piece of God, the giver of true wisdom, was amongst them. It was a shadow-land in which they searched for their gods, and so made images of Jupiter, of Apollo, of Hercules, of all the deities and deesses who put no bridle upon the will of their votaries, but left them to play into the hands of all the devils in hell, from whose reign indeed they were not separated, unless forsooth they were only the creatures of purposeless fancy. Male and female, they were the rulers of a heaven that all the intelligent among men had long ceased to believe in, spite of the statues by sculptors who made believe to believe. And these carvers of marble, had they only instead chiselled a faithful statue of the 'Son of Man,' as He called Himself, and shown us what manner of man He was, what His height, what His build, and what the features of His sorrow-marked face were, and what His dress, I for one would have thanked the sculptor who did it with all the gratitude of my heart for that portrait, as the most precious heirloom of the ages. Now I tell you, young man, you are doing exactly what the sculptors of Roman time did, and y'll ne'er make your talent a benefit to your fellowmen of to-day and to them that come afterwards, if you go on working at worn-out fables. I have seen the pictures, all of them by the great painters who have set themselves to portray Jesus, and what could be more wide o' the mark? There's the picture of 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' in our National Gallery by Leonardo da Vinci, and it makes him a puir, weak, girl-faced nonentity, bedecked in a fine silken sort of gown, with gems and precious stones bordering the whole, just as though He had been the darling of a Court, with hands and fingers that have never done any work, and could do none whatever, a creature altogether incapable of convincing any novice advanced enough to solve the simplest problem in logic. There are other notable presentations of conceptions of Christ in paint and marble familiar to us in prints, and they are all alike." Here, raising his voice very high, he continued, "And when I look, I say, 'Thank you, Mr. Da Vinci,' 'Thank you, Mr. Michael Angelo,' 'Thank you, Mr. Raffaelle, that may be your idea of Jesus Christ, but I've another of my own which I very much prefer.' I see the Man toiling along in the hot sun, at times in the cold wind, going long stages, tired, hungry often and footsore, drinking at the spring, eating by the way, His rough and patched clothes bedraggled and covered with dust, imparting blessings to others which no human power, be it king's or emperor's or priest's, was strong enough to give to Him, a missioner of Heaven sent with brave tongue to utter doom on the babbling world and its godless nonsense, and to fashion out another teaching to supplant it, doing battle with that valiant voice of His, only against the proud and the perverse, encharming the simple by His love and lovableness, and ever disenchanting such as would suppose that the kingdom of heaven that He preached would bring to Him or to His adherents earthly glory or riches; offering them rather ignominy and death. Surrounded by His little band of almost unteachable poor friends, I see Him dispirited, dejected, and at times broken down in hope by the immovability and spleen of fools, who, being rich with armed slaves, determined to make the heavens bend to them. I see Him unflinching in faith and spirit crying out, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.' This was a man worth seeing the likeness of, if such could be found. One painter indeed there was who had some gleam of penetration in him, and faculty of representation, and his works I look for wherever I can hope to find them. Albert Dürer is that man, who illustrated the painful story of the Christ, the Man of Sorrows, in His babyhood nursed amid ruins, with Joseph ever toiling, and the Mother oppressed and haggard with thought, and the child without the carelessness and joy of infancy, being lean and prematurely sad, and then step after step of the same heavy burdened soul appears, until, with face worn and distorted, He ends His life of misery upon the Cross ; but even Albert Dürer had canons of tradition which hindered him from giving the full truth, and I don't see what hope there could be in attempting to do now what he failed to do then. Take my word for it, and use your cunning hand and eyes for something that ye see about ye, like the fields and trees I saw here a year ago, and, above all, do not confuse your understanding with mysteries." And then as he turned to go he said, pointing to a drawing on the wall, "And pray who may that shrewd-looking man be with the domed and ample cranium ? He ought to be a man of mark." I said that it was my father, whom I regarded as a man of very exceptional intellect, though he had neither had the opportunity nor the ambition to care to make his voice heard beyond his own private circle. He resumed, "And so it was with my father, and I can say that in native wisdom neither I nor any son of his came near him, and yet he cared only to go about his little land, and exercise his judgment upon its state, to settle the order of his crops, and to watch that they were defended from all the evils that threatened them in their course, and to see that the home was well ordered. Yes, at times he would talk about the news of the town, of its men, the sage, and the crankie, and yet I can honestly aver he was well fitted to be a counsellor to kings."

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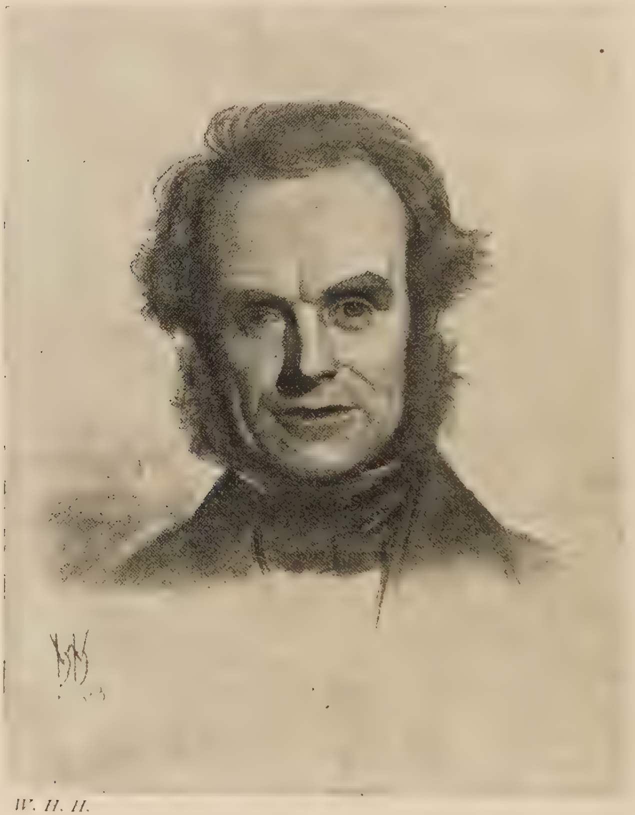
[1] For later investigation see the evidence collected and published by Sir Wyke Bayliss on the likeness of Jesus Christ.

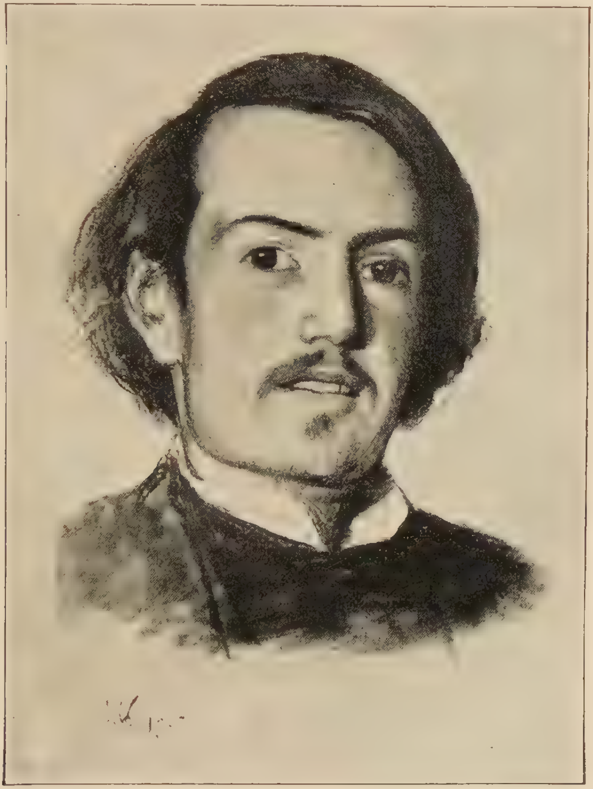
The dark weather delayed my finishing "The Awakened Conscience" and made me exceed my calculated dates for



W. H. H.

WILLIAM HUNT.

departure, so much so that my friends who did not want me to go abroad gradually spoke of the plan as all a joke. At this time poor Deverell was attacked afresh by his malady, and although he would not listen to the doctor's opinion, it was evident that he was in great danger, and indeed doomed to early dissolution. His father and mother had both gone to the grave, and Walter, as the elder son, had to take the burden of the family upon him. It was thought at the time that relief from worry about



W. H. H.

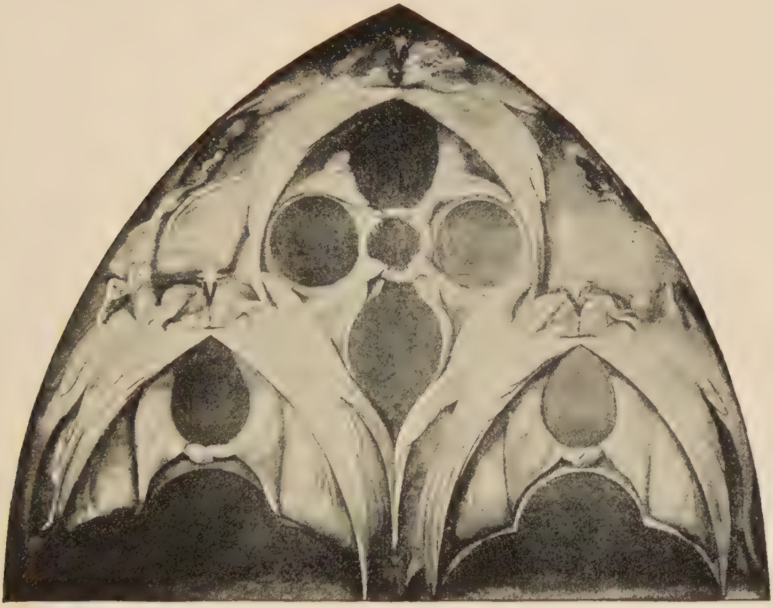
W. DEVERELL.

ways and means might do much to postpone the end. Millais was in Scotland, and in return to some letter of mine agreed to conclude the purchase with me of an unsold picture by Deverell, contributing one half of the price, which had been fixed at ninety guineas. I was able to take the comforting news to the sick man, and at the same time I did a drawing of his head, here reproduced.

While I was still delayed, Mr. Agnew, the founder of the celebrated firm, came saying that he had heard of my project, and had so much admiration of it that he had determined to offer me five hundred guineas for the first figure picture I should paint in the East. It was a liberal proposal, but I felt obliged to say that it would be so uncertain what I should have the opportunity to do, that it would be wiser for neither of us to be bound, and that instead I would propose to give him the refusal of the first picture I could finish at the price that should then suggest itself to be fair. He could not understand my rejection of so handsome a commission, and these proposals came to nothing.

Thomas Seddon was an amateur friend of our circle. He had for years desired to convert his furtive indulgence in art into a professional pursuit of it, but being of value in his father's business, he had been indefinitely chained to it. He was about thirty-three years of age when, hearing of my Eastern project, he asked to join me, and thus by novelty of subject and my instruction make up in a measure for his tardy commencement. As I was not yet ready to start, he elected to go on before me to Cairo, in fear that otherwise he might further lose his freedom. I met him at Brown's studio, where he had gone to take leave of our common friend. I found our host full of enthusiasm about my Egyptian and Syrian project, and in his warmth he said that had he not been married he would certainly have come too; this would have caused complications in plans already encompassed with enough anxiety.

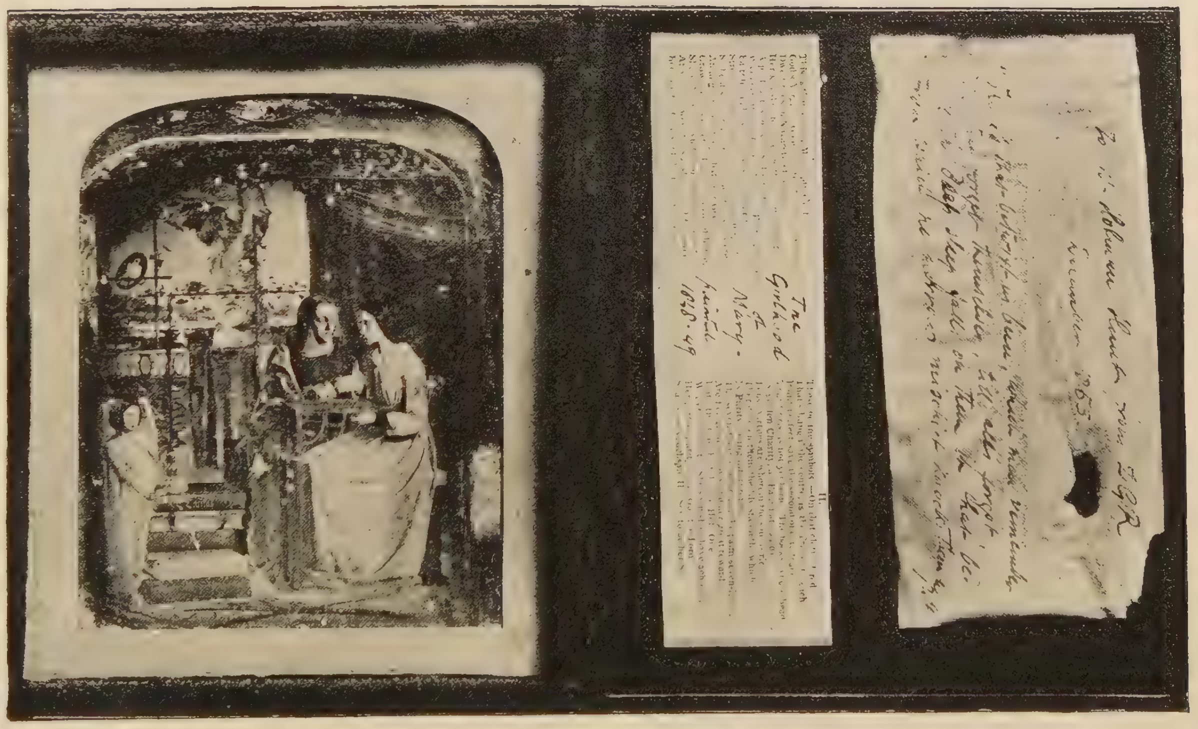
On my last visit to Oxford at Christmas, Mr. Combe declared that he did not think I could be trusted with my little money, and that it would be wise for him to take care of it, that I could thus better defend myself from borrowers, and that with him as my banker I could draw drafts for sums as they became needful. I was glad to accept the offer, but in view of a possible sudden emergency I apprised him that I should leave one cheque of a moderate sum at home, which might or might not be presented. I had thus about £700 left for my venture. An old fellow-student suddenly presented himself with a pitiful account of disaster that had befallen his family, which would be permanent unless he could have £50. I gave him the amount out of the balance to be left behind, thus saving myself in some degree from the dreaded reproaches of Mr. Combe, but, as it chanced, it led to the ultimate loss of the other portion.



J. E. Millais.

DESIGN OF THE TRACERY OF A WINDOW.

Millais came back from Scotland before my start. He had been painting Mr. Ruskin's portrait while away, and in response to a challenge from him he had made a design of the tracery of a window illustrating the lines—



To W. Holman Hunt from DGR
December 1853

The
Girlhood
of
Mary.
painted
1848-49

' D. G. Rossetti.

DAGUERREOTYPE FROM "GIRLHOOD OF MARY."

Where angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gifts.[1]

I was waiting for one bright day to finish "The Awakened Conscience" before leaving England. At last it came, and by four o'clock I had accomplished all.

I took a cab and made a round of calls on my friends to say good-bye. The dear old Millais were astonished when I said I was going that night by the mail train. John came back with me and helped me to pack. Some bachelor friends rallied me, saying that they should go and dine leisurely and come on to my lodgings later. When they arrived I had gone, and Millais had accompanied me to the station. I had not had time to dine, and Millais rushed to the buffet and seized any likely food he could, tossing it after me into the moving carriage. What a leave-taking it was with him in my heart when the train started! Did other men have such a sacred friendship as that we had formed?

My thoughts in connection with the past were led to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, from which we had hoped so much, and which, it could not be ignored, was now, at least in part, a signal failure. The old comradeship was kept up as far as possible by letter, and renewed on my return. I for long cherished the hope that again as old men, with all the fever of distracting life abated, we might have other Pre-Raphaelite meetings. I have on my table now a daguerreotype of Rossetti's first picture of "The Girlhood of Mary," given me by Gabriel ere my departure. In addition to the two sonnets describing it he wrote the lines from Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* upon it:—

There's that betwixt us been, which men remember
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.

From D. G. R.

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[1] In doing this he indulged the ambition, which we had entertained from the beginning, to combine architectural design with picture painting as part of the work of a cultivated artist.

CHAPTER XIV

1854

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights.
Richard III.

Remember thirty centuries look down upon you.
Napoleon Bonaparte.

ARRIVING in Paris on the 14th February, I made a halt to see the Louvre and beat up Brodie, the English student. He had not yet given his *coup de grâce* to his picture of "The Murder of Prince Edward." As a friendly cicerone he took me about, as before, to see the Imperial city. I was in a hotel of ancient date, in the street of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It was built around a courtyard, like the Talbot Inn in London, used of old for diligences and market waggons. The rooms for travellers were arranged around. Mine was on the first floor, opening on to a gallery. One could not stand anywhere within the building without wondering what tragic words the walls had echoed. When I had extinguished my candles at night, shades of old, with finger on lip, seemed to bid me not to penetrate their secrets, and I slept with a sense of submission, but on the third night of my stay I was awakened by a repetition of a not infrequent nightmare, with screams added, "It's death, it's death, it's death!" and I resolved not to stay in Paris beyond the day.

The train, which arrived at Châlon about four in the morning, at that time went no farther, and I had to scramble for my luggage and get on board the Saone steamer as best I might. Ice was about everywhere and the deck slippery. The fog compelled us to remain chained to the wharf till daylight. In the cabin there were lights, a good fire, and a delicious aroma of coffee ; it was full of people, who talked, smoked, ate, drank, and noisily played cards till after we started. One group centred round a lively lady, whose conversation, with its stinging repartee, no language would have enshrined so well as French. I was so chilled that in no position that could be secured was it possible for me to sleep. When the boat was making its journey a fog-horn was continually sounded all the way to Lyons.

We were landed there, where we had to sleep ; the streets were ice-bound and the winds bleak. The next morning we descended the Rhone. Before noon we crossed the border line of extreme climes and reached summer, which all passengers recognised as a sudden word of command to put aside wraps and great-coats. The boat occasionally got aground, but the fixed stem was treated as a pivot ; the force of the current acted on the floating stern with such a swing, that when the half-circle was described the whole hull was free to continue down the stream, and so to go ahead till another sand-bank gave a fresh opportunity for the manœuvre. I enjoyed my breakfast on deck with the greater zest from the varied beauties of the scenery. Near sunset we drew up to a pier, and every one disembarked to sleep at Valence. Romance and charm were in the air, and after dinner at the old-fashioned inn, as I turned to the broad hearth with a welcoming log ablaze, I thought fondly of Deverell, who had often enacted imaginary adventures of dramatic character which we were to enjoy together in our later course in life. He regarded his last attack as only an irritating addition to the crowd of troubles that had come upon him in the past two years of his young life, and one which should not prevent him from vanquishing perverse fate in the end. His ill fortune had of late sapped the large promise of his genius.

The next morning we steamed again for half a day and arrived at never-to-be-forgotten Avignon. A few hours I spent in seeing its ancient treasures, and then hurried by train to Marseilles, where the P. and O. steamer was still getting in its coals and cargo, leaving time for an expedition to the Château d'If, of which I availed myself, with rapture at the beauty of the colour and the glory of the southern light. The gorgeous groups of vendibles in the market, with, at the stalls, the comely daughters of the sun, whose blushing reminded me that they were not only pictures, could not be turned from without a sigh.

It was not without some regret, for the first time in my life, I saw at Avignon the mountains with clouds uplifted, and the southern sky behind canopying Italy, that I turned my face away from the land where the highest and strongest artists had laboured, and where so many of their noblest works still remained. I then had to call up before my mind all the advantages promised by the more adventurous journey, and to remember afresh the decision, many times forced upon me, that residence in Italy early in life had often been the prelude to a career of total non-vitality to an art student; and this reflection quieted my unrest.

When the steamer had left the harbour, I found among the few passengers some newspaper correspondents going to the seat of the threatened war, and Mr. Henry Lushington, Secretary to the Governor at Malta, to whom I had a letter. At the island I had again to make a fresh rest, as the *Himalaya*, on her first voyage from Southampton, had not yet arrived. The next morning, when I had just started from Valetta for an expedition, the belated vessel was signalled, and I had to hurry back to secure my berth. The ship had broken one of her shafts in the Bay of Biscay, and for a time all the passengers regarded themselves as lost, but after having

The Light of the World,
1903.

lain-to they saw by the vessel obeying her helm that the broken machinery was put in order, and they steamed ahead without further mishap until Malta was reached.

When I was established on board I found many Indian officials and ladies returning to their stations after a leave of absence, and to these were added young men going out for the first time to join their regiments, to fill civil offices, or to take places in established houses of business. It was a tangible illustration of the greatness of the British Empire and of the vast trusts it held towards the advancement of the world. How such a surpassing nation could have been so indifferent in its governmental recognition, as it had hitherto been, of the expression of the people's soul by art could not but be a further puzzle to me. There was now indeed some assurance of a new era in the adornment by painters and sculptors of the Houses of Parliament, and in the adoption of artistic work in churches, but not without room being left to doubt whether, in the first case, the council to select the work had not, from ignorance, chosen some incompetent artists, and whether, for religious purposes, the priests directing the completion of church buildings (after studiously insisting upon having nothing but the repetition of the features of the "correct period" for ecclesiastical architecture) would not set their faces against every kind of scripture illustration but that of a bygone intelligence. This last could have no effect but to make the beholders look upon the sacred history as a fabulous tale, and the heroes acting in it as legendary favourites. It would be a false service to religion; while art, thus developed, could never be worthy of a nation such as ours, which, despite the greatest discouragement, had produced individual artists of a calibre equal to the champions who had made the nation so commanding in all other fields of emulation. For the pressing question of our reform I was encouraged to reflect that, with the favour that Millais had won with the public, with that tardily accorded to me, and with that which Rossetti was gaining from those few who saw his work, it might be thought that we would eventually, with a fresh combination, found a working school, and supply the watchful progressive influence upon younger artists, which England had ever needed and never possessed ; but perhaps the forces that had attacked us were only biding their time to raise the hue and cry afresh. There was scarcely an artist of any age who had not, in some degree at least, been driven by our example to go to Nature to gain some fresh element of truth for his work, but many of these seniors lost no opportunity of discouraging practical recognition for our works among those wealthy ones who alone could bring us what are the sinews of art as well as of war. When it was imprudent to deny merit to particular pictures, it was declared that these were free from Pre-Raphaelitism only in the degree that they were good, and so the old cry was not less effective than it had been at first in forming the utmost possible hindrance to the fair chance of any young man adopting our chosen password. Moreover, there was no kind of recognition that it was a necessity for our nation to win the honour of greatness in matters of design. Certainly, if left to the patronage of a few rich men who were moved hither and thither by the whim of the day in the current in which they swam, England would die without ever having made its national art express more than a poor portion of its full soul.

What remains will have come into being by the strong will of British genius, but will scarcely be more than mere individual triumphs. There will be no national taste, no stamp like that which makes men now say of an exhumed antiquity, "that is Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, Italian, Old German," and so on, while there is any form to be deciphered. There must be a real necessity for design felt in the nation ; it must be a real want, food to the intellectual and sensuous hunger of the people ; it must be an adjunct to religion, or if you quarrel about names, what men have in the place of religion ; in its highest form it must be in their *temples* ; it will not be found in after days if it is done only to flatter the rich ;

it should be a freemason's sign to all; one which must declare itself to strangers as well as to ourselves, and it must have a growth, gradual and steady, to perfection. If you do without art you will not help the nation to escape the penalty of stupidity and want of altruism, defects which must disintegrate any people. To cut off the buds of a fruit tree to prevent the development of fruit will not save the leaves from falling off as the winter comes.

I became friendly with many of the Indian officials on board, who invited me to come and see them in India. I regret I was never able to do this, but after three years I was pained to read of some of them as having come to their end in the Mutiny.

It was a delightful voyage, with porpoises racing the vessel and flying-fish shooting through the prismatic arcs of the waves even on to the deck. How sweet, too, it was to look over the gunwale into the lapis-lazuli water, dense as in a dyer's vat, marbled all through with engulfing veins.

Egypt showed itself very unimposing with its low sand dunes, and for landmarks only the lighthouses, Pompey's Pillar, and the many windmills which owed their origin to Napoleon. Alexandria still bore trace of the sleep from which Lieutenant Waghorn (the pioneer of the Overland Route) had aroused it only some ten years before. When landed, the passengers got as best they could to a house called a hotel, where people sat on their luggage and clamoured, much in vain, for refreshment and attention. In the night we got on to a steamboat in the canal; it was captained by a native, and all the crew were uncontrolled and unmannerly, to which the ship bore witness in its untidiness. The ladies had only an inner cabin, opening into the general saloon. On board were some Anglo-Indians, loud and bullying in manner. A party of these, passing as officers, took possession of a table and produced cards, playing noisily, swearing, and smoking without intermission, till the ladies came out from the inner cabin and pleaded that they had no means of ventilation, and that the smoke was greatly annoying them. The card party refused to desist, and if any one remonstrated he was insulted and challenged to fight. While others were considering how the difficulty had to be met, a gentleman in clerical costume descended from the deck. Perhaps it was the shaking of the vessel or the gloom of the chamber that made his apparent object doubtful and his steps devious, but he walked to the back of the noisiest ruffian, apparently wishful to watch the play. There unsteadily he poised himself a moment, then he placed his hand over the shoulder of the player, took the cigar between his fingers, and tottering, said, "You're no genilmen to smoke in the company of ladies." The stalwart savage was up in a moment, confronting the blear-eyed and ill-balanced champion of chivalry. The situation was too absurd even for the most infuriate, and the provoked bully, half-laughing, satisfied his wrath by saying, "Were it not for your cloth I would knock you down." It was obvious, as the cleric went on mumbling and rolling about, that he had imbibed too copiously of the steward's strong water. His adversary gave way to loud laughter and sat down again. After this interruption of the annoyance it flagged till all rolled themselves up and went to sleep. It was obvious that the costumes and pretensions either of noisy bully or sodden parson could not be taken as their true social credentials.

A full hour before sunrise we were landed at Boulak, and then began the first revelation of the wonders in store for me. Having secured my own personal luggage from the officials, I hung about to see the unpacking of the cargo which was to pass overland to Suez on the backs of camels; part of this consisted of small weighty cases, containing bullion for India. An old grizzly sheik had been appointed to deal with these; he sat on a low seat, in front of which the money boxes had to be placed in order, his six sons bringing them out from the hold and depositing them there. On a sudden the British overseer detected an irregularity in the supply, and the father arose as a man whose family honour was at eternal stake. He arrested the steps of the son about to return to the ship, and repeated his order to each of the others as he arrived. When all were collected before him a flaming fire in a brazier was shedding light on the scene, while the eastern sky was paling behind the palms; the sons, massive in build and stature, stood in a row with hands folded. The error was found to be that one had come forward with a packet out of his turn. The patriarch objurgated him sternly, and spat upon him with words of bitter contempt, method was restored, and the whole business went on again in primæval fashion, as it might have done in the days of Jacob. This was the fresh opening of a great volume of living pictures, from which I had to turn to the omnibus which waited to take me on.

When I arrived at the hotel in Cairo, Seddon had just completed his night's rest. I delayed my sleep till evening should fall again. The noise of life was like the ringing bells of a festa, and it was impossible to turn one's eyes from the open window, where each minute brought forward a new scene, each scene being one of the perennial dramas of the East, heard of, imagined often, but hitherto cut off from me by the intervening leagues of sea.

The Usbeykia was then a dense jungle of palm trees and sugar-cane, separated from the houses by a broad curvilinear road, divided into rows by lines of sycamore, with rails and bars at intervals, forming protected places for café seats and tethered animals, camels, horses, cows, asses, and goats, many having green forage supplied in bundles, and fowls were running about picking up stray seeds. The houses formed the skirts of the old city; their present faces appeared to have been originally their backs; they were now approached by a covered archway. Furthest off from the windows where I stood was the broadest of the roads for carriages and the heavy burdened, and through this came the main torrent of life.

A happy holiday feeling pervaded the air; this was the current of responsiveness, which rest with new life always gives the traveller power to summon. It was to me the slaking of a long thirst, and I was often drawn to the window to witness the flowing stream of strange life. Horses and even gazelles formed other detached groups, all finding it their pleasure to munch the juicy green food placed near their heads.

Jugglers were at a little distance collecting a dense crowd, with a fringe of nimble children impatient at not having the best places as spectators, but quickly consoling themselves by the pursuit of rival mountebanks trading on the antics of a sufficiently ugly baboon ; animals as they marched along and men on business were often chewing newly culled stalks of sugar-cane. Bedouin from the desert prowled stealthily like beasts of prey with sheathed claws ; serpent charmers, with their noxious reptiles in hand or in open breast, invited patrons as they passed and re-passed, incredulous of want of *franghi* fondness for their pets. Now a clamour of screeches with a burden of men's intoning voices heralded a funeral, with the corpse borne, face uncovered, dressed as the man was living yesterday in the market place. The cry of the widows and daughters was addressed to the silent principal of the scene, calling him by all his pet names to come back to them and theirs. The infants were riding on the mothers' shoulders, bewildered at the situation and forgotten, as the women tossed the dust on their own heads. Across an end of the square a religious procession of another tenor came upon the stage. It was less hurried and tempestuous ; all the actors walked sedately, while the tom-tom sounded and the joy-cry rang out its peal of notes. This was a marriage company, with the child bride under a canopy of gold embroidery, walking with slowly shuffling feet. Mother and female relatives, dressed in old, harmonious-coloured, and traditionally decorated silks, attended the party. As the various groups passed along, through all the confusion, water-carriers rang their brass tazzi, and mingled their shouts in the name of the Prophet with those of other itinerant vendors of tempting drinkables and edibles. Above all swept the searching hawks, circling and crossing, and sometimes swooping down into the busy crowd to seize undefended prey. I stood at that window looking down upon mortal interests as much apart as the gods might survey mankind from the clouds. How swiftly transient, however, are the most slowly passing scenes! All the actors of that day have now passed away—the Pasha in his gorgeous carriage, with running footmen kurbashing the subservient pedestrians; the priests solemnising the procession of the *doséh*, on the return of the Sheik of the Saadeyeh, on his white horse, from Mecca; the devout who threw themselves down to be trampled upon, despite the chance of broken backs; the rude fellah, holding in his hand the long sugar-cane, all have passed off the scene now, taking nothing with them but the lesson sacred in their own hearts derived from the facts of the great drama in which they took part; now, fifty years after, their places are taken by new actors, and even the stage itself has been changed, yet how vivid and full of life are the memories I retain in my mind as though they had been interrupted only for a moment. I bless the meanest of the original actors for the delights they gave me, and may my benediction have some weight against the condemnation of the pious believer in perdition for all followers of Mahomet.

Once sitting in the room busy at the table I heard above all the din a piercing cry of distress. I started up from work and eagerly scanned the crowd to search out the unhappy sufferer. It was a blind man of solid proportions, about forty-five, who had halted in the middle of the Usbeykia, and was pouring out his heart of woe with copious tears, which were running down from his eyes, into which the knuckles of both hands were pressed by way of softening the soreness of these floodgates of woe. All the neighbours centred themselves upon him, inquiring the cause of the bitter affliction of the moment, and then it was explained that the unguided pedestrian had lost his way! It was a trouble which all took pains to correct, and the blind one, once turned round, was seen feeling with trusty staff his way back to the bazaar.

I had frequent occasion to sympathise with a gentle-minded buffalo suckling her calf, which was stabled in front of our hotel. She was head to head with a truculent ass, who brayed all the day long. It was evident the noise caused her sore affliction. It was enough, even at my distance, to stun the ears, but she, poor thing, turned away, putting her head down, that the din might be more easily endured. Unlimited patience is only provocative of greater injury to the habitually vicious. Alas! some donkeys are not amenable to gentleness or conversion from head-strongness, and the more this beast was endured in his unreasonable trumpetings the more frequent and the louder they were. He heard other jackasses and she-asses in the distance applauding his observations as sapient and enlightening, and so he evidently gloried in the affliction he caused his neighbour, and having but a moment since ended one utterance which was like the call of doom, he turned his nose more directly towards the bearer of Juno's soft regard, and raised up his voice to justify his previous homily. The strain growing in volume, the cow bent her head away to the extremest limits, but this proving futile, she suddenly made a fresh resolve, inclined her head, and directed her sturdy horn into his open mouth, and, making one rush, sent him over, giving him a lesson against bad manners which lasted for several days.

This poor milch-cow was a perfect type of modern English art, harried, hindered, and driven to despair by blatant criticism, and at the time I could only wish for some penalty that would follow out the sequel of the Usbeykia contest, and that the arrogant, self-taught, and self-exalted umpires who had lifted up their notes and screeched their folly into the air, inciting other donkeys to sing in chorus with them, had met as sharp and sudden retribution for their self-satisfied clamour.

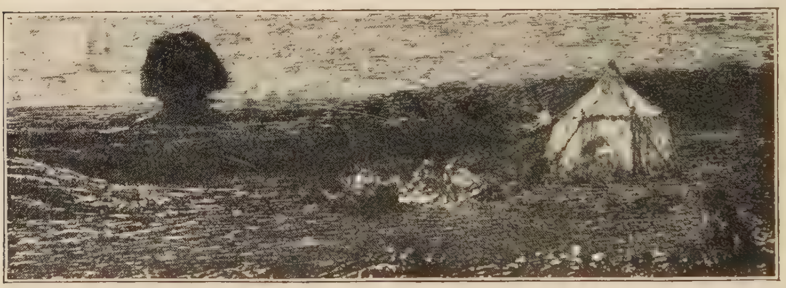
When I took my walks abroad, and looked upon what passed before my eyes, whether of woe or weal, so much was entirely primitive, simple, and withal beautiful, that before going further afield to see the regions I had chosen as the goal of my pursuit, I could have no hesitation in being satisfied with the choice of my field for study. In one step I had found escape from the affectations of civilised life. Nature presented itself in its unsophisticated and simple grace, and life reappeared as in its earliest stages.

The interior of the bazaars, the streets, the mosques, the fountains, the tombs of the caliphs, the view from the citadel, the avenues of lebek, the gates, old Cairo, all in turn offered a perfect subject for a painter of contemporary phases of Eastern life. I had no ambition to illustrate modern Cairo, I was re-reading Herodotus, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the Bible, and Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and what I saw was for the time studied only to make the records of ancient history clearer. All traditional manners were threatening to pass away, together with ancient costume and hereditary taste; I saw that in another generation it would be too late to reconstruct the past, save in rural and desert life, if even there. I allowed myself to commence some water-colour

W. H. H.

GEBEL MOKATTEM, CAIRO.

drawings, and after I had made an expedition to the Pyramids, the quiet and special facilities for seeing primitive life there made me join Seddon in encamping near to the Sphinx. A very moderate expedition daily provided us with birds for the pot; to start with we had brought with us all that was necessary in the way of meat and dried fruits. All later food we purchased from the Arabs, and could not have fared better. One morning, after an unexpected experience of the unparalleled hardness of a bed in the sand, with a resentment which extended to the wind, also contributing to spoil my night's rest, I felt but little inclined to acknowledge that the dawn was sufficiently declared for me to regard rest as altogether at an end. Violent gusts were still battering and bellying the tent, and causing a severe strain upon the ropes and pegs; but these bore the trial until suddenly one of the stakes on my side of the tent was torn up, flapping about like a mad thing, and admitting a tornado of wind. I had to make a grand spring to catch hold of the riotous pin, but by then several other fastenings had come undone, and the canvas was dashing backwards and forwards, up and down, beyond all control. Seddon on his side was also holding on to the loose folds like an octopus; but it was too late, the tent was literally turned inside out, and we were rolled over and over as though in a blanket pudding,



W. H. H.

SPHINX.

while books, clothes, carpets, papers, and drawing materials were scattered about the desert, some of them irrecoverably lost in the sand. This experience induced us to have a vacated tomb swept out for our abode, and to install our servants with the canteen in one of the side apartments, where a Greek called Gabrien and an Egyptian who had lost his original name because he had been to England with the baby hippopotamus, and was known as Hippo, constituted our permanent attendants. The latter was a serpent charmer, and never went about without one or two reptiles as bulky as one's wrist, coiled up inside his camise, nearly the only dress he wore. Gabrien was in my pay, the other treasure belonged to Seddon.[1]

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[1] The following letter was written at the time :—

WILLIAMS' INDIAN FAMILY HOTEL,
CAIRO, EGYPT, *March* 16, 1854.

MY DEAR MILLAIS—I have been bothered overmuch lately with the difficulties about the little picture, and thus was hindered in getting this letter away by the last mail. I wrote to Egg last from our tent at Ghizeh ; after that time I was driven back by the wind, which disturbed the sand so much as to make sketching in colours a task of too much time ; for the result I might add one or two other trifling annoyances, but then you would think the climate here as victimising as that in England, which would be an injustice, even if the present two weeks of winter weather were continuous. After cautioning you thus much, I don't mind saying that one morning before we had completed the first task of tying up the fleas for the day, a little breeze arose which compelled us to hold on to the skirts of our tent for half an hour, in fear that otherwise we might be blown to the Sahara. My genius is not sufficient to convey a true impression of the event either by artistic or literary means. I have registered the fact, however, in both arts, and my conscience is relieved. Before concluding my notice of our nomadic *ménage*, it may not be uncalled for to explain the figure to the right of the composition above. In the year 1820-25-30-35-40—it is very difficult to compute his age—the subject of our biography was born in India, of a family of the most ancient descent. Indeed, in this respect one may venture to state that no European family, not even that of Hannay, would venture to compete with this remarkable being ; for even by his own computation 360 generations of ancestors have continuously pursued one vocation (and one may reasonably conclude that such a family could not have risen in a day, and that therefore there must have been some founders which tradition cannot reach). The most profound investigation fails to discover the events of his earliest youth, as he chooses to discountenance all impertinent curiosity by a broad grin and a repetition of his compendious English vocabulary, "Vare kood, ser!" When this gentleman had arrived at the age of discretion in the year 1850, he was appointed by the Pacha's officer in charge of the

I stayed in this *villegiatura* generally about three weeks at the time, and I found it always beneficial to my

> hippopotamus as sub-guardian of that interesting infant, in which capacity he accompanied it to England, and together with it formed the attractive exhibition in the Zoological Gardens for several months. At the end of that period he returned to the Nile country, and has remained here ever since; his vocation is that of serpent charmer, in which he is undoubtedly possessed of the highest talent. This recommended him to Seddon's attention, who has such an unqualified love for the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe as to covet specimens of all the noxious reptiles that dwell here. At the moment illustrated above, I am bound to confess that Hippopotamus (for his charge stood sponsor to him and gave his own name to his affectionate use) did not stand thus classically entwined by serpents in the spot where he is depicted; but as since his sudden appearance here some three weeks since, with nearly all the most venomous creatures of Egypt in his bosom, which he had captured for his admiring master, he has always been present to my most nervous imagination as I have represented, so I have thought it well to adopt an abstract manner of treatment of the design. Seddon returned with me from Ghizeh, but after two or three days, as the delightful weather of this season was restored, he again took up quarters in the tent; he intends to paint there. I stay in Cairo to commence a little subject which I witnessed in the street. If it were not for the hope of employing my time until our start in April for Sinai with this town subject, I think I should be inclined to leave at once and go to Syria; for the country offers nothing with more than antiquarian interest as landscape; the Pyramids themselves are extremely ugly blocks, as one always knew, and arranged with most unpicturesque taste. . . . There are palm trees about, which attract my passing admiration, but for all else one might as well sketch in Hackney Marsh. The desert is beautiful; but as I have said I could not settle down there, I find a good deal of difficulty in doing so here, for there are four or five other Englishmen in the hotel, and it is impossible to feel secluded enough to study, even when Seddon is away. . . . I must say Seddon's good-nature and ability for useful arrangements go much beyond my expectations.
>
> *Thursday Morning.*—The mail came in yesterday, and this morning the letters have been delivered. I have received yours and two or three in one from my family. . . . God help poor Deverell! I was prepared for the fatal news, but not the less affected by it. The longer I live the less certainty I feel as to the course to be taken, and I almost determine to do nothing. I am ashamed at the little enthusiasm I feel, even with the novelty of my present life. I hope you will come out in the autumn. Seddon will have gone back by then, and I will have made some way with the language if possible. I am very likely to remain abroad for a year or two: it is impossible to do any good in merely passing through a country, particularly when one has so many prejudices to overcome towards the annoyances which exist here. I wish we could meet abroad and travel and work together for a good while, with occasionally another or two for companions (Halliday for one). The country offers nothing to me but landscapes and buildings of antiquarian interest; you know I want figures. I don't feel certain as to the best place to remain in; this may be the most convenient and practicable, but my last information points to Beyrout, where one might think and work without vexatious interruption. . . . I am glad to have your full letter before me again and to learn that Inchbold is likely to get on. Your proposition to entertain my little sister at tea

health. Sometimes at Ghizeh I was encouraged to think it would be easier to find models than it had proved to be

with your cousin gratifies me beyond any other that could be made. . . . Certainly cultivate a beard. I am persuaded to overcome my Anglican prejudice in favour of a clean chin. I should not do so, however, if I found it disguised my nationality, for that is worth every other pretension one travels with ; it finds one in cringing obedience and fear from every native, even a dog when told one is an Englishman runs away yelping. With this nationality, indeed, and a fist I would undertake to knock down any two Arabs in the Usbeykia and walk away unmolested. The Russians one hears of occasionally, but only from England, when the news is so old as to have gained admission into the Appendix of Goldsmith's *School History of Great Britain*. The fact is, as you hinted before my departure, one hears nothing here, so do pray append one line of news to each letter, particularly if you have anything at hand about Cairo, for as I am here I am naturally anxious to know what has passed besides the everlasting donkeys, which, by the bye, are the only steeds one can get here without expending enough to purchase a horse completely ; so you may see I do not enjoy the luxury nor endanger my valuable life by running after the hounds. Appended you see an example of the ordinary load an ass has to carry in this country. I intend sending a letter to Gabriel by this post ; he wished to learn about the expenses of living here, so I will leave that subject entirely for his perusal. I wish my attempt to get models had been encouraging in the result. Bedouin may be had in twenties and thirties merely by paying them a little more than their exceedingly low rate of wages, and these are undoubtedly the finest men in the place ; but when one requires the men of the city or the women, the patience of an omnibus man going up Piccadilly with two jibbing horses on an Exhibition day is required. I have made the attempt to get women to sit, until at the end of a fortnight or three weeks I have reaped nothing but despair, although I have spared no pains to achieve my purpose. One chance my servant discovered and told me of exultingly, so I went with him without question into a house where I was followed by scrutinising eyes through windows and door-cracks on each storey. Going up the outside staircase, I found myself at last at the top of the house entering the guest-room. This was a small chamber without much furniture, but surrounded by divan seats in front of a rich lattice-work *mushrebeeah*, where people sit for the cool air in the heat of the day. No one was present, so I had leisure to examine the objects in the room and speculate upon the beauty of the houris of the establishment, and to make some study of the manner in which I would arrange the figures which I should have to do that same day ; and here I heard women's voices outside, and shuffling of feet. Four or five entered veiled, with a duenna. They ranged themselves in a rank with their backs against the door. With but only twenty words of Arabic, and a great deal of impatience, I could not afford much ceremony ; so after I had fired off the nineteenth, I thought it time to walk up to the most graceful figure and utter the still unexhausted twentieth "*Yia bint*." The shy daughter of the full moon lifted her veil and squinted. On turning to the second, I discovered that nature had blessed her with some nasal departure from the monotony of ideal perfection : "the evening star" had lost her front teeth, the "sister of the Sun" had several gashes in her cheek, while the "mother of the morning" had a face in shape like a pyramid. I told my man to express my regret that heaven had not bestowed on me enough talent to do justice to that order of beauty, and I took my departure by shying a gold piece as *backshish* to in Cairo; but although I started more than once with this hope, some unexpected obstacle always occurred to check my success. Among the young people employed by M. Mariette, who engaged many to clear away the sand at the base of the Sphinx, there were several who were interesting examples of the ancient national type. One or two of the children I was able to engage for an hour to pose for sketches. I prevailed upon the friends of a full-grown damsel to allow her to sit to me for an oil picture, but I had to undertake my work in an open cave under the plateau of the Pyramids, at times convenient for the girl, and at short notice. The increasing crowd of spectators testified to the survival in them of their ancestors' love of art. This trait would have been more appreciated by me had the amateurs been less bent upon attracting the girl's attention to the different points of the compass occupied by them, and had they not, on

the old woman, while I took one by the neck with my left hand and gently hurled her on to the floor for having attempted to intercept my passage to the door, with my right I pushed the other houris against the wall; a fight with a man or two in going downstairs, and an encounter with several dogs in the yard, and I found myself in the street with my man behind me in a state of utter bewilderment at the turn affairs had taken. The next day I applied to the wife of the English missionary, who explained that it was a matter of the greatest difficulty. She had once induced her servant girl to sit, but then it was to a clergyman; perhaps it might be possible to get her again for me, but not at present, for it was a great fast, which was observed at home indoors, and moreover she herself was just setting out to Mt. Sinai for two or three months, and without her presence in the room nothing could be done. The day after this I persuaded my landlord to exert himself, which ended in his procuring me a lady as ugly as a daguerrotype, whom I dismissed after I had blunted my pencil in my sketch-book. In the afternoon I had another woman brought, who turned out to be uglier than any I had seen. All the public women seem to be chosen to show the repulsiveness of vice at first glance; such a wise system deserves more success than it would seem to meet. There are beautiful women here in the country. The fellah girls wear no veils and but very little dress, and these are perhaps the most graceful creatures about twelve or thirteen, when in their prime, you could very well see anywhere. Near the Pyramids, turning a corner, I suddenly came face to face with one of these. The young girl stared like a startled gazelle as though electrified, and suddenly she bounded away with feet almost flying over the earth, making a picture that it was such as should be a perennial joy to any artist. Seddon's Hippopotamus was with me, but I only explained my desire to him without further satisfaction than could be got by his going through his complete vocabulary with all its variations of "Vare kood, ser—yes, ser, vare kood, ser—koul k'teer quies—vare kood, ser."—Good-bye, old fellow.

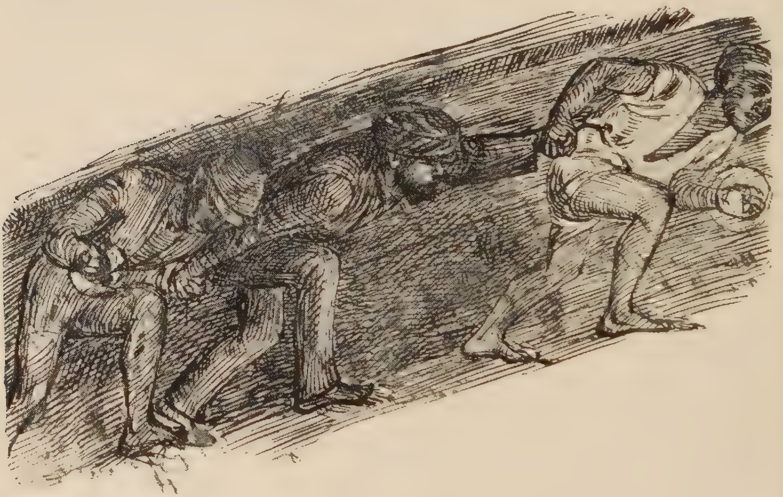
getting up from the ground (assuring me all the while that they would make no dust), shaken their sand-laden *abbias* on to my wet and too tenacious paint. M. Mariette came and looked on for hours, assuring me that he would prevail upon the girl's friends to let me have a better opportunity ; but the effect of his good offices was that the girl absented herself altogether, and I had for the time to give up the work. When I had set myself to other work, the girl's friends came saying that she might now pose again, which she did for some days, until I had brought my picture into a condition to be finished, as some years afterwards it was, under the title of "The Afterglow." Before leaving the desert I engaged two Arabs to take me to the top of the Pyramids. Seddon accompanied me, declaring his determination to write his name on the top ; I strove to dissuade him, but when he came down he gloried in having accomplished his object. I contented myself that mine would not be found there, but he retorted, "Oh, isn't it, though ? I took care to write yours as large as mine!" A letter written to

FELLAH CHILDREN, GHIZEH.

Millais at this date will explain the experience of my visit to the interior.[1]

[1] *May* 8, 1854.

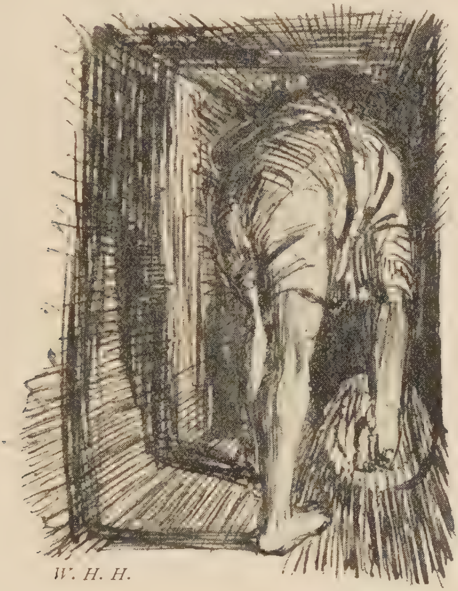
I never had any great admiration for the Pyramids such as most people manifest, and this, and perhaps a desire to appear superior to the cockney visitors, had made me leave the duty of particular examination to the last. . . . I wish I could give you any idea of the event. It was a hot day, and when we reached the entrance I was glad to stop a few minutes in the shade before commencing my inner researches; when we started it was along an alley descending at an angle of 35°, without sufficient room to allow us to walk upright. It was a difficult matter to proceed down this slippery pavement and reach out far enough in each stride to come upon a rudely broken step which perhaps had been made at first for the use of visitors or workmen. I managed, however, here without the assistance of either the Arab before or the one behind. At the end of fifty yards we came upon a halting-place, where they stayed and lighted the candles they had each brought. Behind and upwards we looked on the long cool passage with the hot white sky at the end; for our further passage we had to turn on one side and along a low tunnel requiring one to stoop double: here my guides were divided as before, each holding their candle towards me. I heard through their monotonous chanting shrill and sharp sounds as of creatures frightened; but there was no opportunity for inquiry, the men had chosen a pace and there was no interrupting it, and when we stopped at last it was at such a strange barrier that all my curiosity was drawn towards our own affairs. I had not yet recovered the blindness of the sun, and when I saw our way completely blocked up in front and at the



FROM A LETTER TO MILLAIS.

One day when in town, while I was mooning about the bazaars, I had my attention attracted to a young tradesman

side, it seemed to me that there was no further way ; but I was reassured somewhat by seeing one Arab climb the wall. I proceeded to follow his example, but as he seemed to have restricted himself to an inconvenient space, I turned towards the further corner ; but here I was arrested by the Arab Abdullah and the illumination of the mouth of a dark well. "Dat go *moush*, araf-fein ; him go down, down, no stop"—a piece of information which induced me to place myself in his offered arm and be quiet, while he wheeled me round as I have seen heavy goods turned about by iron cranes in London ; and here I had the hand of Mahommed to grasp to clamber up to a landing leading to another passage, which, as nearly as I can guess, must run upwards at an angle of 35° from the one I had just left here. I held the hand of Abdullah in front and of the other behind, in established order, and in spite of a liberal heat and perspiration suffered by each, we progressed at quick measure as again doled out by the harmonious but most unhappy tune of the true believers. Our pace was suddenly checked by the presence of another deep well, which here went completely across the passage ; but, fortunately, a way was left at the side on a kind of step which runs from the bottom to the top, and this we used to pass the terrible opening to the remainder of this and other forgotten ascent and descents, the while I listened to the echoes and the bat screeches, and peered forwards as well as I could with my body bent double, to make out the



FROM A LETTER TO MILLAIS.

evidently courting a girl; she had come duly veiled, and prepared for an idle visit to his shop-seat. In an unlit corner I could watch the growth of his natural curiosity, and his pleadings to be allowed to satisfy his eyes as to the features hidden under the black *burko*. To raise up the veil was an act for which there could be no toleration; to press it close so as to see the outline of the face, the mouth, and the chin, was the utmost that propriety could allow. There was more than a superficial custom in the incident, it symbolized human interest in the unknown, and I decided upon it as a good theme with which to put to the test the possibility of undertaking my first subject picture in the East.

By this attempt I was not encouraged to despise the difficulty of my task. I found the young man to sit as the lover. He had in him much that was desirable for the character, and I made a hasty beginning, depending on my morrow's work to carry it on. He had questioned me about my object a great deal too much during the

nature of our way, until at the top of a tiring ascent I was allowed to walk upright for a few paces, and then was told that the place was the central chamber of the Pyramid. My eyes were not prepared for the depth of darkness in that place, and I looked about vainly to discover the walls that I might tell its size; but I was forced to wait further initiation and employ my probation on objects within reach. There was an empty sarcophagus in the middle of the room, which had evidently been broken open for its contents, which had been taken away; nothing was left but an outer case of rude construction, perhaps designedly to deceive any who might find that hidden treasure-house. In a corner of the room was an excavation which had been commenced by some recent investigator, but which had been given up and left as fruitless. At last I could manage to estimate the size of the place, and to my disappointment, since the walls had seemed to contract in becoming visible, it was not more than 30 or 40 feet square, and it had nothing more than the two objects, except the thousands of names written upon the walls of all ages. . . . The structure was still strong for ages to come to bear witness to after people. Some fruit stones have done their work when the kernel is found and their broken pieces are thrown away; while others, as cocoa-nuts and gourd rinds, are saved to commence a new office. Here I left off dreaming about the failure of the original purpose, and I chanted out: "The dead praise not thee, O Lord: neither all they that go down into silence. But we will praise the Lord: from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord." And before the sound had settled I got up to go out again, when I was startled by an echo clear as a reply: "The dead praise not thee, O Lord: neither all they that go down into silence. But we will praise the Lord: from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord."

sitting, but went away apparently quite at his ease, and evidently more than satisfied with his gains. But next morning he failed to appear, and when I met him afterwards he accosted me in great indignation, saying that I

W. H. H.

FELLAH GIRL, EGYPT (GHIZEH).

had tried to deceive him, but that in the evening he had met a Moalim, who had told him what my object was, and that now for no sum in the world would he come again. My real purpose, he explained, was to obtain the portraits of true Moslems in great number, to return with these to

England to call up Satan, and to bargain with him as to the price he would pay for the souls of my victims, and that thus I should become rich beyond conception. In time I found another youth, and a lady in the Mission recommended her servant girl, who came most reluctantly and stayed sulkily for an hour, when she insisted on her mistress taking her away. With continual uncertainties and hindrances, finally I found a substitute. The worst of such false starts as those I made is that they are apt to destroy the incisiveness of the conception with which a

FELLAH GIRL, EGYPT (GHIZEH).

painter should begin on a work. It is the difference between the cure of a wound by first intention and the completion of the healing act after many relapses: the hope deferred in the patient reacts on the surgeon, and thus the want of faith torments and delays the treatment. The condition in which I found myself at this outset of my Eastern effort was most tantalising. With all the kaleidoscope of noble pictures of early humanity about me, I could not make one of them my own; the superstition which obstructed the work, and, when this was removed, the inability with my restricted means to obtain a room with a good light for a studio, seemed to debar me from figure painting. Landscape indeed was open to me, but I had an initial prejudice against palm trees and pyramids, and I did not feel tempted to spend paint upon them. There were certainly fine subjects to be found, but I was rather afraid, after my late pictures, in which landscapes of necessity had preponderated, of settling down into a *paysagiste*; so when scenes tempted me I would only undertake them in water colour, and I did this reluctantly, having some little foreboding of the truth

EGYPTIAN GIRL.

confirmed since, that the water colours of an oil painter are apt to become lost to him by the fact that they get hidden away in boudoirs and private rooms, and can rarely be obtained again for exhibition for the benefit of the painter's reputation. I had a double reason for judging my position. When I had first talked to Millais of the Eastern journey, he had declared that he would accompany me, and this he spoke of widely; though he postponed this project he charged me to let him know what the real opportunities were, and I had to hand on my experience to him by letter. I could not decide the question finally before I had pursued my journey to Syria, but my report soon was, that I should possibly not delay my return home much longer.

W. H. H.

GAZELLES IN THE DESERT.

The month of May had come, but I had not yet received news of the reception of my two pictures at the Royal Academy.

My work permitted, but to a limited degree, the pleasures of society. The Consul-General, the Hon. Frederick Bruce, and his attaché, Frederick Lockwood, were both constant in their good offices in helping me, and more than once the former expressed his interest by asking us to join him in his garden, where the table was spread and we could chat pleasantly to the smoke of our chibouques. Seddon was very valuable as a manager of business matters ; he brought unexpected news of a packet service of boats from Damietta along the Syrian coast, practically quite comfortable, he said, with passengers' cabins and accommodation, and bound to stop at Jaffa. This would necessitate the passage in a diabeyeh down the Eastern branch of the Nile to the ancient and interesting coast city ; and so late in the season as the middle of May the boat could be got very reasonably. I gladly left him to make the bargain, which he did to my satisfaction. We found diabeyeh life extremely pleasant ; our occupation was to finish water-colour drawings and to make preparations for future work. I had already decided on the subject of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple" as that to which I should devote myself on my arrival at Jerusalem. The working out of the design was a most appropriate occupation for the leisure of life on a boat, going down the stream with no disturbance but that of the morning swim and the hour's constitutional on the banks after luncheon, when an occasional shot secured supplies for the cook. As the water was then very low, after we had passed the barrage we were not able to see above the banks. Once we landed to inspect the extensive ruins of a Ptolemaic temple at Beit-al Hagar, which reminded me of our nineteenth-century Gothic, inasmuch as it proved to be a late date done in imitation of the "correct style" of earlier days, altogether destitute of sincerity and vitality. At Seminood, in wandering about the town, the perfect composition of a group of youths playing with shells in a café, and the picturesqueness of a lattice-work window, were well worth sketching, but we could not always stop to do justice to picturesque scenes.

My travelling companion had, I confess, sometimes tried my patience by his propensity to make fun when it did not altogether seem the time to laugh. One morning, half-way in our journey to Damietta, we both dived into the river from the stern of the boat, and swam about in the rear. He was not strong enough to continue swimming in the unbuoyant water any long time, and having kept close to the boat, at the end of ten minutes he went to the side, and by the aid of a sailor

W. H. H.

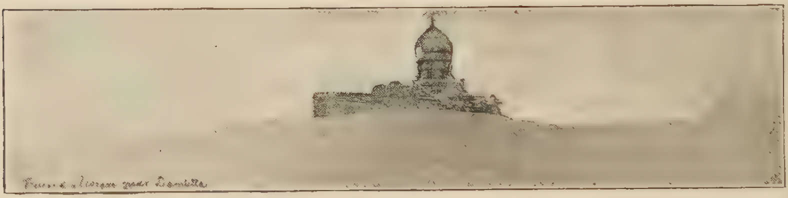
SEMINOOD ON THE NILE.

clambered on to the deck. In another ten minutes I saw that the boat was moving at a great rate, and had got far away from me. I called out therefore to my companion to check the sailors from tugging at it. Along the surface of the water rattles of laughter reached me, and when I called out angrily that he must stop at once, I saw him gesticulating with arms and hands to the sailors to go faster. They obeyed as drafthorses would have done, until the diabeyeh disappeared round a distant corner of the bank. I could not swim fast enough to overtake the rapid boat; and had therefore to strike out for the shore, and there to climb up 20 feet of bank overgrown with stinging thorns and thistles, and on the top to walk along a rough path with naked feet for half a mile, where the boat had been stopped. My friend was not in the slightest degree disconcerted,—he was so essentially a joke-maker that he could see but the funny side of a situation,—he still laughed and said that he had never seen anything so droll as myself when I appeared hobbling on the bank; while I, not unnettled in a double sense, took my resolution for the future, that the companionship of such a lively pilgrim had its penalties. The next morning I was careful to keep as near to the boat as he did. When it

W. H. H.

SEMINOOD ON THE NILE.

seemed that he had had as long a swim as he could bear, I looked around and discovered him at a little distance making for the shore. His appearance was puzzling, and when he called out my name in a faint voice, I knew that something was wrong. I hurried to the spot and found him exhausted and with all confidence lost; he had just got to within his bare depth towards the shore, so that when he stretched his feet down the mud crumbled under them, and he had no power to recover himself. I thrust my hands under his arm-pits, and in a few strokes we reached the shore. When he had recovered his courage and was going up the bank on his journey to the boat, and I was starting for my swim, I called out, "Seddon, you will be sure to show me how to walk along the bank in a graceful manner, won't you?" Though he never again played any tricks in swimming, he did not altogether forswear practical jokes. This tendency too often frustrated my purpose to help him in the practice in painting.



W. H. H.

RUINED MOSQUE IN SAND DESERT NEAR DAMIETTA.

At Damietta we found our coasting vessel waiting a proper wind to cross the bar; but when we boarded her in the dark, instead of having cabins and passenger comforts, my facetious friend triumphantly revealed as a huge joke that he had misrepresented the facts. The boat was a smack of about 40 tons' burden, laden with bags of rice nearly up to the gunwale, and without a deck of any kind. For four or five days the boat lay close to the bank of the estuary, the wind seemed obstinately set on preventing it from getting out to sea, but I was still working out my design. One evening on the smooth flat sand with a stick I traced out an improved plan for the composition of the Madonna and Jesus, and being much interested in my progress, I did not notice the quietly advancing waves until they wiped out the whole at one sweep, before I had time to take notes for repetition of the lines and to escape a wetting.

W. H. H.

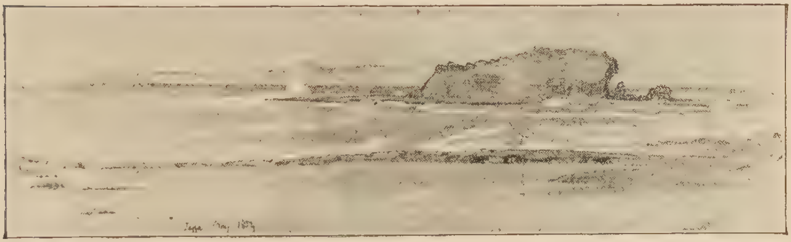
DAMIETTA.

The town had some pleasantly arranged houses on the harbour, with courtyards looking on the water, reminding one of Holland or Venice. In the city there were some buildings and a mosque with marble inlaid work that seemed to belong to the time of Haroun al Raschid, and there was a ruined mosque to the west that courted closer attention. Suddenly the wind changed, the smack was disburdened of its cargo, and went off over the bar, the rice bags were shipped, and finally we followed on board, where Seddon's risibility was again unreined, for here about a dozen fresh native passengers were received in the boat, they had been hidden before at his advice. I insisted upon some separation from these not very promising looking fellow-passengers, and so had the use of the dingey on board as a special cabin, and a pleasant one it was with the sea zephyr fanning us by day, and by night the deep violet sky spangled with stars for bed curtains.

W. H. H.

DAMIETTA.

Being out at sea in calm weather, I began a sketch of the stern of the boat with the Reis holding the tiller. I had made some progress when he observed me, and with much agitation commanded me to stop, assuring every one that my act would be most unpropitious for our journey. As I laughed at this warning, and proceeded, he repudiated all responsibility and left the helm, and no one of the crew would dare to prevent the vessel following its own sweet will. So, although we were well away from land, and there were no other boats within sight at the time, it seemed desirable to put a stop to the evil impending fate before evening. Drifting as we were, a sailor from the mast-head assured us that we had got within sight of Jaffa. I was busy writing, while Seddon kept calling out that we were dangerously drifting into the rocks. I paid no heed till



W. H. H.

APPROACH TO JAFFA.

suddenly it was found that nothing but dropping the anchor would avail, so I had to turn out the contents of the dingey, blankets, gun, pistol, writing materials, and clothes, among the dirty Arabs and give up possession. We all got on shore for a couple of hours, returning at night. When we were dozing, the eastward breeze blew us out to sea, and then we were wafted to Jaffa, arriving there in the waking dawn. It was the 30th of May. I sat looking at the coast where lay the nearing town, and the distant hill range of Judea ; as we put into the meagre port formed by the rocks on which Perseus succoured his Andromeda, we saw a crowd of harbour loafers and Customs men wrangling and screaming to intercept us for what booty they could get. One fundamental difference shown by the Syrian in contrast to the

Egyptian is the harmony of tints of parti-coloured striped stuffs used in his garments. In Egypt, patterned dresses are of browns, red, or green and pink, or blue and orange —combinations which at a little distance neutralise one another ; —here in Syria they were of azure and pink, or indigo and white, or yellow and vermilion, prismatic combinations I observed apparently suggested by the sky and amethystine mountains, still pure in pristine hues.

The city of Jaffa and its neighbourhood are as rich in classic lore as in scriptural story, and this double interest would lead us to expect delightful features in the landscape. Many travellers speak of the place with disappointment, and describe the road to the mountains of Judea as happily "permitting the uninteresting country to be got over at a gallop." In my eyes it was full of pleasing and even enchanting character, such as is ever calculated to make men put on record for succeeding generations the impressions made upon them. We employed a day or so searching about Jaffa, and I made a few sketches. From our house-tops we could see the remains of Cæsarea, and the sea coast towards Acre, Tyre, and Sidon, and in the afternoon sun we descried the tall and snow-clad peak of Hermon. We were in the land of the princely Perseus, of the battles between Egyptians and Assyrians, of the foolish Gyges, and of all the Philistine history. At Cæsarea, Paul appeared before Festus, and Herod Agrippa sat in the amphitheatre in golden garments which shone resplendent in the rising sun, when he was stricken with his deadly disease. It was also here that the contests of Richard the Lion-hearted and the chivalric Saladin took place. We started eastward late one afternoon. The rolling plain was not less enriched in fruit and corn than it was in those far-off days. Before sunset we reached the Convent of Ramleh, our first halt ; and here, while the cheery monks were preparing their simple hospitality, we went up to the roof to see the glowing hills, the plateau of our future adventures.

We sat talking to the Superior of the fraternity till sundown.

In the morning we started before the full day had come; the cornfields were being reaped. The first sight of a Palestine harvest can scarcely fail to make a traveller linger and watch reapers and gleaners. Three hours brought us to the opening of the hills called Bab-el-wad; we passed beside delightful pictures of harvesters, fine sunburnt men and comely women labouring in ripe fields. We dismounted in sight of Koobab to sketch the primitive-looking village. There were no sort of roads then, and no cafés of any kind, but we rested ourselves under a sycamore tree, where we got water and ate our dried fruit with the bread which we had brought. From this point our track was as bad as it could anyhow be; our horses' hoofs had to displace upper layers of rounded boulders all rolling about, ere serviceable footing was secured. In climbing the hillside and descending to the valleys, our track lay over polished and slippery limestone. While recognising the difficulties, we delighted in the wild beauty of the hills, and we nursed the hope that when we reached the sky-line, having already passed the traditional Emmaus, we should see Jerusalem in the distance; but at the desired point we found only depths of six or seven miles' width separating us from the next heights, just as the hollows of a titanic rolling sea might curve out the upper level of the main. Little clusters of trees stood on the surface of the slopes, where the spot was protected by villages, and the plantation straggling out along the terraces behind the projecting crags proved the presence of a fellahin settlement, otherwise the slopes were garnished with nothing but broom and underwood. On the summits of the hills a few square stone huts could be seen occasionally; those of the villages in the ascent from the plain were of mud. The descent to the valley was by straggling tracks with frequent steps and turns to be made, apparent only as they were approached, and at the bottom there was a drink of water for ourselves and the beasts; but after a pause about the well, and an exchange of news with muleteers coming in opposite directions, we started again with eagerness to reach the goal of pilgrimage sacred to Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan. As we advanced, the brink of the hollow seemed to climb ever higher, until the free and cooler air assured us of our nearness to the crest of the wave-formed rock. Having zigzagged to the upper plateau, we proudly crossed the intervening ridge, to find that the further landscape was formed of another vast billow of rock. At Abou Goosh a handsome ruined Crusaders' church used as a barn, and a cluster of stone houses built to overlook the gardens which here were planted freely with fruit trees, gave the region a happy look. Down the deep chasm, the track could in part be traced by the glitting of the sun upon the shining surface of the worn rock, where the feet of men and beasts had polished the hard limestone, making lines twisting and plaiting along like wriggling serpents. With long desire and constant disappointment the interest in the scenes we passed was dulled, and the eagerness of expectation blunted; the hot stagnant air encouraged a mood in which all further calculation of being within sight of the end of our journey seemed futile; every step seemed to take us further from prospect of another city and more into the wild away from any place of human life. We climbed up with sight alone bent on the horses' path. Suddenly and unbidden our beasts stopped, we raised our eyes, and there all the scene had opened, a great landscape was spread out before us, and in the centre stood the city. Foursquare it was and compact in itself, without suburb, except the enclosure round the tomb of David, and half-way down Zion there was a new white building with a wall of its own to guard it. In an angle with a track leading to it from our standing-post was the western gate. Above the walls at this angle towered three or four ancient fortresses, and to the south of these, above the stretch of wall, spread certain handsome fir trees, while a few graceful cypresses pierced the rounded outlines of the group, making with the minaret standing by, a variegated cluster of history. In front of these the mount sloped down to a deepening valley, which helped to give this face of the fortified city some resemblance to Windsor Castle, a likeness, however, that was forgotten almost as soon as it was fancied, for on the north the wall could be traced descending the sloping platform with a fosse cut in the rock outside, until at the east there was a raised angle from which the wall started southward, brinking what evidently, although lost in its depth, was the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The inner side of this wall was apparent in places between nearer buildings; the domes and minarets rose against a range with swelling outlines forming the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Offence, and where the line of the northern mass sloped down and left a gap between itself and a southern continuation of the sweep, appeared a far distant horizontal range of mountains of amethyst and azure hue, the Mountains of Moab.

The afternoon sun was already beginning to glow with the softness of amber, the breeze from the sea had awakened the birds, and the windmills turned with a music as of new life. This, then, was the stage on which the dramas were enacted which have stirred the blood of the greatest races on the face of the earth, and turned the current of all their purpose. There was an unspeakable spirit of secrecy in the air, while an appropriate beauty that breathed in the scene raised in my mind, without intelligible link, the image of some beautiful queen mute and dead, but with eyes open and staring to the heavens, as though not even yet to be at peace. The sense of pity made responsiveness a need. I turned to my companion, and he, habitually jocose, was now leaning forward with clenched hands upon the pommel of his saddle, swaying his shoulders to and fro, while copious tears trickled down his cheeks, his satisfied eyes overflowed despite of or unknown to himself.

Descriptions of scenery are seldom read, but I speak of this impressive view of the City of Sacrifice as it appeared in 1854 from the western approach, because now the view is destroyed by ungainly constructions disfiguring a spot whose memories are for ever linked with the story of Calvary.

CHAPTER XV

1854

Jerusalem is a city compact in itself.

We granted you increase of wealth and children, and we made you a more numerous people, saying, If ye do well, ye will do well to your own souls ; and if you do evil, ye will do it unto the same.—*The Koran*, chap. xvii.

Slowly we stirred and moved on to the Jaffa Gate ; as we entered about 4 p.m., wild music was being beaten within the city, and this was followed by a measured shout, thrice repeated—the triumphant cry for the Turkish Sultan out of the mouths of his conquered Arab soldiers.

We threaded our way to the Casa Nuova, the home of hospitality before hotels were established, where we were to be entertained for a fortnight. The good frati received us pleasantly, and the Superior soon came to pay us special attention ; he gave us upper rooms, asked of our needs, and begged to be told of any further wants. Our fare was simplicity itself, but all was clean ; and I should have been happy that night had not a cock just under my window crowed too persistently to permit any sleep.

The morrow was Sunday, and there was a seemly service in the English church ; the congregation included several Arab converts. In the afternoon I walked about the walls and up the Mount of Olives, from the top of which the view was wild, barren, and diaphanous, like a vision of the surface of the moon. The next day we took a guide and went about the city to the traditional sites. Mr. Graham, a lay officer of the Mission, came with us also and expounded many theories concerning the ancient walls of the city. Mr. Beamont, a young Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, whom we had met in Cairo, also aided us in our researches, and before I settled down again to the design of my proposed picture we rode out one day to Bethlehem.

The post brought me letters from home, and with these were the criticisms on my pictures in the Academy, which were not calculated to encourage me. I quote from three most important journals, because they give an example of the criticism that appeared at the time in all the periodicals down to the *Family Herald* :—

W. H. H.

RAMADAN, JERUSALEM.

> Mr. W. H. Hunt's "The Light of the World" (508) is a most eccentric and mysterious picture. The artist has chosen for his motto a text that serves as a key to this subject, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." At a deserted door with no visible keyhole or latchet, overgrown with ivy and weeds and surrounded by fruit trees, stands the Saviour, wearing a crown, around which twine the thorny branches of the passion, now covered with leaves. Over the plain white robe hangs a richly jewelled pallium resembling that of a mediæval bishop, and clasped over the chest with a

jewelled brooch. With one hand he knocks at the disused door; in the other, which hangs at his side, he carries a fantastic magic-lantern of apparently Greek design, the light of which plays upon the robe and struggles with the blue moonlight that films the distant trees and other parts of the picture. The pallium, besides being spangled with jewels, seems also dewy; and the foreground, strewed with ruddy apples, is starred with the glow-worms. The face of this wild fantasy, though earnest and religious, is not that of a Saviour. It expresses such a strange mingling of disgust, fear, and imbecility, that we turn from it to relieve the sight. The manipulation, though morbidly delicate and laboured, is not so massive as the mute passion displayed in the general feeling and detail demands. Altogether this picture is a failure. Mr. Hunt's second picture is drawn from a very dark and repulsive side of modern domestic life, but we need scarcely say is treated, in spite of strange heresies of taste and common-sense, with an earnest religious spirit and with a great though mistaken depth. Enigmatic in its title, it is understood by few of the exoteric visitors. It is called "The Awakening Conscience" (377). It represents a lady just risen from the piano, upon which lies a piece of music, and turning from a fast man who laughs fiendishly, looks at the spectator with pale face, staring eyes, and clenched teeth. Innocent and unenlightened spectators suppose it to represent a quarrel between a brother and sister; it literally represents the momentary remorse of a kept mistress, whose thoughts of lost virtue, guilt, father, mother, and home have been roused by a chance strain of music. The author of "The Bridge of Sighs" could not have conceived a more painful-looking face. The details of the picture, the reflection of the spring trees in the mirror, the piano, the bronze under the lamp, are wonderfully true, but the dull indigoes and reds of the picture make it melancholy and appropriate, and not pleasing in tone. The sentiment is of the Ernest Maltravers School: to those who have an affinity for it, painful; to those who have not, repulsive.—*Athenæum*, 1854.

Mr. Hunt, one of the most eminent of the Pre-Raphaelites, is indeed materially present in the gallery, but his spirit is most inadequately represented by the figure of the Redeemer, entitled "The Light of the World" (508). This and an unmeaning eccentricity of Mr. Collins entitled "The Thought of Bethlehem" (607) may be looked upon as the principal symbols of the Pre-Raphaelite tendency, and the group serves to show the rapid decline of a heresy.—*Times*, April 30, 1854.

Mr. Holman Hunt and Collins are left to sustain the reputation of the Pre-Raphaelites, unaided by their powerful colleague Millais, now an Associate of the Academy. . . . This absence from the Exhibition is the more powerfully felt from the unfortunate circumstance that both Hunt and Collins appear to have retrograded during the past year. Their pictures have more of their particular mannerism and less of their intrinsic excellences than heretofore. This is a turn in their artistic career much to be lamented. What we had hoped to have seen in their works was a gradual toning down of their peculiarities, and an accompanying advance both in artistic truth and in natural feeling; or perhaps we should rather say that we had hoped to have observed them gradually but with sure progress raising their art to the pure verities of nature. . . . Unfortunately the Pre-Raphaelite spirit in its own special character has subjected them to its control; we must therefore still anticipate these happy influences of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit upon these artists themselves which it has already realised through their instrumentality upon so many of their brethren. The best of the pictures by the two gentlemen whom we named is No. 508, "The Light of the World," by W. H. Hunt; their least satisfactory work, the other contribution by the same artist, No. 377, "The Awakening Conscience." This is an absolutely disagreeable picture, and it fails to express its own meaning, either in its general composition or through the agency of its details. The complicated compound shadow in the mirror is also a mere piece of intricacy without any good or valuable effort. The single picture by Mr. Collins (607) is decidedly superior to "The Awakening Conscience" of Hunt. Still, it might have been worthier of the artist and of that special position among artists which he occupies.—*Morning Chronicle*, April 29, 1854.

When I began to determine the composition of my picture, I was continually checked by discovery of my ignorance of Jewish ordinances, and I had to turn to Exodus, Leviticus, and the accounts of the building of the Temple; this led on to the Talmud, Josephus, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other books of the New Testament; the more I read the greater appeared the responsibility of my undertaking, and the more I felt disposed to reject tradition, religious as well as artistic, not convincingly true. My course necessitated increasing independence of will as I proceeded, and I could not escape the fear that with my fast diminishing purse I might be unable to overcome all the difficulties. Already about £300 of my little all was spent, and I had nothing yet of mercantile value to represent it. Before settling upon the incidents of the composition of my picture, it was essential that I should make myself familiar with the ceremonies prevailing in the Temple at the time of Christ. My reading had explained the nature of the principal feasts and fasts, but careful observation soon proved that many features of these ceremonies had been changed by the time of Christ. For instance, in the Passover institution it is ordained that the feast should be eaten with loins girded standing and prepared as for a journey, whereas in Christ's time it is apparent that the same feast was taken lying at meat as if resting from a journey. This change had, as the Talmud explains, been ordained on the entrance into Canaan after the wandering in the wilderness. Some of

JERUSALEM.

the feasts had much later origin—the "Dedication," for example. What was the more pressingly important to me was the consideration of His preparation for admission to adult responsibility, and with this I had to determine who were those celebrated Rabbis whose teaching made His visit to Jerusalem of so great importance, and also to discover what stage the rebuilding of the Temple of Herod had reached at this period. The Israelitish court of the Temple having been designed and built by Levites especially instructed under Herod's directions, was of necessity of archaic and oriental construction, and as I had to give a general impression of the whole inner Temple, I felt justified in doing this with a free hand.

In the intervals of my preparations, the doctor of the Mission took me with him on his visits to the most important Jewish families, and in one I saw a grandmother, a mother, and a girl of about nine, all singularly beautiful, embraced in forty years. He thought that some of these might be persuaded to sit to me. He rendered valued services, and he counted upon some of them proving their oft-professed gratitude by yielding to his solicitations on my behalf; he did not realise the strength of their prejudice; they were polite in all but compliance.

As my time at the Casa Nuova drew to an end, one of the clergy told me of another member of the Mission who with his wife was ordered to Tiberius for three months, and that their furnished house, with two men-servants, an Abyssinian and a Tripoli Jew, might be hired by me for the time. I went to see it, and closed with the offer. I found amongst the books in the house many commentaries (Lightfoot among them) which were of value to me.

Having my design finished, I strained my canvas, drew the outline, and commenced the perspective of my picture. I had to forgo the very important advantage of studying the positions from the nude. At sunset I made a practice of taking a walk outside the walls. One evening at home, when the moon was shining splendidly, I raised myself to look over the high wall on my roof, and stood gazing on the impressive view of the Mosque As Sakrah, the swaying dark cypresses; the arcades and eastern wall stood backgrounded by the Mount of Olives. It was a poetic and absorbing scene, and watching it from hour to hour for the most suitable light and shade, the moonlight effect enchanted me, and I proceeded to make a drawing. The house next to me was lower down the hill than mine; it was so much below that I scarcely noticed it, until suddenly I heard an indignant male voice demanding why I peered over into my neighbour's premises. My Arabic, although based on the Egyptian form and therefore different from the Jerusalem dialect, was just sufficient to enable me to understand and respond that I was not looking over into his garden or house at all. "Why then are you putting your head over the partition wall?" he asked. I thought to satisfy him fully at once by explaining that I was looking at the mosque. "That can't be," he said. "What you are doing is to look over at my wives, and I insist upon your getting down." Surprised and enlightened, I replied, "I regret that you should see any cause for complaint; I did not know there were any ladies in your house. I hope, O Effendi, you will be patient, because my drawing will take a little time to finish." His answer was not complimentary to the houris in the harem: "You may not want to look at my wives, but if you stand up there they will take the opportunity to look at you, and you should know it's against the law to look over your partition wall; I will not allow it," he insisted. My only way to satisfy the Moslem was henceforth to have a table brought out on which I could stand without being seen till my work was done.

Every Saturday and on all grand days I went to the synagogues, and there watched the ceremonies and peculiar traits of character of the kind I was seeking. By this habit also I was able to discriminate between the Sephardi and the Ashkenazi Jews, I observed particular individuals, and—what perhaps in the end did not help me—I was noticed myself, and asked questions as to my nationality, my object, and eventually to what synagogue I belonged.

The clergy, on putting their power to help me to the test, found it less than they had estimated; but the doctor sent me a model for the blind rabbi; he was of use only for the eyes, not being in other respects in any way satisfactory. My next model was a Cairite, one of the sect acknowledging only the books of the Bible before the Captivity, and repudiating those of later date. He was said with plausibility to be a centenarian; he was more tractable than the orthodox Jews, and was all that I could desire, but he was far gone in childishness, and very restless, getting up at times saying he must go back to his daughter. I found it wise to be very peremptory, and explain that when I gave such a large sum as seven francs a day with coffee, or tobacco, he must do what I told him and sit down quietly. At such an assertion of authority he collapsed, and sat down mumbling and looking shy, watching my expression till, as a sort of acknowledgment of his defeat, he said, "*Sono orfano, non ce ni padre ni madre, nessuno.*" The whole company of

THE SYNAGOGUE.

W. H. H.

MAHOMEDAN FESTIVAL AT JERUSALEM.

this sect in Jerusalem was nineteen, and the superstition was firmly established among orthodox Jews that whenever a new member was added, one of the original Cairites died.

My household was not without its anxiety. Being engaged closely at my work, I could not keep an eye on my servants, and if I needed a cup of coffee, or any humouring treat for my sitter, I would clap my hands in vain, since both my attendants had taken French leave. If my model left and I went out in the bazaar with my sketch-book, there would be seen the Abyssinian smoking on one merchant's shop board, and a few steps farther the Tripoli Jew sipping coffee on another, each outvying his fellow in unabashed effrontery.

Hindered in my town work, I determined to explore the suburbs. The fellahin at that time were not at all broken in; they believed that, as Moslems, all Christians were their legitimate victims, and that they were bound to assert their power whenever they could find a *giaour* undefended. Going about the Mount of Olives, I preferred to be without either of my loaned servants, the Jew being, as I suspected, a coward, and the handsome Abyssinian so volatile in humour that he was useless as an escort. Had they, however, been possessed of all the virtues, I should not have desired their company, preferring to be left to my solitary reflections and observations.

Solitude, however, was not to be obtained, for wherever I wandered I was followed not alone by boys and girls demanding *backshish*, but by men of Siloam principally, calling me "dog," "pig of a Christian," and "donkey," and mocking all my movements with grimacing antics. So far I was ready to accept the annoyance with patience, but when they threatened me with blows and caught hold of my traps, I recognised that this meant destruction to all hopes of sketching. The doctrine of non-resistance was strained in my mind beyond my sense of propriety, and I determined to show my Moslem friends that they counted too much upon the forbearance of the last crusader. I need

Holman Hunt pinx. [illegible]

Strayed Sheep.

not dwell upon the details of the struggle which ensued, it suffices to avow that I had cause to rejoice at the elementary knowledge of self-defence which I had acquired at school. This, however, would scarcely have protected me from a long horse-pistol with which a special antagonist sought to finish the combat, had I not been provided with a small revolver bought on the eve of my departure from London. Before my assailant, running towards me, from a tree whence he had taken down his weapon, could complete his preparations by shaking the powder into the pan of his flint-lock, I was able to show him that my barrel covered his chest, and that he would be shot if he disobeyed. His own better sense and the counsel of his friends induced him to give up the murderous purpose, and I came off the ground triumphant, rejoicing that I had escaped bloodshed. I was content with the prospect for myself, but I went to Seddon, who was encamped on the field of Aceldama, and asked whether he thought I ought to bring the case to trial. He advised me to enforce the lesson by going to the Consul, and the efficient Mr. Finn procured for me the necessary warrants, which, with proper officers, I executed myself. I quickly had the Sheik of Siloam, his son, and the offending man at the Consulate, and they—as a result of my clemency, as Mr. Finn pointed out—all went away with a greater knowledge of the changes time had recently made in the relation of Christian and Mahomedan than years might otherwise have imparted to them.

From that day the character of the men of Siloam towards the *franghi* was markedly reformed, as the annals of the Consulate may prove, but the story had a sequel.

When I returned to my house I went into the garden to fire my pistol, too long undischarged, against a wall. The weapon was a cheap one, a merit which at the last of my disbursements for my voyage was a consideration to me, since the gunsmith warranted it as efficient. So far it had worked well enough. To my consternation the hammer, when I pulled the trigger, was raised only half an inch, and then no strength of finger would stir it. Had all means of overawing my adversary failed, what a miserable position mine would have been. Scrutinising the weapon, it proved that the nipples were protected by a metal ridge all round except in the space where the hammer fell, and as the chamber would not revolve I could not take off the caps. When indoors I began to take the weapon to pieces, and as the chamber was loosened and held in my left hand, in some quite unforeseen manner the hammer got released and discharged the bullet through my fingers, which were, however, but slightly burnt. After this experience I inquired whether there was no mechanic in the city who could put my pistol in order. I was told that there was a German, known as Frederic, who had come to Jerusalem with a friend as a journeyman metal worker, and who had given up further wanderings owing to a tragedy in which he had been concerned two years ago. He had been trained as a gun and locksmith, was now established in a workshop in this capacity, and was much employed. He was reserved in mood, and my friend, knowing him well, undertook to go with me to explain the work needed. He looked at the pistol with particular attention, and when I cautioned him that some of the barrels were loaded, he gazed at me with sad eyes, and resumed his examination until he decided that he would undertake the work. As I came away I inquired of my conductor the fuller history of the man. It appeared that his friend was the brother of the girl he was engaged to in Germany, and they had agreed (without extraordinary extension of the ordinary travel of apprentices who had served their time) to cross the Mediterranean and include the Holy City in their perambulations. They had taken up their quarters in the Casa Nuova. A few days later two English gentlemen arrived there, and as usual were conducted to the upper floor, and received by the Superior Padre. Seeing that all their ordinary wants were cared for, the host asked whether he could in any way be of further service before leaving. The two travellers conferred in an undertone, and then one explained that he had a pistol of new fashion which in their journey across the short desert had unaccountably got out of order, so that the lock was fixed and he was unable to fire or unload it. He had packed it up with no hope of getting it repaired until his return home, but the *padre's* kind inquiries tempted him to ask whether it would be at all possible to get it made effective again by any one in Jerusalem. The good father was discouragingly dubious, but suddenly bethought him of the two mechanics below, and offered to show the weapon to them. With due caution it was handed to him, and soon the two Germans were in consultation over a weapon, it being the like of which they had never seen before.

Their curiosity about its mechanism was not easily satisfied, the fact of the lock being caught made it the more difficult to investigate ; the weapon was handed from one to the other, not without frequent admonitions of the danger from the monks standing around. His friend finished his careful scrutiny, and passed the revolver to Frederic, who was fingering the lock, when it exploded ; Frederic looked up, and saw his friend jump and fall to to the ground, dead. The miserable man went mad, called upon his dear victim, conjured up the beloved sister, cursed himself, and tried to snatch the pistol from the hands that had picked it up that he might follow his friend ; for a few days he was beside himself, but when the judicial inquiry had been held he grew calm, but, smitten with an enduring melancholy, said, " I will never leave Jerusalem, but will stay till I die as my friend died, and I will be buried here with him." This was the secret of his sorrowful glance, and all that could yet be known of him.

The post now brought me copies of Ruskin's two letters published in *The Times* in defence of my pictures :—

> I trust that, with your usual kindness and liberality, you will give me room in your columns for a few words respecting the

principal Pre-Raphaelite picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year. Its painter is travelling in the Holy Land, and can neither suffer nor benefit by criticism. But I am solicitous that justice should be done to his work, not for his sake, but for that of the large number of persons who, during the year, will have an opportunity of seeing it, and on whom, if rightly understood, it may make an impression for which they will ever afterwards be grateful. I speak of the picture called "The Light of the World," by Holman Hunt. Standing by it yesterday for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced upon the passers-by. Few stopped to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand. Now, it ought to be remembered that whatever may be the faults of a Pre-Raphaelite picture, it must at least have taken much time; and therefore it may not unwarrantably be presumed that conceptions which are to be so laboriously realised are not adopted in the first instance without some reflection, so that the spectator may surely question with himself whether the objections which now strike every one in a moment might not possibly have occurred to the painter himself, either during the time devoted to the design of the picture or the months of labour required for its execution; and whether, therefore, there may not be some reason for his persistence in such an idea, not discoverable at the first glance.

Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me. I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation. The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. iii. 20). On the left-hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred, its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn,—the wild grass "whereof the mower filleth not his hands, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." Christ approaches it in the night time—Christ in His everlasting offices of prophet, priest, and king. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold inwoven with the crown of thorns—not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves for the healing of the nations. Now when Christ enters any human heart, He bears with him a twofold light. First the light of conscience, which displays past sin; and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary, guilt. This light is suspended by a chain, wrapped about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ. The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts with the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

I believe there are very few persons on whom the picture thus justly understood will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age. It may perhaps be answered that works of art ought not to stand in need of interpretation of the kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally at first appear to us an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding. But in a few years more I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time; and that no high enjoyment either in picture-seeing or any other occupation is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true Pre-Raphaelite work and its imitation. The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in Nature in the positions and at distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details as if seen through a microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of colour; becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner, examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form, yet there is not one of all those minute points of green colour but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre. The spurious imitations of Pre-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines, but with no variety of colour, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of Nature.—Letter to *The Times.*

Your kind insertion of my notes on Mr. Hunt's principal picture encourages me to hope that you may yet allow me room in your columns for a few words respecting his second work in the Royal Academy—"The Awakening Conscience." Not that this picture is obscure, or its story feebly told. I am at a loss to know how its meaning could be rendered more distinctly, but assuredly it is not understood. People gaze at it in a blank wonder, and leave it hopelessly; so that, though it is almost an insult to the painter to explain his thoughts in this instance, I cannot persuade myself to leave it thus misunderstood. The poor girl has been sitting singing with her seducer; some chance words of the song "Oft in the stilly night" have struck upon the numbed places of her heart; she has started up in agony; he, not seeing her face, goes on singing, striking the keys carelessly with his gloved hand.

I suppose that no one possessing the slightest knowledge of expression could remain untouched by the countenance of the lost girl, rent from its beauty into sudden horror; the lips half open, indistinct in their purple quivering, the teeth set hard, the eyes filled with the fearful light of futurity and with tears of ancient days.[1] But I can easily understand that to many persons the careful rendering of the inferior details in this picture cannot but be at first offensive, as calling their attention away from the principal subject. It is true that detail of this kind has long been so carelessly rendered that the perfect finishing of it becomes matter of curiosity, and therefore an interruption to serious thought. But without entering into the question of the general propriety of such treatment, I would only observe that at least in this instance it is based on a truer principle of the pathetic than any of the common artistical expedients of the schools. Nothing is more notable than the way in which even the most trivial objects force themselves upon the attention of a mind which has been fevered by violent and distressful excitement. They thrust themselves forward with a ghastly and unendurable distinctness, as if they would compel the sufferer to count, or measure, or learn them by heart.

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[1] It is a matter of regret to me that the woman's head in its present condition is not exactly what it was when Ruskin described the picture. After some years the possessors, feeling that the expression of the girl was painful, persuaded me to change it. When I had the work there was some delay through an illness suffered by me, and then I was suddenly required to return the picture for some family function ere it was possible for me to be sure that I had fully realised my newer conception, and it was never sent to me to make certain that its last state compensated for its first.

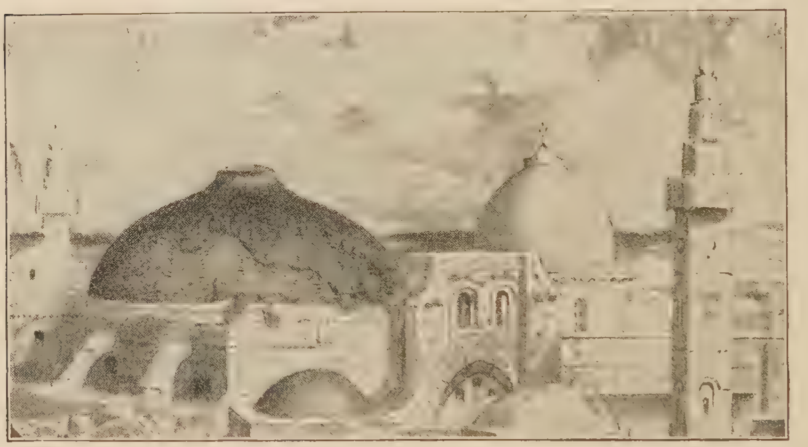
Even to the mere spectator a strange interest exalts the accessories of a scene in which he bears witness to human sorrow. There is not a single object in all that room, common, modern, vulgar (in the vulgar sense, as it may be), but it becomes tragical, if rightly read. That furniture, so carefully painted even to the last vein of the rosewood –is there nothing to be learnt from that terrible lustre of it, from its fatal newness; nothing there that has the old thoughts of home upon it, or that is ever to become a part of home? Those embossed books, vain and useless—they also new—marked with no happy wearing of beloved leaves; the torn and dying bird upon the floor; the gilded tapestry, with the fowls of the air feeding on the ripened corn; the picture above the fireplace with its single drooping figure—the woman taken in adultery; nay, the very hem of the poor girl's dress, which the painter has laboured so closely thread by thread, has story in it, if we think how soon its pure whiteness may be soiled with dust and rain, her outcast feet failing in the street; and the fair garden flowers seen in the reflected sunshine of the mirror—these also have their language:

Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy—we are pure.

I surely need not go on. Examine the whole range of the walls of the Academy; nay, examine those of all our public and private galleries, and while pictures will be met with by the thousand which literally tempt to evil, by the thousand which are devoted to the meanest trivialities of incident or emotion, by the thousand to the delicate fancies of inactive religion, there will not be found one powerful as this to meet full in the front the moral evil of the age in which it is painted, to waken into mercy the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, and subdue the severities of judgment into the sanctity of compassion.—Letter to *The Times*.

It could not but gratify and encourage me to read these words of high appreciation.

At this time all in the Holy City were awaiting with the greatest anxiety news of the negotiations between the Allies and Russia. The quarrel had begun in Jerusalem between the Greek and Latin Churches, as to which of them had the right to repair the ruined roof of the Holy Sepulchre. When the Russians with new extraordinary demands extended the complications, the Allies wished to persuade the world that Turkey, under the guidance of Europe, would henceforth adopt a policy of extensive reform and general civilisation. Russia defied remonstrance by rapacity, war showed itself to be inevitable, and broke out. Till now I had believed that the Prussians, and in fact all Germans, were of kindred interests, and corresponding sympathies, with the English, but it soon became evident that all of them here were inspired with ill-feeling towards our nation, so that even those in English pay, such as the Bishop and missionaries, proclaimed the terrible prospects in store for us. When the news came of the battle of the Alma it silenced these prophets of evil for a time, but they only shook their heads the more, saying, "Ah, but we greatly fear that soon you will have very different news."



DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE SEPULCHRE, DISPUTE OVER THE REPAIRING OF WHICH OCCASIONED THE CRIMEAN WAR.

I brought somewhat forward the painting of the ancient rabbi with the torah. The next model left me after I had made the merest beginning; but now that I knew the space his figure would occupy, the situation of the third was settled. The model for this young rabbi was persuaded to come, spite of great unwillingness, but his sittings were very irregular.

For the rabbi telling off on his fingers the points of the argument, I thought I had hit upon a man of singularly suitable condition. He had been attracted to the English missionaries, and had professed so seriously his wish to study the credentials of Christianity that, in accordance with a system happily now disused, they had made him an allowance to compensate him for the loss he would suffer in his dealings from the exclusiveness of his fellow Jews, and thus he was an idle man. Mr. Calman, a convert from Judaism of the greatest honesty, took me to Kimkhi's house and offered him my employment, by which he would double the gains received by himself, his wife, and his eldest sons, who were all "Inquirers." He was not by nature a demonstrative man, but with all allowance for native reserve, he seemed to be a master in restraining any exhibition of gladness when accepting the terms offered, although these promised him affluence.

The next day he came, but he was sullen, fidgety, and impatient, getting up often, and declaring sulkily that he could not really stay any more. He was so tiresome that it was only with difficulty that I could bring myself to the effort of keeping him by enticements of sweetmeats, coffee, and a pipe. My patience was so far rewarded, that by sundown I had all the figure sketched out and the hands and face drawn, so that I was eager for the morning, that my preparation should be followed up.

But he did not appear, and I went with my Mission friend to call upon him. The "Inquirer" talked Russian, and my companion, after listening with evident sympathy for him, turned saying very seriously that he found it made his back ache to sit all day in one position. I was not commiserating in my reply, for I spoke of the trying effect the man's lazy behaviour had on me, and I added that I did not know any one who to gain an honest livelihood did not have to endure back, hand, eye, and head-ache at times; but at this the "Inquirer" became more mysterious, declaring that he had another reason also for keeping away, and my friend listened to it, and repeated it perfectly sedately. He said I had explained to him that the picture being painted was of a company of rabbis, and that he really felt a strong conscientious scruple against being represented as one of a collection of *perfectly unconverted Jews.*

This was too much for me, I burst out into a profane laugh, and told my friend that the man was an impudent hypocrite. This uncharity on my part was not, I think, unfortunate in its influence, for the man was persuaded that he must come again, and accordingly, after some further days' struggle, I was able, with many vexatious delays, to advance the figure.

The future career of this fellow was an illustration of the difficulty which was often felt, and which the Mission could only meet by long experience. He gradually professed himself convinced, but made excuses for many months to defer his baptism. When at last he openly adopted Christianity, a salary was secured to him as a Bible merchant at Jaffa, and there he remained for many years, sitting smoking day by day on his shop bench in front of a store of the Old and New Testaments, of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of other translations into Arabic found to be attractive to Orientals. He had been thus engaged for two or three years, when one Easter the pastor officiating at the little church called the Jewish convert aside to ask why, on taking the bread at the Lord's Supper, he had removed it from his lips and thrown it away. To the excuse that it was because of some irritation in the throat, the clergyman pointed out that last Easter, a year since, he had witnessed the same act, and eventually the convert admitted that it was because during the Passover it was forbidden to eat leavened bread. He was then driven to confess that he had never been sincere in his profession of Christianity, and at last he abjured the faith and was received by his erstwhile co-religionists with open arms and great rejoicings.

Through my fight at Siloam I had obtained the advantage of much more respect not only outside, where I was able to walk about the suburbs without any further molestation, but in the city itself I was frequently pointed out by the native shopkeepers, and asked by them whether I was not the *franghi* who had beaten the fellah. I took pains to justify myself with the statement that he had brought it upon himself by threatened violence and attempted robbery, and the townsmen, although Moslems, approved. A greater gain than this ensued in the friendship of a young surgeon, Mr. Sim. His servant came from Siloam, and happened to be the brother of the man of the fight, who had told his master an extraordinary story of my "violence." From carelessness, or confusion with the language, the surgeon had misunderstood the tale, and one evening, outside the Damascus Gate, he accosted me, asking drily why I had been so *savage* with his man's "sister" at Siloam. I replied that the "sister" had such a remarkably fine beard! that I had taken her for a *man*. Whereupon I went with him to see his man-servant, who many years later entered my service, and died in it. Patriarchal ideas of relation between master and servant still obtain in the East. As example of this, my servant, who died during my absence in England, appointed his son in his place, and I retained him until I sold my property in Syria. Mr. Sim eventually became my dear and staunch friend until his death. My friend, W. J. Beamont, had devoted himself to ministering to the young converts, Jewish and Greek, teaching them languages that might be of use. I coveted his extensive learning, but had no leisure to profit by it, save when I enjoyed his society in the evenings and during our walks and expeditions.

The post, until the winter approached, came once every ten days. There was heart-beating for me when the time arrived. All my best friends were in the throes of anxiety, private and public. The Russian war was reddening the world with blood, and in the loneliness of Syria the circumstances of the contest loomed portentously huge and cruel; so that when tidings came from home of the usual succession of social events, dinner-parties, balls, courtings, and marriages, it was surprising to find that the continuing tragedy did not alter the course of life of those whose sons, brothers, and husbands were engaged in the death-struggle.

The Prussians and their sympathisers ofttimes declared that they knew the Russians were marching through Asia Minor to surprise and capture Jerusalem, and that they might appear any day; whereupon, to ridicule their unfriendly forebodings, I made a pen-and-ink design of an equestrian statue to be placed over the Jaffa Gate, representing a certain pastor most famous for his prophecies of evil, looking with a telescope towards the road over Mount Scopas.

To turn to my serious occupation, often, when I had everything prepared for the arrival of fresh Jew models, they failed to appear, or came only to the outer side of the door, sending for me to give fuller explanation of my purpose; and on my failing to satisfy them, they resolved to come no farther, and turning ran as though the Prince of Darkness were pursuing them. I often waited hour after hour while my servant was out on the search for them. Sometimes, far on in the day, he would return with one reluctant sitter; at others he would come back saying that they had refused to come at all, finding that the rabbis had forbidden any one to visit my house. I could not go on with new designs, as broken time destroyed the tranquillity necessary for working out fresh ideas. During these delays I was able to design only the details in the background of my picture, and when this was settled I applied myself to an etching on copper, which I must confess, with my hampered opportunities, never rewarded me with satisfaction. Occasionally a Jew would suddenly appear through the agency of a kind friend; when he could be persuaded by the prospect of large pay to stay and sit reasonably, my delight was unbounded and I got on surprisingly; but generally he had not sat more than a quarter of an hour before he would get up and say that I had promised him six francs, that he had done as I wished, and now he must be paid and go; and from that moment, spite of all I could do, the day's work was doomed. I would be firm, I would coax, and use any inducements that could be thought of. I would declare that I would not give him a farthing till the end of the day; that he might, if he liked, go at once. He would not do this perhaps, but if he stayed he was impatient, sulky, fidgety, unsteady, often getting up and beginning his old plea that he had earned the money and ought to be paid; then, painting was a misery and nearly always a failure, so that the day's work had to be erased.

James Graham had been one of the directors of a Glasgow bank which had failed some years before; being a large shareholder, with no Limited Liability Act then existing, he was financially ruined. He had obtained an appointment in Jerusalem to save him from taxing his friends, and to be out of the way of others. He was a Churchman with a strong tendency to Presbyterianism; he was good-nature itself, but prosy, and an incorrigible procrastinator. Tall, fair, and brawny, riding beautifully, and having a deliberately polite gait and manner, he took rank at once as a person of distinction. Sim, a man of moderate height, was a Scot of other excellence, one to be counted on while he was shoulder to shoulder with you, but in his frankness abrupt and sudden, and ready to explode if obstructed. We three agreed upon an expedition to Wady Kerith, the traditional place of the prophet Elijah's retreat. Graham was to photograph, Sim was to shoot, and I to draw when our destination was reached. It was the hottest time in the year, and the spot was half-way down to the depressed Dead Sea valley. We started by sunrise, and, guided by Sim's servant, arrived at the cliff down which we had to lead our horses to the brook, so hidden that the reeds and the locusts alone declared its whereabouts. There was but little variety in choice for Graham's photography; he tried something near, and then went a hundred yards up the stream. Sim went on the further side with his gun; I sat down close at hand.

So far there were no signs of Arabs, but to feel more at ease I unbuckled my belt, which had pistol, powder-flask, and bullet-pouch attached to it. I was absorbed in my work, when Sim came back very hot, complaining that the sun was too high, and that there was no sign of game, and went into a cave, declaring he should go to sleep. I continued my sketch, and scarcely noticed two boys of about fifteen years of age until they came quite close and sat on either side of me. They professed great respect. I pointed out a line about six feet distant beyond which they must not come; they disturbed my attention a little by sidling up as if very innocently, but I pushed each away and told them to be careful or I should have to punish them. In another ten minutes an Arab appeared approaching on my right side, and sitting down, he too professed friendliness and admiration, asking to see my gun, and saying that he wanted powder and lead for his rifle. I got up and said, "Listen! I am busy. If you like to sit where I point out, you are welcome; I will not allow you to come nearer. I have no time to show my gun; I will not give you powder nor lead. Be quiet." He was persevering, and finding coaxing fail, he put gentleness aside and said, "Do you know that I belong to so-and-so tribe, and that last year we drove away some Americans, and killed one." "I daresay," I returned, "but we have not come here to be killed. We are English, and you had better be careful. Sit in the place I give you, as I sit in mine"; and I began again, although I was obliged to keep an eye on my visitors. Suddenly I felt my loose belt being drawn away. I turned and found the man with one end of it in his hand ; I was just in time. Seizing it, and flinging him over on to the lower ground, we were both on our feet in a second glaring at one another ; but he seemed for the time content to continue the quarrel in words only. I buckled on my girdle, holding my gun always in my hands ; but I wanted to go on with my drawing, and called out, "Sim, you lazy dog, you are sleeping and doing nothing, while an impudent scoundrel wants a thrashing." Looking towards his cave at the moment, I saw a boy crawling out with the sleeper's cravat and top-boots. When he saw me lower my gun, he dropped his plunder and descended to the stream. When Sim had re-shod himself he took up his gun and ran up to my opponent, then at the stepping-stones ; the Arab waited there with the two boys, and when Sim approached with his gun the Arab seized hold of it with both hands to wrest the weapon away ; but he had not calculated on the strength of the Scotchman's arms, which, giving a swing, brought the weapon round with the muzzle towards the pit of the man's body. The click of the hammer on being turned to full cock made me breathless ; it had no less effect on the Arab, who designedly dropped down, getting up further off to abuse us in noisy and passionate strains, and shouting to others coming up to aid him.

It was time to consider our position. We saw that Graham's camera was surrounded by five men apparently in great dread of it, but Graham was beating a retreat—if a very leisurely walk may be so described.—Our servant Ibrahim in the meanwhile was haranguing the near company to advise caution, explaining that he was a fellah of Siloam, and that he had the best reason for knowing that we were not to be frightened, and that if they attempted to do what we declared we would not allow, we were not the men to give up our purpose. I tried to draw again, but it was evident to us that we could get no more out of our visit that day, and that we had first to rescue the camera.

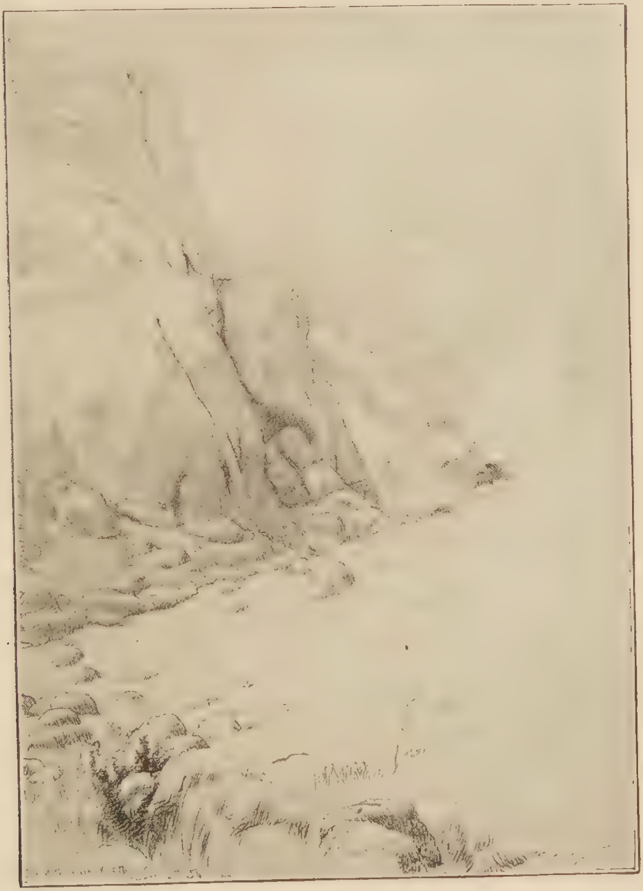
So far, our guns were only loaded with shot and slug.

We discharged them one by one, and reloaded with bullet. The reports made a reverberation among the cliffs, and we knew it would draw many Arabs to the spot. We lost no time, but marched at once to the still dreaded camera, took possession and packed it up. Sim had least to carry, so the two were far ahead of myself, as I had to pack up my drawings, get my horse saddled and bridled, and lead him up the face of the cliff with only Ibrahim to help, while an increasing number of Arabs were threatening on the other side and below. It seemed to me that our immunity from attack when we were in retreat arose from the poverty of the enemy in respect to gunpowder, perhaps also from our rapid movements, for the Arabs prefer a still quarry.

The day had been a good one in breaking the weary sameness of my troubles with sitters, while the adventure, although exhilarating, only strengthened my conviction that peaceful pursuits among half savages such as the Arabs were, could be followed only with chance of frequent battle, and that I must accept the conditions or give up my attempt.

An idea occurred to me that I might get help from the Cairite Jews if my application were made to the right quarter. These Hebrews were much less dogmatic in their religious system than the orthodox. I took Mr. Calman therefore with me, and called on the chief rabbi of the sect. He said that he would willingly help me, but of late the principals of both the Ashkenazi and the Sephardi had been much more tolerant to his sect than usual, and he should therefore be failing in duty to his little flock if he did anything to prejudice the Talmudic Jews against the Cairites, lest they should revert to their former severity.

Another notion was that I might find in the Bethlehemites enough resemblance to the professing Jews to satisfy my theories. Early one morning, therefore, I rode over to the village of the Nativity, and spent the whole day till sunset in going from one person of influence to the other without getting any help. There, as elsewhere in the East, the superstition was deeply rooted in the minds of men that the possession of a picture of an individual gave the owner power over the life and will of the original. Immediately there was a hint of this fatuous superstition it was difficult for me to conceal my impatience.



BROOK KERITH.

At this time I met one Jew in the Synagogue who listened to my application with good-nature, and came, posing quite amiably. While at work I asked whether I had not seen him at the English Church. "Yes, I used to go there," he said. Being asked whether he had changed his convictions: "No! but although the Protestants are really very good, I find that on the whole it pays me better to belong to the Synagogue." I painted him for the wine-carrier in my "Temple" picture. I wished he could have served for other figures also, for it was tranquillity to paint from a man with a mind so simply business-like.

On evening walks, if the sunset presented any particularly enticing aspect, I was apt to forget that by delay I might find myself an outcast from the city. I had with me one evening a servant who was a Greek Christian and could guide me to sacred spots in the keeping of his Church; his name was Nicola Beyrouti. Later experience proved that he was the most faint-hearted man I had ever met; he implored me to avoid delay in returning to the gate, and when we reached it, we found it shut, and no reasonable expostulation with the soldier inside was of avail, nor were Nicola's despairing reproaches more effectual. His denunciations of me as the author of *his ruin* made me laugh, but when he was engaged in a new outburst of lamentation I consoled him by telling him to follow me, which from pure fear he did. We went at a trot down the road by Gihon, and crossing Hinnom, ascended Aceldama, where Seddon was encamped. Nicola's troubled visage beamed when invited to take a seat by the fire, which was cooking the sundown meal. After dinner we sat and smoked, although I had given up the custom, while fire-flies danced before us and we discussed with rapture home and its belongings. I had to sleep on the ground; I flattered myself that in Egypt I had been hardened to worse beds, but at Aceldama there were ants of prodigious size who ate through my sleeping apparatus (bought on the advice of a guide-book), and would have carried me away to their hole had they been of one mind.

Graham rented a tower on the Mount of Olives; below were stables, kitchen and servants' room; above were sleeping and sitting chambers. At times the tenant went there to sleep in the fresh air; he gave me a free invitation, and I often enjoyed the change. Here we made a compact with Sim and Seddon to go to Hebron, and pitch our tent under Abraham's Oak.

CHAPTER XVI

1854

> O you Powers,
> That can convey our thoughts to one another
> Without the aid of eyes or ears,
> Assist me !
>
> PHILIP MASSINGER.

> And the field, and the cave that is therein, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying-place by the sons of Heth.—GENESIS xxiii. 20.

IN preparation for our start to Hebron I slept at Sim's house near the Jaffa Gate, and Graham met us outside before sunrise. There seemed no hindrance to our starting at once, but Graham dismayed us by explaining that his camera was at the Olivet Tower, and that he must go over and fetch it. He advised us to go on, promising to overtake us with the tent and canteen ; thereupon we started. The journey was altogether enjoyable ; we paused once or twice while Sim descended in pursuit of partridges on the mountain, which, however, in their evasive running were too sharp for him. Seddon, who slept at the Bethlehem Convent, had arranged to meet us at Rachel's Tomb. Sitting on our horses for twenty minutes without sign of my fellow-artist, I rode to the Convent yard and there saw Seddon's animal still unsaddled. We lost patience, leaving word for him, and pressed on to Artass, where eventually he found us. We stopped at the house of Meshullam, a converted Jew, who had been cultivating the gardens in the valley for some eight or ten years. It was a delight to see the lovely trees with fruit; peaches, lemons, apricots and figs in many cases ripening on branches which their weight had splintered off from the trunk. The hidden rivulet was led in and out between the beds of vegetables. The master had several sons and daughters who helped him in the work. Under the shade of a roof in an open chamber looking on to the bird-haunted orchard we had breakfast.

W. H. H.

H. WENTWORTH MONK.

Among the dwellers there, was one Henry Wentworth Monk, who was regarded by Jerusalem church folks as an impious babbler, his efforts, forsooth, furthering nothing less than the actual realisation of Hebrew prophecies for the establishment of the kingdom of peace on earth. He had travelled from Canada to become familiar with the features of the Land of Promise. At the time he was using fruit-farming experiences to help the Meshullam industry. His knowledge of the history, and his enthusiasm for the progressive thought, stored in the Bible, made him of special interest to me; on his study of the past he built his plan for the abolition of war among all nations revering the God of Abraham. His theory did not ignore existing facts: he did not assume that by confidingly putting down our army and navy our neighbours would be induced to do likewise, he maintained that every believer must regard prophecy as a mandate: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." He would persuade the nations that the dream could be brought about by the establishment of a united Christendom, with a supreme central parliament and government, having a sufficient police army at command to suppress disorder and quell anarchy, or to enforce its own maturely confirmed authority; while all local concerns would be regulated by its own councils, the general interest would be the paramount object of all. Under such ideal rule the energy of heroic minds would be used not destructively, but to serve the higher purposes of humanity. Deceit and falsehood in diplomacy would be no less despicable for national than for personal ends. Funds would then be available for the prosecution of scientific research and all other eternally profitable interests; by increase of knowledge and wisdom the kingdom of this world would truly become the kingdom of the Prince of Peace. Monk during his further life of forty years used all the means he could obtain to publish his views and disseminate his arguments among Popes, Czars, Emperors, Kings, Presidents of Republics, Ministers of State, heads of Churches, authors, both native and foreign, and editors of newspapers. Naturally he was considered mad, but he was perfectly content, so that the question became widely ventilated. Every action of the community begins with a word, and who can say to-day that Monk did not bring men on the road towards the abolition of war as far at least as we stand at present, with the Hague Tribunal, professedly founded to this end, infirm as such hope may for the time appear with the whole world in suspense for news of recurrent bloodshed and violence, provoked with deceit and arrogance in the name of Christianity.

POOLS OF SOLOMON.

In his youth Meshullam had been servant to Lord Byron. He was now good friends with fellahin and bedouin at Artass. I looked along this rich valley as we ascended to the Pools of Solomon for a spot to serve as background for a figure of the youthful David, who here must have fed his father's flocks. When we had reached the upper pool, we lingered to luxuriate in the rare sight of the expanse of crystal water; but even after an hour's further halt, there was no sign of Graham, with cook and canteen. We three continued our forward march in company, but a few miles farther on my knapsack straps, which bound with other gear a large drawing-book, broke. I had to dismount to collect together my properties and repair the leather thong. By the time this was done, Sim and Seddon were far out of sight; the only saddle I had been able to get was a Turkish one, I had thought it would be wise to harden myself to the native seat, but I found I had set myself an impossible task, to make up lost ground on the road was out of the question. On a route which I considered very doubtful, I met a solitary Bedawee horseman and asked him to direct me to Hebron; but he looked bewildered, and it proved that this name was not known, and as I could not remember the Arabic name Kaleel, I had to go on, still uncertain of my route. The afternoon came, and I was very hungry, the groups of foot and other travellers I met were also ignorant of the ancient name of the city I sought, but their numbers, and the better indications of a road, assured me that I was on the right track. I came to the region of vineyards, and asked a man who was working in one of these for a piastre's worth of grapes; he returned quickly with so many that I could only store them on the saddle in front of me. I ate them by clusters and gave my horse large bunches, which he enjoyed as much as I did. I pressed on and came to my friends, who were drawn up waiting at the entrance of the town. After a friendly bullying to both, which they parried by saying that they had thought Graham would overtake me, we rode in among the houses and alighted in a yard belonging to a café. Sim had some tea with him, and while he went in to make it, left his gun under my guard. The place became full of men curious to see us and get news. I cautioned them not to go near the gun, but my horse was refractory, and while I was pulling him round Sim came out with the tea, and seeing a man stooping down to put his hand to his weapon, gave him a clout on the head, which provoked a murmur among the crowd. I pointed out that I had warned all to leave the gun alone, and we drank our tea, and ate bread and cheese so naturally, that the company forgot the grievance with delight at the sight of *franghis* feeding.

Refreshed thus, we got on our horses again and rode back along the road a few miles to look for Graham and our canteen. The sun went down; we dismounted and sat on the warm rocks at the side of the road, whiling away the time by talking under the bright stars. Occasionally a party of travellers went by from Hebron, and to them we gave particulars of the lost company—the *khowagha* and his servant with muleteer and mules—and urged Hebronites to tell the *Inglese* that we were waiting for him near the city. When any late arrivals from Jerusalem appeared, we asked for information, but none had seen Graham's party on the road. It must have been within two hours of midnight when we made up our minds that he had indulged in one of his too usual delays, and that we must get refuge somewhere.

We remounted our tired animals, and turned again to the city. Arrived there, we penetrated streets which grew narrower and blacker; not a light was in any house, and no window showed a gleam; our way lay through covered parts of the bazaar quarter. We emerged into an open place which would have appeared a wilderness of darkness had we not come through the gloomier tunnel. There was not a being to guide us to any shelter, but Sim had an idea.

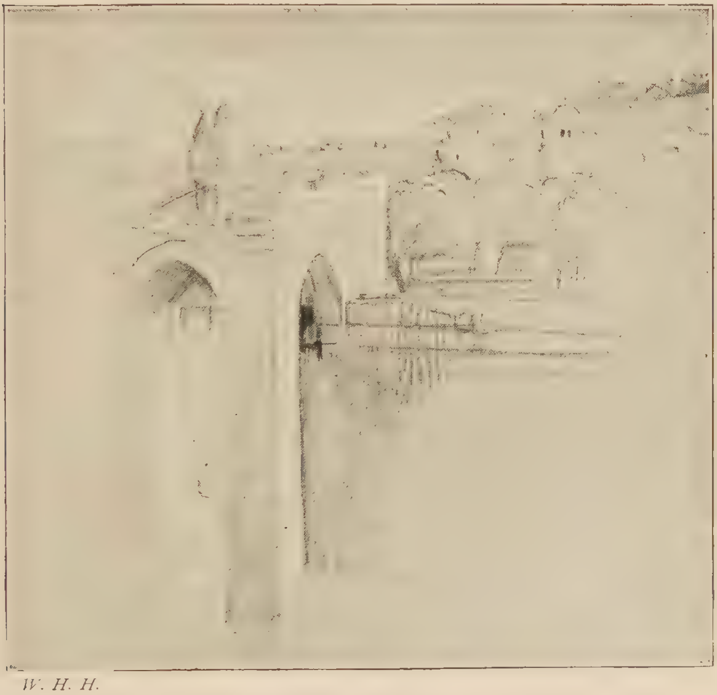
Standing in the middle of the little square, with tall dead-looking houses encircling us, he shouted out, "Ibrahim ben Ezaac." The sound and all its echoes died away; there was no sign of awakening; again he repeated the cry. The same reverberation and the dead silence fell on us. After the third or fourth call, however, there was the grating sound of the drawing of a bolt and the creaking of a hinge, followed by a man's voice, "Who are you?" "I am the English doctor from Jerusalem, Al Hakim Sim, and I want to find Ibrahim ben Ezaac, who was cured by me of an illness." The same speaker then said, "I know your voice. Stop a minute." A light struck inside revealed the window at which the man spoke, and soon a door was opened below, and as Sim approached, the inmate seemed impatient to greet and welcome us all with unfeigned satisfaction. "Come up to the deewan," he said, and, preceding us with lights, he led us by the stairs to a room on the first floor, quite dazzling from the whiteness of its walls, its bleached linen-covered settees, and the numerous candles lit for our reception. He had our horses stabled and provendered, and asked us to sit down, armed, booted, and dusty though we were, on his spotless cushions; friends began to arrive as we talked, some of whom recognised Sim, and kissed his hand. The master assured us that provisions should be brought shortly, and further heralding these, the ladies of the establishment appeared; they seemed quite hearty in assuring us that they regarded our visit as a great favour, and asked to know the circumstances of our journey. All the females of the family, from little children to grandmother, were comely and refined looking. Welcome dishes of stew and copious draughts of good refreshing wine arrived, followed by grapes and sweetmeats. With considerable apologies for having no other room ready to afford us rest, the master at once begged that we would excuse him for only having the deewan to offer for the night, and then hurried all away that we might not be kept further from our sleep. But ere the door was shut a great cry arose from the street. The family stopped and listened, as people do who live only like birds on the bough. The master went to the screen window shutter. The cry came again. It was the voice of Graham's *mukary*, demanding at large for three *Inglesat*. We stopped further clamour by responding and going down to the man; it then transpired that our laird had pitched his tent under Abraham's Oak, about a mile away, and summoned us to come and join him.

It needed some hardness of heart to oneself to defer still longer the night's rest when it was so invitingly in reach, but the tent was nearer a sketching place I had to seek in the morning, and so I went. Sim also girded up his loins, and we walked along a stony road until a light under a grand spreading tree led us to the unperturbed Graham, who laughed at the whole misadventure.

Graham, finding that it was already Sunday morning, took upon himself the office of priest and prayed aloud, but when he had concluded we new-comers lost no time in spreading mats and making our beds on the ground. Taking off our dusty clothes, we were soon wooing sleep; but one of Graham's vices was that he was never tired, his long and somewhat devious spine resisted the jarring of travel, and in and out of the tent he flurried to make sure that he had not left behind any of his photographic apparatus. When we slumbered, he would shake first one and then the other into wakefulness, saying he thought a much-needed chemical must be under our bed. Sim's opinion of chemicals of all sorts and kinds at that moment was scarcely respectful; as for myself, much as I desired and needed rest, I could not sleep for some hours.

Seddon arrived in the early morning, with evidence that the apparent blissfulness of the chamber where he had slept lost its character when the lights were extinguished, and that in consequence he had not been able to sleep. When we called upon ben Ezaac, all the members of the household appeared, and with simple politeness disclaimed every feeling but that of pleasure and thankfulness that we had come to them in the night. Evidently the report of the doctor's presence soon spread about the town, for one by one the halt, the maimed, and the blind were brought. As they thronged the room Sim examined and pronounced upon their ailments, and as the eagerness of the patients and their friends was shown, they little knew how perfectly they were re-enacting scenes of eighteen hundred years before. The resemblance became more striking when men, heated and breathless, arrived, beseeching the doctor to come to their beloved ones who were bedridden or in urgent danger, and we went with him from the house to find the patients. Thus comfort was brought to each, in some cases relief, and to not a few the assurance of cure on attendance at the Jerusalem hospital. Thus we spent some hours. Afterwards we rode round the city and visited what little the Moslems would show of the mosque over the tomb of Abraham, while we felt tantalised at the restrictions imposed. Under this mosque lies the tomb of Sarah, Abraham, Jacob, and perhaps also Joseph, and in it may be the answer to that scepticism as to the early history of the Hebrews some nineteen centuries ago, expressed by Apion, which is entertained by many learned theologians to this day. It is here rather than on the borders of the Nile that we have the best hope of finding a clue to the genuineness of the story that Joseph was taken down to Egypt as a slave and rose to be sub-ruler of the country, and such proof would carry with it support of the subsequent accounts of the slavery and exodus of the children of Israel under the dynasty of a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. It is stated in Genesis that when Jacob died he was embalmed according to the manner of the Egyptians, and as with the king's permission Joseph carried his father's bones into his own land in state, with a great escort and buried them in this tomb, it may be assumed that the bier was a sarcophagus of particular dignity, inscribed and decorated within and without in a manner that would tell of the singular circumstances of the patriarch's position and of the high office held by his son. It is possible also that the fact of the whole company of mourners being under promise to return to Egypt would be recorded.

It is unlikely that the tomb was desecrated during the hundred years after the burial, since that district was held by other children of Abraham until the Jews came, during whose fourteen hundred years it was certainly jealously guarded, and ever since by Christian or Ishmaelite it has been kept inviolate. Superstition has been one of its surest sentinels; we have now only to convince both Jews and the descendants of the other children of Abraham that the day has come when the whole object of the tomb's purpose may be fulfilled, and that the dead may be called upon to speak to the living. The bodies would be reverently handled, and after the inscriptions should have been deciphered and copied the cover of the sarcophagus could be replaced, the tomb re-sealed and closed for ever.



PUBLIC CISTERN, HEBRON.

Saint Stephen in his address to the Sanhedrim, after speaking of Jacob's burial, adds, "Our fathers were carried over into Sychem." This almost certainly refers to Joseph, who on his deathbed charged the children of Israel to "carry my bones from hence," which, we are assured in Exodus, Moses did. The traditional tomb of Joseph is at Shechem, sixty miles or so north of Hebron. When I saw it, it was in ruined condition and appeared to have been ransacked. His body may have been placed in it when that region was the first possession the Israelites obtained in Canaan, but it seems possible that when the whole country was conquered his body was transferred to the Cave of Machpelah in Hebron.

We went off to the Quarantine, built twenty years earlier to keep out the plague ; our object was to visit the Prussian doctor installed there. We invited him to dinner; at our repast Seddon was in high glee, and entertained us with amusing stories of his life in Paris. The doctor left us in the best of humour, assuring us that he but rarely had the opportunity of meeting Europeans at table. After we went to bed an owl whooped in the branches of the grand tree above our heads, and Sim could not be happy until he had shot at the place where the bird seemed to be, but after firing off both his own barrels and finding that the animal only whooped the more merrily, the doctor borrowed my gun, and then loaded afresh and discharged further shot up in the tree. At last the *specimen* Sim coveted fled away, we trust, unwounded. Sim was a large collector of birds and beasts, which he preserved with great skill.

After breakfast I went to a spot where last evening the scene was lovely, but by sunrise there were no shadows, and it had lost all charm, and I walked to the valley in which were "the upper and nether springs" given to Caleb.

Shortly after noon I returned to the oak and found the tent had gone, as arranged with Sim and Seddon. Graham was to have returned from the town, but he did not appear till far on in the day ; then another hour went in packing, and it turned out that we wanted an extra donkey for odd luggage ; when this was secured there was further waste of time, and the sun had sunk ere we started. We very soon lost the way, the donkey man was an untrustworthy fellow, and we went blundering on with no guidance but the north star, which we could only see when we were on ridges of the hills, it being too low for us when we were in the valleys. Our man added to our perplexity by the announcement that the slopes in this region were full of great pits; these had been evidently troglodyte dwellings. We had to escape them by walking and leading our animals; turning about in the labyrinth of danger, we doubted whether we had got our faces to the south as we were ascending a hill; on striking a light we consulted the pocket compass and corrected our course. Once we wandered into an encampment of bedouin sleeping on the ground without fire of any sort, they seemed more perturbed than ourselves, and directed us on our way. Again for hours we groped along, only hopeful of indications when on heights where the country could be overlooked. At such points there was as much to make us conclude that we were on our way to Askelon as to Jerusalem, and we had to descend, trusting to blind fortune more than anything else, but on coming to the brink of a swelling wave of hill long past midnight, we espied below us three pools of Solomon. Gladly we descended the long stairway of rock. I was in advance, rejoicing in the ultimate certainty of our way. From the fountain at the head of the cistern, "the sealed fountain," a mirror of placid water had spread across the road. I paused at the verge, for there was such a perfect picture of the starry heavens that it seemed as though the earth had vanished and that we lived and saw, independent of body or solid resting-place, all the heavens circling around us. I did not wish the others to advance before and disturb my vision, so I resumed my onward way; where the horse planted his hoofs, the stars were shattered into meteors and lightning, but in front the glassy mirror was preserved unshimmered to where the dull land came again, and then behind me the animals seemed to be scrambling amid darts, spears, and javelins.

We dismounted under the khan walls, glad to do so, and having grapes and bread with us, ate these, and slaked our thirst in the spring. The bright stars were not brilliant enough to illuminate the very obscure track that served for a road, and when we had progressed northward a quarter of an hour we found ourselves again on unknown terrace slopes. We concluded that we had trended too far eastward, so we took the first opportunity to ascend. On the fullest height we raised our eyes, and right in face stood Bethlehem. But a few degrees above the Church of the Nativity hung a lustrous planet, like the star of the magi come again. We determined at once to accept its guidance, and soon we found ourselves knocking at the gate of the Latin Hospice. It was surely true hospitality when a monk came down to us, invited us to enter, offered us supper, and showed us to our sleeping chamber. It was worth being as tired as I was to have the joy of throwing myself down to sleep ; but it was near four o'clock before I sank into slumber. About five, to my mortification, Graham waked me up, saying that we must get into Jerusalem before the sun grew hot. As he was starting, it seemed better to join the restless creature, and so we jogged past Rachel's tomb, trotted along by Mar Elyas, and cantered over the plain of Rephaim, having no longer need when near the city to keep close to our baggage mules.

Arrived at the Jaffa Gate, my indefatigable friend mildly pointed out that it would be an excellent opportunity to ride round the city together, that he might confer with me about the best points of view for him to use for his photographic studies. I looked in his face. He was quite serious, and pleaded further, but when I deferred the business he very pleasantly said, "Well, as you like, as you like."

James Graham was absolutely imperturbable in temper, and so often the contretemps that he occasioned brought about experience of lasting interest, that I never for long felt a grudge against him for his unmethodical system of travel.

I had now to complain to the gunsmith that while he had cured my revolver of the immovable catch in the wheel, the hammer had become so weak in the spring that when it descended on the cap it did not explode it. He excused himself by explaining that he had only thought of curing the stiffness in the lock, and not firing it after he had made the hammer and the chamber work together, he had been satisfied, but that he would now make the spring stronger.

My servants' neglect of their duties occasioned me not alone loss of comfort, but of time. The Abyssinian had already gone. According to my agreement I was obliged to keep on both, but one day he presented himself and asked leave to depart suddenly. He had been in Jerusalem two years. Now he found a bishop of his church was returning to Abyssinia, and as he might be safe in his suite he did not want to lose the opportunity. I liked the handsome, good-natured, white-teethed fellow, but I at once agreed to spare him, and paid him his wages and *backshish*. When I wished him God's speed, still he lingered. I asked if there was anything else. He replied that in his own country he was a prince, and his father a man of great importance who could secure any favour. I said I had no doubt of it. "I want, Khowagha, to persuade you to come with me to my country. You want to make pictures of people; there you shall have hundreds to paint," he urged. I remembered a picture representing

> There was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on a dulcimer she played.

The lady was white as the painter could make her. Here was a possibility of doing portraits of a regiment of Abyssinian maids, all of a beautiful velvety unbleached complexion, but I resisted. I again bade "Good-bye" to this princely Gabrien, and bade him give my love to every damsel of his own country that he knew, and assure her that I should like nothing better than to paint a likeness of her. The other man, Farrage, I faithfully handed back to his original employer without any pang whatever. It was no matter of regret to me that the owners of my hired house were soon coming back, and that I had to seek another home.

After considering all the opportunities that offered, I decided upon a pension kept by Max Ungar, a converted Jew, and his wife. She was a Bolognese Italian, and they were under English protection; the house was kept in excellent order, and both did all they could to help me in my work. Being a tailor with a shop in the market-place, he had Jews working for him, and there seemed a prospect of his persuading some of them to sit to me.

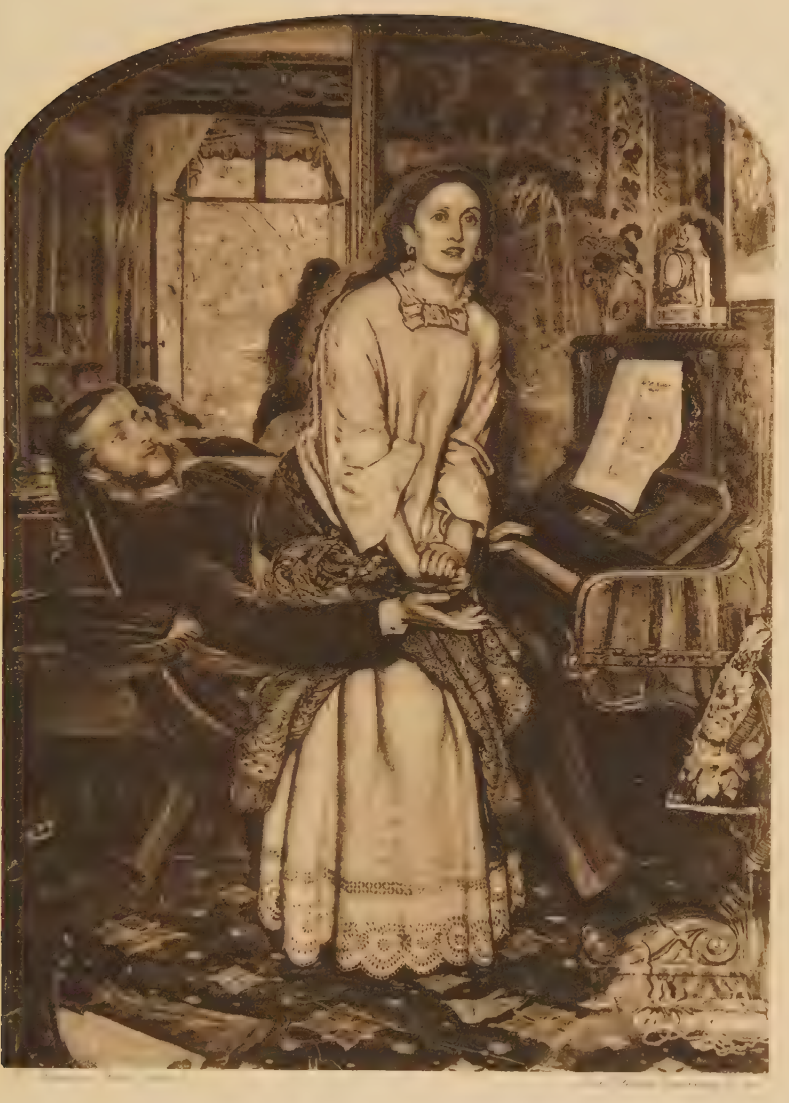
It was only after I had left my picture for a few days that I could judge how far it fulfilled my original expectations. On Sundays I often compared my past week's work with what I had planned to do, and I had to recognise that while each day I had been on the stretch from morn to eve to overcome the lagging fortune that had pursued me in my endeavours from the beginning, I had rarely anything to show that was calculated to give me satisfaction. The little that was done did, even to my aggrieved eyes, commend itself as up to my mark, but I could not underrate the value of the time that it had cost me, while the reduction of my small store of money convinced me of the urgency of taking some step that might prepare me for appearance in future exhibitions. I had hoped to have the Temple picture ready for next year's Academy. I could see now that there was no chance of fulfilling this expectation. Home demands were pressing on me, and this led me to consider more seriously whether I should not own myself defeated and go back ere all my money had gone, and take up the home work which I had left off. There was delight in the idea of being again among art comrades, but I did not allow this to disturb my resolution to consider all my chances. In this frame of mind I bethought me of the subject of "The Scapegoat," which, in reading the books of Levitical rites, had struck my mind as one suited for Landseer. I had in fact resolved to take the opportunity to talk to him of it; but now I reflected that in Syria I had a possibility of painting it worthily which he could never have, and so I re-studied the story, and found out particulars to enable me to decide what landscape and circumstances would be wanted, and set to work to prepare for the new picture.

I discovered one white goat in a flock, and bought it from the goat-herd, agreeing to pay for its care while I was waiting to be able to use it—a white goat being so rare that it was wise to get one when the opportunity offered. The date of the Day of Atonement had not yet come, and I wished to defer "The Scapegoat" background till about the right season.

Seddon had asked me to pronounce upon his picture of Jerusalem and Siloam from Aceldama. It was painted throughout elaborately and delicately, but it was scarcely in the pictorial sense a landscape. Sitting before the spot I pointed out to him how completely the tones and tints failed in their due relations, and how essential it was that he should supply the deficiency, explaining that in conventional art the demand for variety of tones was satisfied by exaggeration and tricks, and that these had increased the due expectation for effect to such an extent that when a work was done strictly from Nature, unless all the variety that Nature gave was rendered by the painter, the spectator had good cause for declaring the work crude and false; in short, that the more truth there was in one direction, the greater there must be in others. I calculated that to do the scene any justice, he must work upon his canvas fully another three weeks. He appeared determined to devote the necessary time to bring the painting to maturity; but next day he came to me in considerable agitation saying that a letter from home demanded his instant return, and that he should have therefore to depend upon his memory to modulate the tones of his picture. I did not feel called upon to say more until he asked me whether I did not think he could do this, and then I declared it would be utterly impossible for him to give the requisite effect. He asked what he could do under the circumstances. All I could say was that he must judge whether his correspondent could not be persuaded of the critical sacrifice it would be for him to leave so abruptly ; if not, he must never regard the painting as anything more than a map. He decided that he could not feel free to stay even for the few weeks, and so now, while I was preparing for a journey of exploration of the western shores of the Dead Sea, to settle upon the suitable background of "The Scapegoat," he was taking steps to leave the country.

It happened at this time that Mr. Porter, the writer of Murray's *Guide to Syria*, had come from Damascus to Jerusalem, and that Beamont's father had arrived from England. Some other visitors to Jerusalem had also heard of my intended expedition, and these all proposed to accompany me. It was an unusual and hazardous journey to make, and there was more safety and pleasure in travelling in numbers. Graham was to be general caterer and paymaster. Under this unexpected arrangement I had to make one special provision, that my start should be a day before theirs, in order to have a morning at the sketch which I had begun at Hebron.

On the day of departure the *mukary* proved to be a master in chicanery and deceit. He brought the wrong horses, he had the canteen and tent packed on the weakest mule, pretending that we had chosen it. I would not budge, and threatened to discard him. Then he pretended the mule we wanted had gone lame, and so he wasted all the morning. Even Graham got out of temper. I went home to get together my personal gear for the journey, and a violent storm of wind and rain came on which lasted for hours. The muleteer's object all day had been to waste time and yet get payment. I had said solemnly that however much he delayed I would insist upon reaching Hebron in that day's journey. This had made him hurry ; but in my absence, when the rain



The Awakened Conscience

came, he sent the animals away to the stables, and declared that the journey must now be given up. All my cases were left sodden in the market-place. I was unflinching, however, ordered the beasts back, and had them packed. All was got ready in sulky mood, and as we sallied out of the Jaffa Gate the sky was still covered with slaty clouds, the thunder murmuring and the lightning quivering from east to west as we got into the open country only half an hour before sunset, the rays of which were fierce and cheerless.

Reaching the first height beyond Hinnom, I addressed my company to the effect that I would go on to Hebron as fast as possible with Issa, who was Graham's man, sent as servant to the expedition, to get accommodation at the Quarantine building, while they should come on as fast as was convenient ; but the whole of my baggage company were horrified, as they professed, at the danger to myself, as well as to themselves. I laughed at their fear, and began to trot, pumping the rain out of the wet carpet seat as I rode, for the rascally master in the final hurry had again put me off with a Turkish saddle. Looking behind at Issa's suggestion, I discovered the retinue with heads returning to Jerusalem in serious earnest. I rode back, and the muleteer told me to reflect how certain the peril would be from *ghouls* and *effreets*, who bewilder travellers on such nights to lead them over precipices to their destruction, and that the only safety was in company. I was persuaded by a more practical reason to keep with them, but insisted upon the journey forward, and so on we went.

Beyond Mar Elyas the road at that time descended into the deep valley. I could see the path only by the pools of water in the worn limestone. At the bottom the strongest mule slipped and fell ; his burthen was too heavy to allow him to be raised as he was, and so the cord was loosened and every article taken off him. When again reloaded the drivers argued that this settled the question of the length of the journey. Bethlehem, half an hour hence, would afford us hospitality for the night, and in the morning betimes we could go on to Hebron; but I could not lose my character for firmness, and insisted upon the original plan, not without some reluctance when the Convent of the Nativity in sight to our left brought to mind the thought of its pleasant hospitality. My company hoped, until we had got well past Rachel's tomb, that I should relent. But I was not disposed to allow the *mukary* to find that his stratagem had succeeded in any degree in changing my purpose, and I cheered him and his men on to Solomon's Pools and up the ascent beyond.

The storm was leaving us with sullen murmurings; the lightning occasionally opened up the whole landscape, but left us momentarily blind. From our height we had a wide range of view, being as we were on the upper tableland of Judea; to our left, deep down, was the Dead Sea; to our right was the Philistine plain, ending in the Mediterranean.

The lightning was kindled in the east, and played along the gamut of the cloud-clavier as if with the touch of an almighty hand, advancing note by note along the extending range, until in the west it closed like an angry fist, and descended on the plain as if to single out the object of its search.

Towards the small hours of the night we heard the dogs of the village on the heights noisy in their announcement that strangers were on the road below; their barking filled up the intervals of the thunder's reverberation. As we proceeded I agreed that we should avoid the harder parts of the interlacing tracts of the road to escape the clatter of our horses' hoofs. Our course led us into a dwarf forest and over rocks that rang like metal, to a higher level, and then again into the plain studded with villages on the left, whose fire and smoke we could see against the sky. No art could here still the noise of our movements, and it was not wonderful, considering the disturbed state of the country, that our men feared attack. When we came into a district with soft earth skirting our way, the dubiousness of the road made me glad that I had not trusted ourselves without experienced guidance. Thinking this, I searched aside to trace the step-worn limestone; none was to be seen. I put it to the muleteer whether we had not wandered from the road; he admitted that we had been lost for the last quarter of an hour, and advised that we should make the best of our lot, and wait where we were till dawn came to reveal the true way to Hebron. Issa faintly seconded this advice, but I knew he was of firm nerve, and I told him that I had a better plan. I turned my horse's head towards the Mount, whose height was defined against the sky by fires and glowing smoke, and called out to all to keep close.

The dogs grew more mad as we got nearer. Here we discovered men sleeping around fires made in the corners of walls. They all started up at the ringing of our horses' hoofs. Women and even children were among the number—all looking both dismayed and fierce.—The dogs were so wild with excitement that two at a time jumped up into my saddle, from which I had to dislodge them with the butt-end of my gun. I had instructed my man to ask for the sheik, while I played the part of the dignified mysterious stranger. The scared fellahin watched, and followed to see the action of the sheik, than whom, whatever his motive, no one could have behaved better. He called a man out from the crowd and ordered him to go with us over the hill to a point from which we could see Hebron, and descend by it into the road; thus I had good reason to approve my confidence in him. We followed the road from this elevation to the outskirts of the town of the "Friend of God," and, passing between the walled vineyards, we reached it at about two o'clock. We turned aside to the right towards the Quarantine building. My man had come up abreast, and we were talking as tired guards will after an anxious march, when I noticed that his foot-track had gradually led him to a level already overtopping my head. The slope was slippery, and I searched for a place where there might be firm footing for my horse. In the shadowy dimness I discerned a mass of white rock leading to the higher platform. I set my horse to mount and grip it, and heeled him to waken up his full strength. The mass proved to be loose, and the stones began to rattle down. I could feel the poor beast overbalancing, and as the one chance for both of us, I threw myself off as best I could on the upper slope to the right. I pushed my gun away in a safe direction, for it was loaded and still half-cocked. The horse overbalanced and rolled heavily down the incline. I found myself safely landed half-way up, but with my leg badly bruised; my gun had happily not exploded; but when we got to the poor horse he was only just able to get up. We hobbled to the porch of the Quarantine building, and there, after in vain knocking and explaining my claim for admission as a friend of the master, I had some of the luggage put under the portico, and, choosing dry matting, threw myself on it with bags for a pillow, and soon fell asleep.

Two or three hours later I was sitting up, staring and being stared at by a crowd of men, women, and children, feeling much as a gipsy might if caught located in a place not intended for vagabonds. My object was attained, however, in being near Doora, with the plain and Beersheba beyond; and accordingly, after a hasty cup of coffee, I mounted my man's horse and rode off alone, to work on a sketch begun on the previous expedition.

I continued at my drawing until about twelve o'clock, and then returned to Abraham's Oak, where the tent was pitched, expecting to find the party arrived, but no signs of them had been seen. Making a meal off grapes and bread, I lay down to read at leisure some letters from Millais and Halliday which I had received before starting. I made a cigarette with the envelope of Millais' letter, and inhaled this while I re-read the contents. I then walked northward to the ridge in the hope of seeing my friends approaching, but there was no sign of them. I was lost in conjecture as to the cause of their absence. Returning to the tent, I tried to recover some of my defrauded sleep. No one else was to have money, as Graham had arranged that he should be the paymaster of the expedition, so I was nearly penniless. I had an empty canteen with me, and neither candles nor fuel for fire, but the grapes of Eschol deserved their ancient repute and I supped on them. A storm arose which soon became truly terrible; lightning and thunder played around me and seemed to shake the earth; the birds which had taken refuge in the trees screeched with fright. As the branches were torn off their trunks, I thought of the "horror of great darkness" which fell upon "The Friend of God."

The wind rushed past Abraham's Oak like massive waters, but so far my tent was sheltered by the enormous girth of the tree. When I crept out I perceived that the stars were shining through a deep blood-red sky. I was now in the place where Abraham had received the promise of the future greatness of his race. The storm brought this vividly to mind, and in the comparative lull I lay down again and fell into a sound sleep. I awoke in a few hours, but all was perfectly still and peaceful, and committing myself again to sleep, I so remained till dawn.

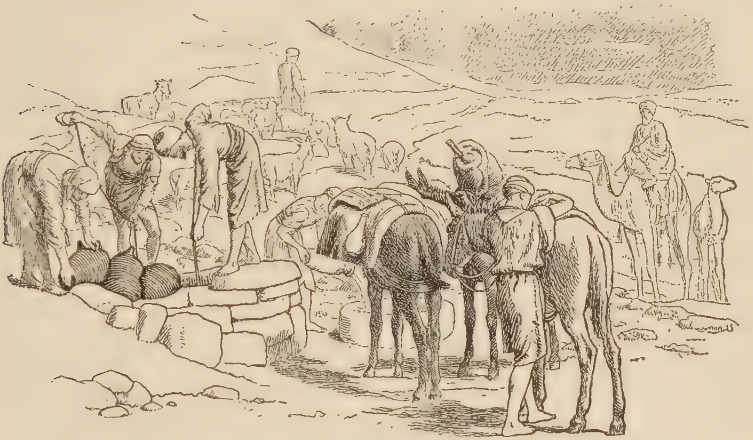
With the few pence I still had I sent into the town for bread, and on this and a cold chicken I and my man breakfasted. I had guessed that perhaps the storm had driven my party into Hebron. Had Graham and his party arrived last night and slept in the town, they would have been with me by eight o'clock; their non-arrival bewildered me and drove me to conclude that I must return to Jerusalem to get money.

However, before I had given orders to strike the tent, the muleteer's boy rushed forward saying that the *khowaghein* were arriving, and as I ascended the slope I saw my friend Beamont with his father coming into camp; there were no others in sight. Welcoming the two heartily as they dismounted, I asked them about the remainder. One by one they had given up the idea of coming on the tour from the unreasonableness of the master muleteer, and Graham had said that on my finding myself alone I too should abandon it. Mr. Beamont, however, had said they could not leave me in the lurch. Graham found the obstacles insuperable for a large party, but allowed us to use his tent and servant if we so pleased. With this message the Beamonts came alone. "But," said I, "I brought no money." "We have money," they said. "Hurrah, then we'll not be disappointed."

They had halted for the night at Artass, starting by early dawn. Being Sunday, we elected to remain encamped for the day, and walked to Hebron to secure provisions for the evening. As we went through the bazaars the people were friendly, while curious about us and our object. In our round Beamont called on a dervish sheik, in whose house he had slept when last there; and his sons or nephews, nearly men, and a very beautiful boy of about eleven, came back with us to the tent, where we gave them presents in the shape of penknives. They were timorous as the sun went down on account of *effreets*, which haunted the neighbourhood at nightfall, but they had faith in company and in the firing of guns before starting as a means of averting the danger.

While making purchases for our canteen in Hebron, we were approached by some Jehalin Arabs, who, having heard of our intended journey, had come to guide us to their encampment. We halted on the way at a well, and reached the bedouin tents near sundown. The sheik was not in camp, and I was able to go with sketch-book and gun up to the summit of the neighbouring hill, the apex of which was crater-formed. Had a good geologist been there he might have explained a fact which puzzled me: in the cup, well defined in shape up to about twelve feet of the rim, all the stones lying on the surface were dark maroon colour; this discoloration reached a line absolutely level, and suggested the agency of liquid fire, for the same sized fragments of rock, but with acuter angles, were strewn on the surface above, all of blanched limestone hue, and had not been affected by the conditions which had changed the similar stones below.

The sheik was fetched from afar, the arrangement with him which took place in the morning brought before us an interesting display of bedouin life, the bargain ended successfully, and about midday the next morning we started over tracts of wilderness, which, except in some dried-up fields and near the watercourse which we mostly followed, seemed as though man could never have trod its surface before. As we travelled south-east, heavy clouds massed themselves ahead, our track was on a declining plain enfiladed to north and south a mile or two away by barren limestone ridges, a few acacia trees stood at intervals in the torrent bed, without any sign of the rainfall which had drenched Hebron but a few nights ago. Thus we came to the brink of a descent, which from that point was called the "Wady Zuara Foka," until it opened itself into a wider gorge called the "Wady Zuara Tahteh"; beyond was the plain, with the sea stretching in a narrow gulf still farther south. The forefront of the plateau on



A. Hughes, from a sketch by W. H. H.

HALT AT THE WELL.

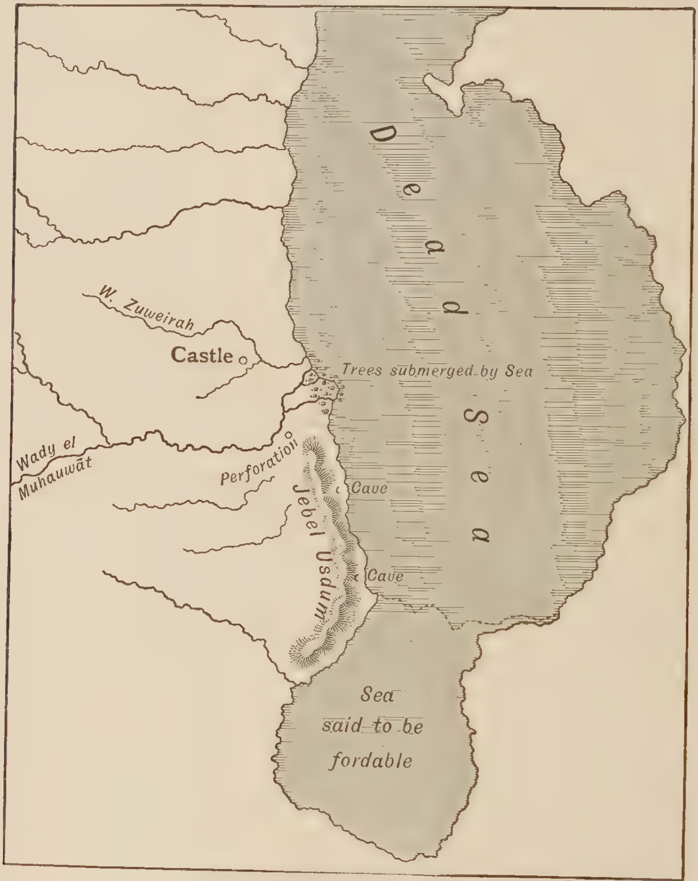
which we had travelled stood out on our left a mile farther, but the gulf we saw before us was the opening down which the winter floods poured in their season; the scooped-out forms in the two channels on either side of us proved the force of the water volume that found its way in the winter down this chasm to the lake. A tongue of original limestone stretched forward between the two water channels, which was only half as high as the enflanking cliffs, and stood forward but a few hundred paces, ending in a knoll; and on this eminence a castle tower reared itself, its original object being obviously to defend the pass against inroads of inimical bands, but it had long been left unmanned. On the plain the spread of the sea was restricted by the mountain "Gebel Oosdoom," which hid its southern extremity; the mountains of Moab reared themselves beyond. We stayed some minutes to admire the wonders of the view, and then descended to the plain. From this moment my observation was studiously directed to all the region within sight, so that every spot should be stored up in memory, to be eventually weighed with others as to its suitability for the background of the projected picture. We had before our eyes the region, the very name of which has become a proverb of God's judgment; and as we surveyed the range of view, the celestial image of Heaven's mercy in the shape of a magnificent rainbow, with the left base near Kerak and the right at the foot of Oosdoom, spanned the whole plain, while afar retreated the murmuring thunder, leaving peaceful beauty to reign instead.

While the tent was being pitched amid the growth of tamarisk and juniper not far from the margin of the lake, we hurried away to the bend in the coast line, whence, southward, the sea is narrowed. Here we determined to test the buoyancy of the water. It was evident that the beach was being gradually pressed down by the heavy sea, for trees which had been growing on the land to the south had now sunk in the brine, and stood leafless and stark; those nearest the margin were only submerged at the base, while farther north the water reached the branches; more distant still all was covered but the upper twigs, and arrested flotsam proved the existence of the dead forest extending beyond.

In selecting our bathing-place we naturally avoided the region where these trees showed themselves, but I argued with my companions that we must give them a wider berth than at first we imagined to be necessary, as it was likely that the trees not seen above the surface might still bother us. We stripped impatiently some fifty yards beyond. There was nothing but a shelving shore, and we rushed forward to get into swimming depth. I could not restrain my dash when I found the heavy water obstructing my progress as though it were lead, which quickly tripped me up, throwing me on my face. Every mosquito bite and stirrup bruise smarted agonisingly, my eyes and ears burned, I was blinded, my feet rose higher than my head, my knees grated against the bottom, the only desire that moved me was to get out far. I propelled myself without seeing my way, I rolled over and over, and found myself being driven, in spite of my efforts, on to the sunken dead arms of the submerged trees. I turned away from these against a strong current; when it became possible to open my eyes I had no ambition but to reach the shore.

I must declare in justice to the acrid and greasy waters, which made me feel as though I had anointed my body with sardine brine, that every abrasion on my skin became absolutely healed and without smart from the moment I emerged from the sea.

The next morning we had our breakfast before dawn, and gave orders that the mules, with tents and canteen, should immediately they were ready go northward to Sebbieh, the foot of Masada. We, on the other hand, started to the south to visit the cave of Oosdoom. I scrutinised all the shores we passed in going and returning; the whole scene was a vision of desolation and deceitful phantasy. Before the sun rose every rock appeared like a weird monster, in the cave itself were white stalactites and rocks, these formed themselves to our eyes, dazed by the sun, into threatening genii, and to the ear the effect was no less magical. "Remember Lot's wife," we shouted, and round every hill and cranny we heard the words murmured in confusing mockery, until distinct in every syllable "Remember Lot's wife" was returned to us. The distance was more than we had counted upon, and



MAP OF DEAD SEA.

on our return journey, with the sun shining a-broadside, we felt the need of water to drink, and so hurried in the hope that we should find the camping-ground before our party had left it. Yet I did not fail fully to examine the shore for my background, which it seemed possible would be found in this quarter. At our camping-place all our men were away and out of sight. For many hours we rode that day in the thirsty heat. Once, when we had seen a clear rivulet running down the mountain side into the more limpid looking lake, we hastened to its brink. The companion of my own age, who suffered most from thirst, jumped off his horse and put his lips to the stream. I observed that he drew his head back involuntarily, but in a determined way drank again. I asked if it was quite sweet, he did not answer; I dismounted and tested it myself, to find it was strong brine. His father and I had difficulty to prevent him drinking on. We hurried on to learn from a lonely bedawee, the first man we had seen, that our servants were waiting a few miles ahead in a wady with a fountain bearing good water; and this, to our own and our animals' great joy, proved true.

It was a journey of inconceivable delights; its daring nature only added zest to the adventure. We continued our route to Sebbieh, encamping on the shore of the lake. An hour before dawn on the morrow we set off and traversed the plain through amazing illusions (of which more in the next chapter) to the foot of the cliffs of Masada. Our climb to the summit was both difficult and dangerous; we were one of the two or three parties that had ever visited the place in modern days. Entering the gate, we gazed with wonder upon the ruins of the great stronghold defended by the Jews against the Romans in their last struggle. The wonderful aspect of this mausoleum of Jewish heroism and despair awakened the desire to revisit and examine it with full attention. We had no time to linger, but had to be satisfied with the vision it presented of the desolate hills and that silent heaven from which its defenders turned their dying eyes in despair.

Descending to the beach again, we remounted our horses and continued our journey to the Engedi plain; ascending this to a basin of water overflowing to the plain below, I remained behind to sketch the scene. The ascent thence was by a zigzag stairway on the cliff, the heights of which led to the wilderness of Judea. We had hoped here to find an Arab encampment with provisions, but we had to take our repose with scant supper, and started next morning after a more meagre breakfast to find the bedouin tribe. In an hour or two we came to the tents. The sheik was absent, but we were welcomed and assured that he should be brought to us. We had already come to terms with the sub-sheik, but the sheik himself,

THE SHEIK, ENGEDI.

The Ship.

a tall handsome fellow, when he arrived, ignored our treaty and demanded so preposterous a sum that we determined to avoid his territory and go on inland towards the Tamarah tribe. Before leaving I made a sketch of the comely but covetous fellow as he was smoking his chibouque. All along the coast I had scrutinised the shore, and had determined that no place was so suitable for "The Scapegoat" picture as the Oosdoom district.

Proceeding westward, we came to the Tamarah encampment, and there made terms for our guidance to Jericho and the Jordan. Our party was large and merry, and we enjoyed our journey greatly. When we arrived at the Jordan it was dusk, but we just had time to bathe before black night came on. We continued our track to the site of the cursed city with thunder and lightning pursuing us, until we reached the shelter of our tents, such as it was. We remained in camp next day, and on the morrow returned to Jerusalem drenched to the skin.

I have glanced only at our experience upon the later part of this journey, because Mr. Beamont wrote a faithful and bright account of our expedition. The journey is memorable to me for its interest in many ways, and in none more than the perfect good-nature and happy spirit of my two friends.[1]

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[1] *Diary of a Journey to the East in the Autumn of* 1854, by William Beamont, Esq. Longman, Brown, Green and Longman, 1856.

CHAPTER XVII

1854

And if I prosper all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric and Greece
Came creeping to us with their crowns apiece.
MARLOWE.

BEFORE making any arrangements to return, the doctor told me that he had succeeded in persuading a well-to-do Jew to come with his son to sit for "The Temple" picture. While I was arranging for the canvas, the case, and all materials for my second journey to Oosdoom, I took every opportunity to profit by the new chance of painting from my offered sitter, but again the old troubles began. The father in twenty minutes inquired whether I had not finished, and said he must go but would come later, but did not reappear. Having returned to this picture, I trusted to my chance of getting a red-bearded Jew who had promised to come. I began with the head and felt some encouragement at my first day's work; but he in turn disappeared, and I almost regretted having been enticed back to the old hope of finishing the Jewish picture. While thus detained in Jerusalem, news came that the whole of southern Syria was in disorder. The troops being withdrawn, the sheiks concluded that they could mass their forces and get rid of the hateful Turk. Hebron itself from some cause (perhaps having an Osmanli garrison in the town) elected to hold out for the established power. Thus far the struggle was a political one, but the patriotic effort of the insurgents often degenerated into mere lawlessness and gave encouragement to village desperadoes to embark on felonious enterprises of their own, so that native travellers reported that the roads were quite impracticable. I had no intention of giving up the Scapegoat subject, cost what it might. On the 13th November I made my bargain with Omar Beg, the *mukary* master, and left the animals in charge of Nicola Beyrouti, whom I re-engaged, notwithstanding his childish cowardice, for he still had some good points in him. To escape the deceitfulness of Ali Tantish the muleteer, I preferred to trust to the problematic honesty of his rival. The right number of mules and horses being bargained for from him, I arranged to have all the baggage animals dispatched on the road, and for myself and Nicola to overtake them half way on the journey before nightfall. The Consul had put into my charge a present for Abou Daouk, the Jehalin sheik. These trifles delayed me till afternoon, and when I arrived at the starting place I found that my man had taken the *mukary's* orders and gone on. Mounting my horse, I found him the most tired jade I had ever bestridden, but at last he reached the party waiting at the well of the Wise Men. My muleteers were very nervous and would have been glad to get out of the engagement altogether, because of further disturbing news from the south. It seemed that the town of Hebron, and a few surrounding villages, still held out for the government, and all of these were being attacked by the insurgent fellahin, so there was much fighting and bloodshed. Naturally bands of adventurers were taking advantage of the disorder on their own account. The *mukary's* proposal to halt at Bethlehem was nothing but a means of wasting time, so I insisted upon an advance, and treated the news as in no way affecting our course. Owing to the delays and bad condition of our steeds, night came on long before we had made half our journey.

I had brought the goat that had been selected by me several weeks previously to serve as my model on the spot. All the way he was provokingly blatant, he walked and was carried in turns, in either position his object seemed to be to attract attention—the very reverse of our own—doing this whether we were threading our way within ear-shot of villages either along the bottom of a valley or over the saddle of a hill-pass. We could detect by the wild barkings of dogs that the kid's cry for help was heard, but probably the unusually disturbed state of the country, added to the fear of *effreets*, was a protection to us, for we anxiously passed several noisy watch-dogs without molestation.

An hour beyond the Pools of Solomon we were winding between low trees on the slippery road, and I was leading the party, when I noticed the yelling of Nicola, who was behind, mixing itself with the bleatings of the Scapegoat model. His reply to my cheer was very lachrymose, so that I had to ride back. He was in tears like a baby, and ducked his head as though to escape from some attack. He was a well grown man, five years older than myself, and to see him behaving thus made me angry. "What is the matter with you, O madman?" I said. "There are robbers," was his reply. "Where?" "All about us; do shoot, I pray, Khowagha," —bobbing down to the saddle all the while. "I am not such a fool; I will ride behind you and protect you," was my reply. I had already taken up my place of rear-guard over the stair-like rocks, when I was struck with stones in two or three places at once, and my horse swerved from a blow. "Ha, ha! now I see what is the matter," said I. The trees enshrouded men who were following and pelting us. I held up my gun against the sky, cocked the two triggers, brought round my revolver, and shouted, "Now I am ready for the first man who shows his head." Our enemies held their hands, and Nicola grew less terrified, saying aloud, "Now shoot to show you have a gun with two souls, and a pistol with many." "When I see where to shoot I won't fail," I replied. We went on in silence, except that the muleteer kept stupidly saying, "I told you how it would be"; and I was obliged to reply, "What do you complain of? I'm protecting you"; Nicola joined in with a culminating sob.

We plodded on minute by minute, ever expecting a fresh outbreak as we turned in and out over the worn and wet limestone track. When a good quarter of an hour had passed in freedom from the continually looked for attack, I heard a great clatter ahead. I spurred on fast, and found no robber, but our head mule was down again. It seemed certain that this would bring on our foes at once, so I had to keep on the alert while the men busied themselves in unpacking and raising the poor beast, which was effected without molestation. Our foes had probably been on an opposite journey, and seeing us coming, had put themselves in ambush to follow us back, abandoning us when the chance seemed not a promising one. In starting again, however, until we had got out of the shelter of trees, we could not give up the closest vigilance.

On the heights to our left, when the view opened, we came within sound of villages. No arts could muffle the noise of our animals' hoofs, or keep our other chorus of sound from the ears of the dogs, who seemed to be incessantly on the watch while men slept. We had, with my consent, kept off the harder parts of the track to reduce our noisiness, and were toiling along, knowing that it was long past midnight, and that we had got to the most dubious part of the journey, in which no recognisable difference in its features could be distinguished. I asked the *mukary* if he were sure we were on the right track; his reply was, he had lost the road for some time, and had not been able to recover it. "What do you propose to do?" I asked. "Dismount, spread part of the tent against this slope of the rock, light a fire in a nook where it won't be seen, get coffee, sleep for three hours, and go on again before sunrise. There is nothing else that can be done," he said. To this all agreed. I suspected my muleteer, and even my man, of having intentionally misguided us, it was nearly the same spot at which the road had been lost on the former journey. My hope had been to reach Hebron that night and to go on the next day. I had not, however, expressed a determination to complete the whole stage that night at all hazard, and as my dragoman was a poor creature in comparison to my servant on the former occasion, I concluded it was better to rest under the terrace of the hill, and here we lighted a small fire, heated our coffee, and, eating a crust, went to sleep. In the early morning we started for Hebron. In the city several purchases had to be made, and the animals properly shod. Against needless delays all I could do was to threaten withholding of *backshish* ; Jehalin messengers had to be sent for, and I had to be patient. I called on the Prussian doctor at the Quarantine, who told me that fighting had ceased, but that last week fifty men had been killed and buried at Hebron. I slept at the Quarantine, if partial oblivion with many startled awakenings can be called by so sacred a name as sleep. In the morning, with more than the customary dawdling preparation, we at last rode through the town, where it would have been difficult for an uninitiated passer-by to have detected any excitement or alarm in the people of the bazaar as they calmly looked up from their business, neither did the fellahin shepherds as they went out with their flocks show any sense of disturbance.

Beyond the first height I saw an ibex standing against the sky-line in an alert attitude ; as I was admiring him he staggered and fell, and the report of a gun followed. An Arab appeared running towards the creature, and I galloped to the spot. The stricken beast lay with glazed eye and lolling tongue, and the parasites that nestled in his warmth were already seeking their escape.

The wilderness of Ziph was seen from every fresh hill brow, nowhere was there a trace of landmark, road, or any sign of the rule which gregarious man ordains for common interest or protection. As the sun rose towards the zenith, the shadows of the rocks disappeared, and the want of even their shelter made the wanderer feel more of an outcast; the bare earth grew wilder as though new from the Creator's hand; and yet I felt a novel joy in life. I looked around to account for my exhilaration of spirit, and could only discover a sweet purity in the very barrenness of the scene before me; it was a pleasure to inhale the living breeze wafted from the distant Mediterranean, and perfumed by forty miles of aromatic hillside and plain. Separation of this kind leads man to the understanding of the poet shepherd's aspiration when he sang, "My soul thirsteth after thee, my flesh longeth for thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is."

In the afternoon I arrived at the encampment of Abou Daouk, the sheik of whom I was in search. When my tent was pitched, I sent word that I was expecting a visit from him, and as he came up the slope I stepped out to welcome him. He had a long face with large projecting teeth and a long but retiring chin, and as he neared me, looking his affablest, I could not help thinking how like a mule he was. I had to adopt an English tone of preoccupation with Nicola, to make sure that he should not expect me to fall on his dirty person and in Arab fashion embrace him. When he was seated on a raised mat at my door, I delivered greetings from the Consul, and made Nicola unwrap the parcel containing a *jabbah* of brightest scarlet, which I then placed on his shoulders. The contrast of the vivid colour with his grimy visage made him look dustier than ever, and I wondered whether the good Omar appeared so polluting, when the Patriarch, giving up to him the keys of Jerusalem, muttered, "Surely this is the abomination which maketh desolate."

When we were re-seated I explained that the English Consul, Khowagha Finn, had charged me to bring this coat to him as a mark of his esteem. He, as behoved him in the face of the whole tribe outside, adopted the bearing of utter unconcern, folding the garment under and about him on the ground, as though he were accustomed to have a new coat every day, and certainly nothing seemed to me more likely than that he would by tomorrow make it but little distinguishable from his other raiments. Meanwhile men formed themselves into a circle about him, and veiled women peered from tent doors to watch their sheik in his new glory.

After due assurance that we were respectively *well and happy*; that Mr. Beamont—who had been with me on the earlier journey—was *well and happy*; that he had gone on to Damascus, that the son was *well and happy*; that the Consul was *well and happy*, with "Allamdillilah" (God be praised) uttered after each assurance; and that they all hoped that he was *well and happy*, he had his pipe refilled royally, and coffee given him to satiety. I ventured then to introduce the business question, my servant helping me with his Arabic, for there was the extra difficulty here of a tribe dialect.

Combating the proposal that the business question should be left till the morrow, I said that I should like to go down to Oosdoom for some weeks, perhaps five or six, to make a picture; that I wanted some of his men with me as guides and caterers, and that two or three would be enough. I left the number to him, what should I pay him? Oh, for his part the whole place was mine. He said he hoped I should always stay; but pressed further he said, "By Allah," what I asked was "no light matter," it filled him with anxiety, he must send down at least a hundred of his most trusted men, for the place was dangerous, being in the road of various tribes, and without a large party how could he guard me if I stayed there day after day. He would do his best to persuade his men to be satisfied with five hundred English pounds. And the men within hearing said, "No, no! Never! never! Impossible!"

The tongues of the rank and file being loosened, all declared eagerly that it was almost out of hope that more than a few could ever return to their families. When they had talked themselves out, they asked for my reply. I said, "We will talk of it no more. It is, I see, a foolish fancy of mine. I will return to-morrow and go to Masada, En Gedi, Marsaba, or Jericho instead. I can understand that you think me mad to return to a place which few travellers visit and none revisit; it is enough, let us talk no more about the proposal, we will speak of other matters."

"Will you tell me how many men you have in your tribe?" I asked. He then said, "Why should you be angry? You do not answer me. Why don't you talk of Oosdoom?" "Look," I said, "it is not far away; half a day would bring us there. It is the wretchedest place in the whole world. If I had not already been there, I should know this from books. England is a beautiful country, a garden with wide rivers like that in Egypt, and trees bearing lovely fruits, and there are cattle, sheep, and birds in abundance, and perfect roads; whereas the plain of the Dead Sea which you treat as if it were a paradise, is stricken with a curse. Five hundred pounds! Well, perhaps a lord would give some large sum to stay in a blessed place, but not a *para* to live in a cursed one. I am not a lord. I am more like a monk or a dervish. I would go there just to explain to people in England, accustomed overmuch to blessings, how awful is a place accursed of heaven; but if you and your men do not want me to go there, I shall take it as a sign that Allah wills me to work elsewhere. There are many places where Arabs or others would like to be paid for guiding me, and I would go to their country instead." His impracticable terms had made me remember the enchantment of some landscapes I had seen on my journey to the Jordan. The sheik replied, "But you see I must send so many to guard you; and it is not as though you were passing through like other travellers. The sons of Shaitan will be tempted by your being there for so long, and they can be overawed only by a strong guard." "No," I replied, "I only want to be guided and to have provisions brought to me. Send few or many, I will guard myself." "Well," he went on to say, "what will you give?" After more fencing my reply was, "I speak with English words; the first is the last; I will give eight hundred piastres" (about seven pounds). A shriek of execration followed; and I said, "I am sorry. I will go back and tell other *Frangat* not to come here and vex you with the wish to visit your district. In the meantime, Nicola, you can bring my dinner." And I got rid of the company.

An hour later the sheik came to smoke a pipe and drink coffee with me again. It was dark. The noises of sheep being folded and of clamorous children had ceased; barking dogs and braying asses alone broke the resonant silence. He had been persuading his men to take one hundred pounds; would I say "finished," he asked. "No! only eight hundred piastres," I said, "and *that* I would pay in paper, writing a note for the money, and if your men return with me to Jerusalem when I go back, gold should be given then in exchange at the Consulate." Before leaving the tent the sheik had come slowly to my terms, and I wrote the cheque, with which he retired.

When I was alone Nicola came to caution me. I had innocently advised that to make it serve the purpose of the tribe better, the provisions wanted for our encampment should be bought from them; and now, finding that we were destitute, without any other chance of providing ourselves, they asked five or ten times the just price. The next morning, rising an hour or two before the sun, I announced my intention of riding back to Hebron to procure supplies, which frightened our hosts into more reasonable demands. Then came our sheik and sat down, asking when I was intending to conclude the business. "What business?" I asked. "What, as sheik, am *I* to have? The eight hundred piastres all go to the men; but for all my trouble in making them friendly to you, surely I ought to have a handsome sum," he whined. Had time been of no value to me it is possible that I might have escaped this ingenious extortion, but after a long and hot talk I was glad to abate the sheik's demands to three hundred piastres.

While contending thus with him, I saw Nicola putting aside the animals bought for us, on an opposite slope, with their legs tied; around these, men had assembled, while hideous boys, nearly black, naked, and with bare crowns, shaven save for one central tuft of matted hair, forming a tangled tassel, were jumping about and screeching like demons, the fathers standing by approvingly. The little fiends were, with stones and sticks, directing scorpions up to the side of the helpless fowls, and provoking the reptiles to sting! The incident filled me with wrath, and I scattered the small crowd with my *corbash*, whereupon from afar the men asked why I was so angry. The sheik came up assuring me of his indignation with the boys and men, whom he beat in show, but I declared that I would have none of their abettors with me. When I saw this, there recurred to memory passages written in the temper of the French philosophers by men who theorise sitting at home at ease, descanting upon the innocence of the unsophisticated children of Nature.

It was late in the morning when all was prepared, and we mounted and turned towards Oosdoom. It was an amusing comment upon the sheik's estimate of our need of an escort of a hundred men that we found our original company was only increased by five. My irritation of last night and the morning only slowly subsided at sight of the marvels of the scene around us. As I rode ahead a young Arab of about twenty came up and kissed my hand, saying that he hoped I was not angry with him. I could not recognise him as an offender; his appeal, with an affectation of unblemished guilelessness, made me feel favourably towards him, and I asked his name. It was "Soleiman." Would I let him be my son? he asked. I agreed, although I was only seven years his senior. My prejudice did not prevent me from seeing that he had a pleasant face, and I could not retain my scowl when he asked my name. Hunt he declared to be no name, and Holman he regarded as but very little better, but William, pronounced Wullaum, he found very good; this thawed me entirely. When we got to Wady Zuara Tahteh would I take him alone with me across the plain to the sea, to where I should do my writing each day? he asked. I agreed, for I was glad to practise his dialect, so he walked by my horse's head talking incessantly; after journeying a few miles I dismounted to fire off my double barrel and revolver at chosen marks with the unavowed object of impressing my companions with my means of defence. Farther on, when riding with the sea in view, I asked Soleiman to tell me why it was called "Bahr Lut." He looked ignorant, and asked, "Why was it, ya Wullaum?" and I told him the story of the destruction of the four cities of the plain, and of the escape of Lot and his daughters, and of the death of his wife, with the appeal of Lot that Zoar should be spared because it was *zorieh* (small). He knew of no near ruins except the dilapidated castle in the wady to which we were going; De Saulcy had reported the discovery of the four cities of the plain. But for a few acacia trees growing in the dry course of the storm-stream which we were following, there was no sign of vegetation anywhere. The uplands were gradually declining before us, and to the left we saw only ridges bordering the courses of ravines descending to the bed of the sea. To the right there were other heights with openings through which we could see towards Wady Akabah. In front was the deep ghor, with the bluest of lakes in the hollow, and beyond lay the amethystine mountains of Moab in the afternoon sun. I was too much occupied with the scene to talk. We arrived somewhat abruptly at the precipitous descent, with its ruined fortress below. On the walls of the castle were painted figures like the signs of the Zodiac which seemed of recent date, it was at the foot of this fortress that I was to live with my troop. I dismounted and led the party down the steep descent, while they followed

I made my plans with Soleiman, and we soon set off, taking the picture case mounted on a donkey to the margin of the sea, that I might choose my place of work and study the sunset effect while drawing in the outline. Glance where we would over the extensive plain and mountains, not a sign of humanity was before us. Getting out of the defile, we turned slightly to the right to reach the spur of Oosdoom, about a mile distant; a furlong beyond that point I made my way to the margin of the sea. There leaving my man to guard the ass, I strode about the hard drifts of the salt-encrusted shallow ridges to find the best site, and wandered to the end of a curve of drift; ten paces away was yet another turn; the salt surface intervening appeared firm enough to trust to with light and rapid steps; I essayed it, but soon found myself sinking into the mire. As I struggled, a story of my mother's cousin told me in childhood came into my mind. He had seen the veritable pillar of salt into which Lot's wife had been turned! and in escaping from some terrible danger he had nearly got swallowed up in a slime pit, but had saved himself by falling prostrate. I threw myself down on the salt surface to secure a wider support, and crawled to the firm ridge. I discovered afterwards there was no danger of sinking much below one's knees. The available spots for painting were now reduced to one or two, when the best had been chosen I employed Soleiman to lead the goat over the surface in order that I might scrutinise its manner of walking on the yielding crust, and the tone of the animal in shadow against the sea and bright distance.

With a few large stones I was able to make a firm foundation for my picture case, and placing another for a seat I proceeded to sketch out the landscape and lines of the composition. Soleiman, when unemployed, upset my gravity by sitting down exactly in front of me in utter bewilderment, staring with open mouth intently into my face.

In an hour I was steadily at work; my man kept repeating the inquiry whether I had finished, but I could not reply. Every minute the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn, the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while near, it proved to be only salt and burnt lime, with decayed trees and broken branches brought down by the rivers feeding the lake. Skeletons of animals, which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok, had been swept here and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was a most appropriate scene for my subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work. While thus absorbed, Soleiman touched my arm and said, "My father, the sunset has come," and then he grew quite out of patience, and added, "In the dark how can we escape danger? In the light I can detect men from afar, but when the sun has gone, as we go back I can't see if they hide behind trees and shoot us." I answered, "My son, be obedient and patient till I have done my work. Keep silent until I am ready, and when I tell you we will hurry back to the tent."

When the stars were beginning to appear, I removed the ban of silence from the head of my "son," who was almost in desperation by this time. I tied up the umbrella and shut up my tools, while Soleiman led the donkey. We then together balanced the case on the creature's back, and, securing it, trudged away, not without a trace of ill-humour in my companion. But an Arab soon forgets discontent if you tell him a tale, and by the time we got to the opening in the cliff we were the best of friends. It was a necessary precaution to talk low ourselves, and to prevent our donkey from braying as we approached nearer to the encampment; this my "son" effected by a timely cuff, or sometimes by covering the creature's nostrils with his cloak. On arriving at the tent, water was brought me from a cistern near at hand. It was of the shade of London porter, which may have arisen from some colouring matter in the pit, or from the tanning of the skin bottles; at any rate it was good enough to wash with, it served the cook's purpose and made excellent coffee. All looked home-like on my return; the light of the grate, where dinner was being prepared, was rivalled by the fire of a dead tree brought up by the Arabs, and set alight for their comfort. While I was having dinner I could hear Soleiman recounting my perplexing proceedings down on the beach, together with murmuring, which convinced me that I should have to use all my tact to make the men stay a sufficient time for me to do my work.

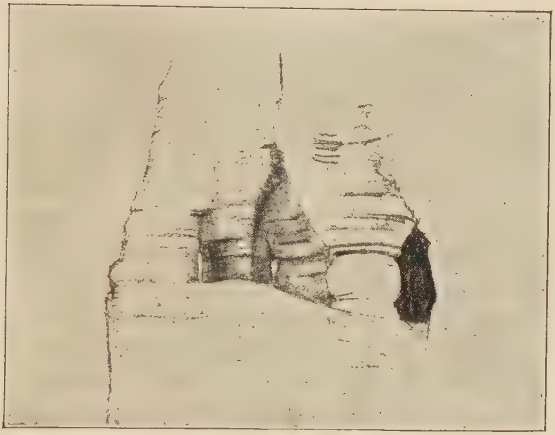
BEDOUIN ROUND CAMP FIRE, WADY ZUARA.

Nicola, when purchasing articles for the canteen in Jerusalem, had asked about tobacco, and I ordered a full supply to serve as presents to Arabs. He had then inquired whether he should buy me any pipe. The question made me wonder if when sitting on the pestilential margin of the sea, smoking would be a preservative of health, but I said, "Your *chibouques* are so long that

I can't smoke while I work." He declared that he could get very short pipes, upon which I commissioned him to find me one. On the journey, when he was riding by my side, I inquired whether he had got my pipe. "Yes," he said, "and as you might want to smoke on the road I did not pack it, but have it with me," then raising his hand to the nape of his neck he drew forth a jasmine tube about two feet long. The Bedouin, when their tobacco is exhausted, cut off a quarter of an inch of the nicotine end of this tube, and, mincing it up very fine, put the chips into the bowl, doing this each day until the flavour becomes mild indeed. I had made a handsome present to the sheik from my store of latakia, and now I portioned out a good quantity each night among the men.

When resting I was impressed by the solemn silence reigning around, broken only by the cries of wild creatures scared by our fires. Before retiring to sleep I sallied out with my gun to scale the nearer heights. The moon was still low, but bright, and as I looked down on my abode, the scene was the wildest that could be conceived. Salvator Rosa's retreat in the Abruzzi must have been tame in comparison. Down below, the illuminated tent stood at the foot of the high crag, on which was perched the castle turret. Our fires flickered upon its walls, while the moonlight modelled the greater heights of the gorge into pearl and ebony. My impulse was to begin a drawing, but spending time and energy thus might have hazarded the completion of my picture, so I returned to the tent and slept, notwithstanding the chattering of the party, who were still comparing the events of the day.

I took my breakfast before dawn, and made preparations for the day. Soleiman and I started with a mule to carry the picture, having a boy with us to take care of my horse, and I set to work with great eagerness. After painting about two hours, both my attendants came demanding of me that I should leave off and return. I charged them not to be foolish, and I treated with apparent unconcern the boy's assurance that the animals would die for want of water. My work that day consisted in outlining the whole landscape and modelling one portion ; thus when the sunset glow came I was prepared to commit myself to the full colouring of it. Making my observations and studies for the next day's painting, I left off just as dusk was at hand. The next day was Sunday, and I should have enjoyed a day of rest, had there been choice, to wander about the wild cliffs of Muhauwat and the mountains in the neighbourhood further to test the truth of De Saulcy's theory, but time was too precious.



NATURAL ARCHITECTURE, WADY ZUARA TAHTEH.

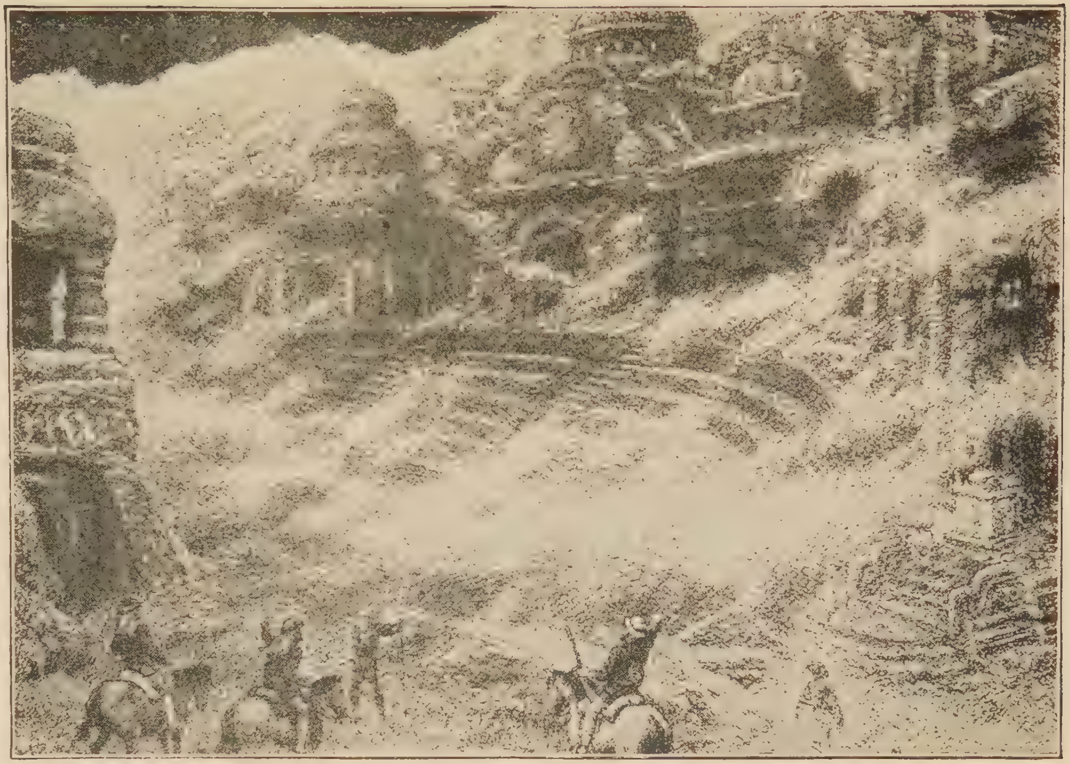
On the right of my encampment was a bluff of alluvial soil, evidently deposited in successive layers. The winter winds and water had disported themselves around this mass, and carried away the loose soil deposit wherever the superincumbent weight had not pressed this into columns and walls of strength ; the outer mass fell into fairly perpendicular form, in which open galleries of perfect architectural character had been hollowed out. On the eastern cliffs of the Nile, above Luxor, I have since noticed apparently the same formation set up by

Nature, by which primitive builders have been inspired. So like to the manner of an Indian temple was this formation, that it was difficult at first not to regard the structure, simple as it was, as the work of man. Such examples of natural design led me to conclude that the Hindoos had derived their type of architecture from similar layers of alluvial deposit, shaped into form by the laws of gravity and the attrition of the elements.

While on this architectural question, a digression is not out of place concerning observations on similar but more complicated strata below Masada, encountered on my previous journey along the Dead Sea coast. The Beamonts and I had encamped not far from the margin of the sea, and made ready for our day's expedition while it was yet dark. Mounting our horses and looking round on the awful solitude with the heavy mist blanketing the uprising shore and the Dantesque desolation about us, the words of the English poet arose in my mind, and I uttered them aloud :—

> And then I looked up towards a mountain tract,
> That girt the region with high cliff and lawn ;
> I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
> Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
> God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
> Unheeded ; and detaching, fold by fold,
> From those still heights and slowly drawing near,
> A vapour heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
> Came floating on for many a month and year.

As we approached nearer, dark massive forms towered above the vapour, and through intervals of the grey clouding below which was dreamily raising itself. On longer and closer observation we discarded the notion that this background was merely a blacker cloud, or indeed of any stuff that could not brave the wind for seasons and for years. Pressing beyond the outer cloud curtain, it proved to be a mass of stratified rock fantastically shaped so that it appeared like edifices of a vast city. Close at hand, crenellated buttressed walls, bastioned by towers, appeared.



A. Hughes, from a Design by W. H. H.

THE VISION CITY.

These we had to skirt until we found a passage which allowed us to enter an inner circle, in which it needed little straining of the fancy to conceive that we stood before buildings of human architecture, for domes, topes, high-storeyed palaces, and temple pediments all reared themselves aloft, representing a many-platformed regal city. It was a new wonderland; in due order we ascended the successive slopes on which was based the superstructure. The ringing of our horses' hoofs on the broken shingle, and the resistance of solid walls to our slashing whips increased the illusion and awakened a chilly awe. We continued our way through the inner labyrinth of roads as we surveyed the dream city that wanted nothing but sign of life. No water lay in the hollows, no lights glimmered in the buildings, no voices but our own broke the silence. Feeling this want, we affected to be wizard awakeners of the slumbering guardians of the place and shouted out, "O Seneschal, come forth and take our message of peace to the prince." The only answer was our words returned by the echoing walls. As we were amusing our minds with somewhat mocking comparisons and speculations, the vapour showed signs of movement, the stars grew faint, and the dim glow of dawn warmed the heights of the great cliffs. As a dream is broken, so came the destroyer of night's dissemblings. The vision dissolved, and we saw only large and uncouth blocks of alluvial soil which had been cut through and worn away by floods and winds in the softer and less compressed and protected parts, just as it was in the gallery opposite my encampment, twenty miles to the south of the shore at Sebbeah. In the daylight it became evident that in successive floods the drift had been brought down into the chasm in which the Dead Sea lies, and that it must have originally formed a mass of rock of more than a hundred feet in height. Eddies had complicated the formations; but wherever the friable mass was moved away at the base, the upper surface was disturbed and fell, forming vertical lines, except where large stones

The Importunate Neighbour.

and boulders were sufficiently supported to remain in layers, which formed beadings, mouldings, and sometimes extended friezes or ornamental cornices. Can it be possible that De Saulcy's Cities of the Plain were of this nature? But it would be a long digression to pursue this question.

My friends the Beamonts were equally enchanted with myself at this illusive city. The elder in his book refers to it as follows:—

> For more than a mile, as we proceeded up the ravine, with no light but the stars, its appearance struck us with wonder and surprise. Its lower stratum of rocks was of the dark ironstone we had seen yesterday; its upper layer was invariably the white chalky clay which we had noticed in the Wady Zuara; and Nature, who, in her playful moods, creates objects which man may imitate but cannot surpass, had carved this friable and plastic material into the resemblance of a great city. As we rode through its silent and apparently deserted streets there were detached altars, spacious squares, domed temples, battlemented forts, palaces decorated with friezes, cornices, and pilasters, and theatres with tiers of seats and rows of columns, but no spectators. There reigned the most profound silence, and the city appeared wrapped in slumber, or, like the court of King Arthur and Guinevere, fast bound in the enchanted cave waiting in a trance for the enchanter, and presently He came, for as we passed the last portal the first rays of the sun struck it, and the magic city, without a rustle, a whisper, or a sound, then vanished and was gone.

Returning to the story of the third day of my sojourn at Wady Zuara, after being detained an hour in the tent I set out with Soleiman to the place of work as usual, seeing no one in all the great range before us. Descending at the foot of the gorge into the plain, it was curious that at as distinct a level as that of water, but perfectly unseen and recognised only by the scent, we met with a thick atmosphere smelling of fir, juniper, pitch, and who knows what beside. At this point I walked backwards and forwards to test the fact, which was invariable day after day. Below were flies like house-flies, but dwarfish, against which one was instinctively on guard, but so innumerable were they that, on opening one's lips to speak a crowd would enter. And when partridges amongst the underwood offered themselves for my larder, Beelzebub's creatures disturbed by the raising of the gun, made the birds invisible at the critical moment. At first I apprehended great hindrance during my painting from these pests, but for some reason no fly ever bothered me when once I was seated under my umbrella.

Each evening I put the sunset glow upon the portion of my day's work, and blocked out the shadows and forms of my painting for the morrow, so that although the effect was, till past mid-day, quite different to what I sought for, I was able counting with certainty upon a cloudless sunset, to lay in my work, for it was important with the quickly drying paint to complete every atom that I had undertaken, and to make necessary notes for the morrow. My "son" left the leather water bottle in the shade within reach and wandered about, coming back at lunch time, when we ate together of bread and fruit and conversed. He was a Moslem who would have died for the prophet, but he knew nothing of Mahomet's history, and when I told stories of the prophet's life and the establishment of his religion he gazed into my face with a breathless attention. I condemned the jealousies and wars between tribes of Arabs which kept the country in barbarism, but he justified these from the example of European nations and the Crimean War then raging; the knowledge of current events was strikingly general among otherwise ignorant Arabs. Lunch finished, I resumed my silent work. I scarcely ever left the spot, even for a few yards knowing how precious time was—more so than I professed to believe—for it was certain that my men, although engaged to stay longer than would be needful, would only by great luck be kept as patient as would be absolutely necessary.

As the sun was going down one night Soleiman fervently urged my departure but I was unyielding. At dusk, when grudgingly I gave the sign and we lifted the case on to the ass's back, the animal proved to be full of fun, and when he found both our hands engaged he slipped out of the way, leaving us with our burden in the air. It was trying to be thus foiled repeatedly, and when at last the packing had been done and my paint-box fixed on to the load, I felt the dews of evening menacingly chilly. It was not a place to disregard such admonitions, so I put no restraint on my impulse but, making my gun my partner, I waltzed about fifty yards or more onwards. When I halted and regarded Soleiman he seemed disturbed and like one possessed of a terrible secret. I became concerned ; he stalked forward with arms uplifted and when close to me he flung them around my neck, saying, "Until now you were my father, henceforth let me be your brother. You are indeed inspired, you dance like a dervish ; you *are* one. Can you do it again ?" "Yes, my 'brother,'" I said and away I went a second and a third time, indeed often on the way back until I felt no more chill. We arrived at our cheerful tent which soon became more lively than usual, for during my dinner I could hear Soleiman recounting my exploits as a dervish, and there were frequent yells of delight. When coffee was brought Nicola told me that the Arabs desired to have an interview with me, and I invited them in. Sitting down at the door with the customary salutations finished, and after I had given them tobacco, the elder whose name was Saleh, repeated what Soleiman had said and then asked me if I would do them the favour to come out and dance. I felt obliged to decline, pointing out however that if any wished to see me dance they might come down the next evening at sunset, but they pleaded that the tent could not be left without danger and I could see they retired greatly disappointed.

Some of these men had the most perfect crania, one was worthy of Melanchthon, another equalled Bacon, but after careful watch and inquiry of Nicola I found that the only manner in which they had exhibited superior intelligence during their fortnight's stay with us was in stealing the sugar from our canteen. I sometimes provided these men with ammunition that they might go out and shoot game for me and themselves, but they preferred starvation to personal exertion.

The next day my "brother" was full of excitement about the simple event of last evening. "Ya Wullaum," he said, "the sheik has no son, I am his nephew, and on his death I am to be sheik. Let Nicola go back to Jerusalem, he is not good, we don't want him, but you stay with us always. The sheik has a daughter of right age, you shall marry her, and you shall be sheik before me. You shall lead us in our raids and battles, and when we are in peace and encamped you shall be our dervish and dance to us. We have arranged it; so let it be." I wished to avoid wounding the poor fellow's feelings, and my reply was, "My 'brother,' I have a father and a mother in England, and I have promised them, if God wills, that I will return and take the picture of this place with me. How can I make their hearts sad by staying here?" "But," he returned, "you can make the paper speak; write to say that we want you to be our sheik and let Nicola take the picture to England, he is no good." .Feeling perhaps that by giving me time to think over the proposal my obstinacy would give way, he inquired where I was born, and then what was London, was it a mountain or a plain? In return to my explanation he exclaimed in disdain, "Not a city, not like Jerusalem with walls and gates and shops? Never, my 'brother,' I will never believe that you are a *belladi*—a citizen—never! I know you are an English bedawee, and you were born in a tent." I lost considerably in his estimation by refusing this honourable origin. I think he disbelieved me for he still harped upon his project. All his stately proposals with the secret dreams thereby excited in my wandering brain of overcoming neighbouring tribes, dislodging the Turks from Judea, restoring the Jews to their long-lost kingdom, and the general settlement of the Eastern question, would have been tempting even to a peaceful P.R.B.; but there were two terrible marplots in the way of the romance who would have had to be reckoned with, the one being Louis Napoleon, the other the English Foreign Minister; so I slept in peace, leaving the work of bringing back Israel to some one richer in meekness and otherwise more equal than myself to the task of establishing the Kingdom of Peace on earth.

The plain to the north of Oosdoom was broadened by the narrowing of the sea at this point; the beach to within a short distance of the sea margin had a thick growth of juniper. It was only on the northern bend of the shore that the water was pressing down the level on which the trees grew and submerging them. My daily route with Soleiman lay through the south-western fringe of this wood. One morning on my way to the place of work we traversed a new path, and in this track I was surprised at finding a circular aperture in the earth about eight feet in diameter, this brought me to a standstill; had the hole been perfectly vertical I should have concluded that it had been made for a well, but then there would have been the puzzle who could have expected to find sweet water within half a mile of the pestilential lake. The aperture was remarkable in being oblique at an angle of about forty-five from west to east. My guide declared that a star had made it, and that some bedouin on the height had seen it fall. His explanation obtained little attention from me, but on further examination the astounding fact was made evident that the alluvium, on which we were walking, which had been penetrated, was only a crust of about twelve feet thick, and below it was a cavity of some forty feet in depth. Vertically under the aperture the débris was lying scattered at its bottom. The sides of the cutting were singularly clean. I made my road along this line at other times, but looked at in any available light I could not discover the hole on the surface of the lower level which an aerolite must have made. The Oosdoom Mount rising up to the south-west of our wady accounted, in its extension towards the east, for the narrowing of the sea, to a mile in width opposite its cliffs, but the constriction continued along the west shore for another mile or two northward; beyond this the sea was about seven miles in maximum width, and the intervening shore line formed the bay with the submerged forest.[1] As I stood now examining the depth of the opening below the upper crust, on which dwarf trees were thick between me and the margin of this bay, I recalled my previous observations of the sinking of the land, and the height of the trees fairly corresponded with the depth of the cave spreading out below. The mystery of the engulfment of the forest was now explained: the surface had been upraised by volcanic action, and had so existed long enough for a thicket to grow upon it, and now the weight of the water and the strength of the currents from the Jabbok and the Jordan were gradually pressing it with its trees down to its original level. It was impossible for me to find time or means to descend, or I might have discovered whether the sea came through the soil in this cavern of Dis; if so, where could the margin of this Stygian lake be found? and one's mind faltered to consider what fresh marvels might reveal themselves if one could have descended. Had I done so I might have brought back a record that would have fulfilled all the dreams of the poets; and felt a tremor greater than that experienced before, when I had entered the cave at Oosdoom.

E l' occhio riposato intorno mossi,
Dritto levato, e fiso riguardai,
Per conoscer lo loco dove io fossi.
Vero è, che in su la proda mi trovai
Della valle d' abisso dolorosa,
Che tuono accoglie d' infiniti guai.
Oscura, profonda era e nebulosa

Tanto, che, per ficcar lo viso al fondo,
Io non vi discernea veruna cosa.
Or discendiam quaggiù nel cieco mondo,
Incominciò il Poeta tutto smorto:
Io sarò primo, e tu sarai secondo.

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[1] See Map, Chapter xvi.

With well-nigh the whole of my small reserve of cash I had sent a muleteer one morning to some Arabs settled a little distance beyond the extreme end of the sea, for the purpose of getting food for the animals, and he had to return by the way of the sea. While I was at work I heard Soleiman intercepting him and claiming part of his perquisites, the muleteer then went on with his provender to the camp.

To secure peace from Soleiman was still a difficulty when I was making notes of the effect of the setting sun, and when afterwards we were packing up, he still betrayed impatience and anxiety. This possibly arose as much from danger of *ghouls* and *afreets* as from robbers. On the way home, by dancing and talking in turns I could be certain of restoring his good-humour, although occasionally he would be seized with a fright, and then he would complain bitterly of our delay. On one occasion when we had entered the wady and looked at the glow of flames on the cliffs, he motioned silence and walked on with the greatest stealthiness, we thus got so close to the camp that we could see the shadows of men above the fires and hear the chatter; then Soleiman turned and gravely whispered to me to take his *abbia* and hold the ass's halter, and immediately smother any cry that the beast might raise his head to make. When I was prepared he went along crouching, and as he got forward I could just see him taking to hands and knees. The ass frequently raised his head to bray, but I as often stifled him. There was a pause during which the talking was more audible. My suspense was broken by the sudden salutation of Soleiman when he reappeared at the ridge and by his call to me that all was right. This reconnaissance was made because he heard strange voices in the camp, and he had to ascertain that it had not been taken by a hostile force during our absence, in which case escape for ourselves by another way would have been necessary. The strangers proved to be of a friendly tribe.

Next morning, to my surprise, I beheld a man in the shallows scraping up salt, and he astonished me when he calmly maintained that he had an established right to take it from the spot, but we persuaded him to accept a few piastres and go elsewhere, which he did quietly, we never saw him again.

It had been said in Jerusalem that there was a ford across the sea in this part, but I never saw wading beyond the near shallows, and all denied knowledge of any way across.

My man entertained me with a story of how, with a Frank traveller at Petra, at a critical moment when the Arabs there were about to rob and maltreat him, my "brother" had rescued him, using his drawn sword freely, and so saved the khowagha's life, his story was told with great storm and fury of action, and as the Edomites have a very bad character and are not a bit ashamed of it, it was a pleasure to be assured that for once some of them had been punished.

Before starting in the morning, I used with content to observe my goat searching out the dry grass and stalks in the water-courses and clefts of the rock. At this point I found myself becoming seriously unwell. The doctor had provided me with medicine against fever but not against other ills. I could not leave off work and must eat what there was. I determined therefore to rely upon my stock of arrack, the only strong drink we had, I took it with hot water as a night potion when in bed and slept profoundly ; I usually made a trap with the tent door to prevent any one entering without disturbing me ; on awakening one morning the door was down and all inside was in disorder. I was quite restored in health and jumped up to search about, I found by the marks in the sand that the intruder had been the greedy goat, who was not disposed to do his fair share of the fasting.

CHAPTER XVIII

1854

How fleet the glances of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
  Soon hurries me back to despair.
COWPER.

SOON now the mountains, the sea, and the middle distance on my canvas were completed, and I was beginning to feel the more indifferent to the grumblings of the men. I was gradually working down to the salt foreground, and one afternoon when Soleiman was away I was pondering on the present state of desolation of "the way of the sea," when my "brother" appeared, looking more impressive than usual. He crouched down beside me, put his hand out to the cliffs towards Masada, and uttered the portentous words, "There are robbers; they are coming this way—one, two, three, on horseback, and two—wait, three—yes, four on foot. They have not yet seen us, and soon they will be behind Oosdoom, and we shall be able safely to move. You must put down your umbrella, shut up your picture, cover it with stones. They will not be here for an hour. We will go up in the mountain; they will keep along the road at the foot; we will come back to the picture when they have gone by." I could see the party very far away, and asked, "How do you know they are robbers?" "They are always robbers when the others are feeble; it would be useless for us to resist. Quick," he said. "Perhaps they belong to a friendly tribe," I argued. "They do not," he said. "Come." "No," I said, "I shall stay." He implored me to listen, and finally stamped, saying, "Your blood be on your own head; as for me I shall go to the mountain and hide myself." As he went away he turned two or three times, and again appealed to me like a man at his wits' end. "Why stay? What do you trust in?" I replied mine was a good work, that Allah would help me, and that I was content to accept whatever might be the issue, and I saw him run to the break in the mountain near, and, with the ass climb up its roughness and disappear.

I worked on steadily, but had to turn my head occasionally to watch the progress of the *deeshman*. Before they were cut off from observation by the intervening Oosdoom I recognised that Soleiman's estimate of their number was correct. There was a long hiatus, while my "brother" made no sign, and there was nothing to do but to progress with my work as effectively as possible. As time wore away I grew anxious for the climax, and it was a relief to me to be able at last to hear the approaching Arabs talking, and their horses' hoofs among the shingle. I suspended my painting and looked from beneath my umbrella, until suddenly the *deeshman* emerged from behind the mountain within half a furlong of me where they all halted. The horsemen had their faces covered with black *kufeyiahs*, and carried long spears, while the footmen carried guns, swords, and clubs. They stood stock-still some minutes, pointing at my umbrella, and then turned out of the beaten way direct to me,[1] clattering at a measured pace among the large and loose stones. I continued placidly conveying my paint from palette to canvas, steadying my touch by resting the hand on my double-barrelled gun. I knew that my whole chance depended upon the exhibition of utter unconcern, and I continued as steadily as if in my studio at home.

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[1] Sir Gray Hill, writing from Jerusalem in 1902, states that the water of the Dead Sea has now risen several feet, and that the way by the sea on the eastern side of Oosdoom where I painted, and upon which these Arabs were

Eventually the whole party drew up in a half-circle. The leader thundered out, "Give me some water." I turned and looked at him from his head to his horse's feet, and then very deliberately at the others, and resumed my task without saying a word. He stormed again, "Do you hear? Give us some water." After turning to him once more with a little pause, extending my right hand on my breast, I said, "I am an Englishman; you are an Arab. Englishmen are not the servants of Arabs; I am employing Arabs for servants. You are thirsty—it is hot—the water is there—I will out of kindness let you have some, but you must help one another; I have something else to do," and I turned again quietly to work.

They chattered a little in a low but excited tone. Presently the leader again spoke, "Are you here alone?" "No," I said, "I have Arabs of the tribe of Abou Daouk waiting upon me." "Where are they?" "Well, some are with my tent and animals in the Wady Zuara, but one comes with me to stay all day." They looked about while they handed the bottle from one to another and drank. And then again the speaker said, "We should see him were he here." "But," I said, "he saw you coming when you were at a distance, and, being afraid, he went to the mountains to hide himself." At which my questioner said, "Call him." I looked at him very gravely, and said in a convincing tone, "But *I* don't want him." The reply was, "*We* want him." "Well," I added, "then *you* call him; his name is Soleiman." After a little discussion the

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travelling, is now entirely overflowed, so that the present road southward lies on the western side of Oosdoom. Either the plain has sunk or the sea has risen. The exploration map registers the state of the narrow southern extension of the lake as a marsh: this, again, can no longer be.

strangers seemed to see reason in the argument; and the plain echoed with the name, familiar to Arabs as that of the imperial wizard over nature, but no response came. "There," they said, "there is no one, or he would answer."

My explanation was that I had said he was afraid, that they best knew what, under the circumstances, it was needful to do; accordingly "Soleiman" was again shouted with solemn pledges of amity. Presently a voice was heard demanding further assurances of safety, then my "brother" stood up from behind a rock, and slowly he came down, bringing the donkey with him. He advanced with salutations direct to the men. First, he kissed the leader, and then addressed himself to the others, who returned his salutation and began to talk, both stating their tribe. When this ceremony was over the horsemen dismounted, formed a circle, lit pipes, and sat down to talk.

To their first question I heard Soleiman reply that the tent was guarded by one hundred of his tribe, some of whom were always coming down to us, that I had bargained with the sheik to stay a month or two, that I had been on the spot twelve days, and recounted what I had done on arriving there. "What does he come here for?" was asked. "He comes," said Soleiman, "each day from the tent at sunrise, and stays till sunset writing on that paper with his coloured inks taken out of those bottles." "Ah!" was muttered, "why doesn't he stay in England and leave our country to us?" "Who can say," returned my "brother," "why *frangis* do what they do." "True," said the speaker. "What arms has he?" "That which he holds in his hand," said my guard, "is a gun with two souls, and I have seen him shoot large and small lead with it. But under his coat he has a pistol which will shoot not twice only, but as many times as he likes without reloading, for when I have asked whether it would fire again he has gone on to five, and then put it away, and I knew it would still shoot." "But why did he stay here when you went?" "He said that he trusted in Allah." (Then came the muttering of some of the sacred attributes.) "Does he ever talk ?" "While he writes he will not talk, but when coming here, while eating, and going home his words are many." "What does he say ?" "Many things, he told me why this sea is called Bahr Lut." "Tell us," they clamoured ; and Soleiman commenced giving my history of the wickedness of the people of the four cities of the plain, of God's wrath, of the visit of the angels to the patriarch Ibrahim at Mamre, of his pleadings, of the angels leaving Hebron, of the arrival of two at Sodom, of Lot's reception of them, of the flight, the death of the wife, and of the overthrow by fire of the four cities, "so that no men could now trace where they had been." The history was much embellished by the rich Arabic of the narrator. After a pause he went on to say that I talked to him about Mahomet, and was myself a dervish, and he described my dancing. These mysterious particulars so dear to Arabs gave them many weighty problems to revolve.

For a time there was no sound but that of smoking. Silence was broken by a new speaker, who said, in a smothered voice, "*I* want to talk," and his fellows invited him to do so. His address was thus : "The khowagha is a magician, he has books in his own country like other Franks, which tell him all things, he has learnt about the four cities ; they were of course magnificent towns full of silver and gold and riches of all sorts. He came before with his two friends to look ; they could not find the places of the cities ; they knew that we Arabs would not let them search and dig, and so he returns once more with that large paper and on it he writes as Soleiman says, the sky, the mountains, the plain, the sea and even the salt. He had the white goat led over the ground to charm it, when done he will take the paper to England. And with a sponge he will wipe out the coloured inks and at the bottom he will find the four cities wherever they were, and he will become possessed of all treasures." The suspended breathing was resumed with a groan. "It must be so," all said. Then they questioned how many days I should remain. I had not yet said a word to Soleiman that I thought of leaving before the stipulated term, and what he said to the Arabs was calculated to make them think that I should stay at least another week. Very low conference ensued until at last they resolved to leave me. I gathered they were making calculations, but I went on with my work as though I gave no heed to them.

Soleiman uttered an impressive *Allamdillilah* when the *deeshman* had gone far along the plain. He told me they belonged to a place and tribe two days away in the Arabah. As I went home that night I danced more from prudential motives than from lightness of heart. Soleiman detected strange voices mixed with those of our party when we approached our encampment, but he soon recognised them as those of friends, who going by, had determined to make our resting-place theirs also, and we became a merry company although without wine or even much food.

The demands for interviews with me at night on my return from work were frequent, both from bedouin and muleteers; their object always was to shorten our stay. Our food supply could not be replenished, for no one would go back to the Jehalin encampment to buy provisions. I pointed out they ought to have provided food not only for a fortnight but for two months, and it was their lack of prudence only that was to blame. Still, that the animals had insufficient food was not triumphantly parried by the fact that I also participated in the famine, my *mukary* now persisted that he would take all his troop back in a few days without me, if I would not come. My counter proposal was that he should go the next day with the luggage, the canteen included, and even my riding horse and Nicola's, that we should have only one mule to carry the picture and a few blankets and cooking things, and that Nicola and I should walk the whole way to Jerusalem, but the fellow would not even consent to this.

Under the most favourable circumstances Nature exhibits her jealousy in frustrating all attempts of the artist to represent her, but in Syria it seemed that she obtained allies of such strength to fight her battles that it needed superhuman patience to continue the struggle against her; I held in reserve the fact that I had nearly finished my background except such parts as clouds and other details sketched, which could be as well completed in Jerusalem. One evening while I was at dinner after a stormy altercation, we were alarmed by the appearance of a strange party descending the hill who did not return the salutation of our men. Saleh rushed into my tent for his gun, and I had to sally forth with mine, but the strangers then declaring themselves proved again to be no enemies. I regard one who has not sojourned in a tent as not having thoroughly lived; for without such experience how can a man feel what is his own relation to silent Nature, and to his disorderly fellows. When slumber came I was no longer an outcast; the distance between London and the remote wilderness of Judea was annulled. Sleep vanquished distance and time. I was at home with my dear and true friends, the comrades of my highest ambition, we were talking warmly and listening charmedly to ideas and plans beloved of both. I was with the real working Brotherhood, and as I asked for unseen ones they appeared. I had much to tell and not less to hear; many there were whom I took by the hand and grasped familiarly by the shoulder. It was satisfaction almost to pain. While still eager in debate a force of separation came between us, I held out my arms as it seemed, but I was torn backwards across the round dark sea and over the wind-swept hills, and waking, I found myself again in the lonely tent pitched in the desolate valley,

> Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,

with the creatures of the wilderness screaming and howling from above and below, aggrieved that our fires barred the way between them and the salt or water, which it was their wont to visit by night.

When Soleiman continued to refer to the danger of the *deeshman* returning with an increased force, I rejoiced the more at the progress of my last labours, still it was clear that the white space on my "paper" where the goat had to be painted, represented to all the Arabs, including Soleiman, an amount of work which would consume much time. The *deeshman* would be advised that if the whole paper were not covered, the *writing* would be of no use either to me or to them, and that they must not therefore return prematurely. My "brother" however was ever increasingly anxious for our departure.

In shifting the picture in and out of the case, it was strange in this wild place to read on the back the name of the colourman with the address, 51 Long Acre; now there was nothing essential for me to paint but the driftwood and adjacent salt, and this I brought happily to an end. After sunset I announced to Soleiman that I had finished. Collecting salt and one or two other relics for use in Jerusalem, we returned to the tent prepared to start on the morrow, but I cautioned secrecy towards strangers should any come.

When Soleiman understood all he repeated his wish that I should stay and become one of his tribe, but I pointed out that I must go to Jerusalem to turn into gold the paper money which I had paid them; this was the best of arguments, and he pleaded that I must return to the camp afterwards. His fellows however soon aroused another spirit in him, for when they understood we were so soon to be on the move, each came to represent that the particular part he had taken in the service would entitle him to larger *backshish* than the rest, and then my "brother" gave up his unselfish position and competed with them in cupidity.

Soon after sunrise my own preparations were complete. Sad at leaving the place I consoled myself with the promise that I would soon return from England and paint the castle and some other wonderful scenes about the wady. I had much to direct, and could not neglect the business of the start. Notwithstanding the erewhile haste of the *mukary*, he was slow in getting away; yet the sun was not far above the horizon before I led my horse up the difficult slope, full of thanksgiving at having so far been able to achieve my object in the expedition. It was a blessing to get on the broad upland again, release from prison, and the sweet breezes welcomed me from the tropical-heated plain.

There soon proved to be no dearth of fresh cares; the mule with my principal luggage fell at the brink of the ascent. Anxiety was next claimed for the poor goat, who was suffering and too weak to walk, I had him lifted on to the picture case and carried, the sun there soon distressed him, we took him down but it was useless; the ominous vultures appeared. I poured water into his mouth but nothing availed to save the poor beast. When this was beyond doubt I used the opportunity to make a sketch of his head; as I did this he sank and died, much to my regret. These animals are seen browsing and flourishing all over the country where nothing but dry plants and stalks appear, in our wady there was more than usual of poor fare to be found by an enterprising animal, I could not therefore attribute its death to hunger.

I turned to the strange landscape I was repassing to revel in the wonders of the scene; but Soleiman once started in emulation of greed, from his greater intimacy with me outdid all the others; he was impatient to be told what I was intending to give in *backshish* to each of the party, dwelling much on his own superior claims, until I did not scruple to show my anger. In the afternoon we arrived at the encampment. By this time I felt little disposed for further appeals until after some refreshment and repose, so when the sheik came out, on saluting him I made excuses to defer the interview until dinner had been served. Then I was fortified to hear the long appeals for further payments but I would not answer the claims.

The night was so bitterly cold that I was obliged to have pity upon Nicola, and allow him to sleep half within the tent; still both for me and my men the coverings we had were so insufficient that all grumbled at inability to sleep.

In the morning I still refused to state the amount of *backshish* that each should receive in Jerusalem. It was but little after sunrise when with a hurried breakfast I had all packed and made the start, for I was in hopeful spirits and eager to get back to civilisation again, forgetting the fascinations of the promised bedouin bride. The sheik, in fact, seemed more bent upon increasing his perquisites than upon obtaining a son-in-law, and his men so pestered me as I rode along that they made it impossible for me to enjoy the scenery, until I grew angry and forbade any one of them to walk with me, and rode two or three hundred yards ahead. Soon in the variety of interest, and the fannings of the odorous winds of Araby, which gained fresh perfume from each step of my horse in the aromatic herbage, my vexed humours were allayed, and I enjoyed the very act of living.

The war had, ere I left Jerusalem, awakened in me the deepest concern; never during my life had England been engaged in contest with a European power. I thought of the horrors of the struggle, but I felt sure that our quarrel was a just one, for the inordinate claims of Russia had left us no choice. My private interests were also urgent; I had been persistently careful in my letters to treat the question of personal danger as not worth remark, and now my silence away from headquarters for so long might even cause alarm to my parents; I was eager to hear of them and others. As I rode I speculated both about my friends and the war. The sun had already made the day hot, and under such conditions (as with the eye when strained one may be uncertain whether an object that flits past is a minute grain of dust close by, or a distant leviathan, so it is with the ear in an attenuated atmosphere) it was not clear to me whether certain breaks in the silence which I noticed were only some unusual irregularities in the concussion of my horse's hoofs on the rocks, or the shocks of far-away explosions, and only slowly I concluded they were musket shots far in front. We were now within a few miles of Hebron; I supposed that news must have reached the city of a great victory and that the people had come out into the fields to enjoy a wild fantasia.

As I advanced this idea seemed confirmed, for the firing proved that the people were between me and the town, and soon even shouting could be heard. I dawdled now for the whole party to come up, and when we ascended the road between two hills the firing was so near that it became a matter of wonder that I could not see the marksmen. Reaching the level between the two heads of the mount, and looking to the height on my left where there was loud talking, I saw a man advance, gesticulating wildly; he was followed by numbers of fellahin mad with excitement. The first man, pointing in my direction, shouted out, "Now go, seize them," and fifty men ran fast down the slope behind us. Later came others from a crowd concealed beyond the brow of the hill. I then turned and looked to the heights on my right, where a group appeared, who began to descend, but these were called back. For a second I thought these fellahin were engaged in a game, but as they reached the rear of my cavalcade they turned; the foremost wheeled and ran up to me. Immediately I saw plainly that it was useless to resist, and I was as reconciled to my chances as if no danger threatened.

Three men seized my horse by the bridle, and others, less nimble on their feet, increased the number of my captors and put their hands on my right arm. They were livid in the face, blackened with powder, with bloodshot eyes, worn with long watching and the strife and hatred of Cain. My close scrutiny offended them, clamour arose that there should be no delay, and they shouted, "Dismount!" I had my leg lifted half over the horse, when a new arrival with evident authority said, "No; stop!" I reseated myself, and there was a babel of explanation and debate. The decision was expressed clearly, "Lead him on, and send him forward"; my horse was conducted some hundred yards, and left with the command that I should go straight on; but the screamings among the hinder party around my men, the glittering of swords, and the pushing and swaying about made me think that poor Nicola and the muleteers were being killed; I obeyed a sudden impulse and turned my horse, at which my captors were furious, but at the moment I saw the back crowd open and my companions emerge being evidently directed to follow me, the bedouin had disappeared.

In moving forward my men had to refix the lid over the canvas, which our captors had looked upon with contempt. I halted for them, the guard waiting to see the order for my advance obeyed. At this moment no other course seemed so desirable as to obey their injunction to go forward, but as Nicola arrived he vented a tedious torrent of reproaches. Our gaolers waited to see the result; in going forward I looked about to understand our position the better as we came to the opening of the hitherto screened road, this descended in divided tracks over unequal ground into the valley like the strands of ravelled rope. Looking over the valley I could see that there were two mounts which corresponded to the two crowns of the slope which I had passed between. These were occupied by large forces, and our road into Hebron lay between them; the defences on the hill summits led me to wonder whether the two bodies of men I had passed through were not the besieging army, and whether those in front of me were defending the town; the battlefield had evidently been on the low plain between, but at present the fighting was only with missiles at long distance. I was instinctively pausing a few moments to make sure of my course before choosing a path for the mules to lead the way, when I perceived that the whistling of bullets was no longer distant, but screamed about my ears, and I saw from the rending of the ground on the bank beside me that the missiles had come from the forces in front of us.

There was nothing but the worst of danger in delay, so I jumped off my horse and commanded Nicola to do as I did, as I led the animal to shield me till we reached the shelter of ridges in the descending road. The man was too much possessed with a violent paroxysm of sobbing to do anything with alacrity, even his assurance that he knew I should be the death of him in the end was only uttered in gasps, and when beyond we saw a party of horsemen, twenty in number, with thirty or so on foot, zigzagging down the southern hill to intercept our passage, pausing for a minute in the rubbing of his eyes with his knuckles, he groaned out, "That is Abderrachman, and he hates the English because the Consul once put him in prison. If he finds you are an Englishman he will have no mercy. Pray, say you are an American or a German, and he may let us go." This provoked my patience, and I thought it wise to caution him against forestalling me with his words, and said, "If you dare say that I am anything but an Englishman I will ask them as a particular favour to kill you first." The valley resounded with his noisy despair as we remounted at the lower part of the road.

The party in possession had taken up their stand to the left. It was easy to distinguish the leader. I rode up to him and said, "I am an Englishman going back to Jerusalem. I have been for a fortnight at the Wady Zuara. The English Consul knows where I am, and if you stop me he will hold you responsible," at which his countenance beamed, and he said, "You are among friends now." "But," I said, "if so, why did your men attack us just now?" "It was a mistake; at the distance we could not see you were a Frank, and having horsemen with you, we thought you were coming to attack us." Then I asked, "Are you not Abderrachman?" "No," he said, "Abderrachman is trying to take Hebron. It was his force which you passed through just now. I am his brother, and am fighting against him." This amiable explanation deserved thanks, which I gave, with a "good evening," and we resumed our journey. Nicola gurgled with joyful surprise as we passed on.

In the road, just screened from shot, were children and women huddling up in little groups with sheep, goats, oxen, horses, and asses. There was a fire with cauldrons of hot water, and pots with coffee, and simple fare for the men engaged in defending the town, and there were litters at hand for carrying off the wounded. The women occasionally were giving their cries of distress. I thus entered for the first time into the experiences of beleaguered townsmen.

My return to civilised life was preluded by a visit to my Hebron acquaintance, the Prussian doctor in charge of the Quarantine. The place was cut off from professional usefulness as well as from the amenities of society. He was known to be somewhat of uncertain mood, nevertheless he seemed to enjoy the rare opportunity that offered of seeing a European, and I felt on my part it would be a pleasure and advantage to talk with him. Our interchange of civilities on my former visits made me feel sure of his friendly reception.

When I arrived, and was seated in his divan smoking a *tchibouk*, he expressed surprise at seeing me, asking how I had got into the town. In telling him that I had at first supposed the firing to be in fantasia for some Crimean victory, he shouted, "Jamais, monsieur, jamais, la misérable armée Anglaise ni celle de la France pourra gagner une victoire sur les Russes—les Russes sont très supérieures à tous les deux." I shrugged my shoulders, not caring to dispute so prejudiced a proposition, but it was evident that he did not want to abandon the argument, for after I had changed the subject he assured me that no provisions could be bought in Hebron, that if I liked to stay in the Quarantine for the night, I could do so; that I should probably have bullets come into my window at all hours, but that I had the choice between that and worse in the open. He spoke most excitedly, with cantankerous spirit, telling how two Turkish effendis, with guards coming from Jerusalem, had that day been robbed of everything, including arms, and were only too glad to get into Hebron with their lives.

The doctor returned to the expression of his views about the war, and repeating something offensive about the incapacity of the English army, which I said history disproved, he got up and very defiantly declaimed, "Do you know what *I* would do if any one said so much of the Prussian army? I would challenge him to fight a mortal duel." "Well," I said pacifyingly, "aren't there bullets enough flying about here? Isn't ours a question which time will settle better than private duel could? I should be miserable at the idea of risking the killing of you, or at the greater danger of being killed myself for such a question, but if you will allow me I will call my man to give him his instructions." While I was yet speaking his two porters rushed into the room gasping, "Oh, Hakim pasha, Hakim pasha! Abderrachman's men from Doora have suddenly appeared on the heights; they are rushing down the hill into the town, and will be here directly." Jumping up, the doctor shouted orders to shut the gates, and standing in a very martial posture, with hand extended, he continued, "Et vous, Monsieur l'Anglais, que voulez-vous?" I asked, "What are you about to do?" "Pour moi," he declaimed, "personne n'entrera ici sans passer au dessus mon corps." "Very well," said I, "then as I am your guest at the moment, they shall have two dead bodies to pass over, but please lend me an extracting ramrod and I will change one of my barrels, which now has only duck shot."

In a minute more we were ready. There was a good stone parapet to a gallery above the gateway, made doubtless in anticipation of such needs, and I crouched down with my gun ready, as did the Prussian doctor and his servants. My man was again in paroxysms of grief, but he was kept within. I could hear him sobbing and stamping through all the din. The sun was still high enough to shine on the men rushing downhill, sparkling with steel and rich colours as they appeared in and out of the fruit trees. The leader was mounted on a fine horse, and he was harking back a good gun-shot away to mass the force, which seemed to be about two hundred strong. One band was coming close to the front of the Quarantine; another passed straight on to the town, and as they seemed to be taking it by surprise, it appeared likely they would enter without any effective opposition, for there was not more than a scanty sprinkling of men in their houses. These homestayers won my admiration by collecting together and with flashing swords and guns meeting the invading party of six times their number. The cries and confusion, mixed with the firing, made the meeting one on which I could only look with bated breath. In a few minutes the new-comers carried all before them, and as they advanced further I looked to see what dead were left, and was surprised that the ground was uncumbered. While thus absorbed, with only a side attention to nearer matters, the doctor recognised the horseman as an intimate friend, and the latter approached and explained that he and another brother had just resolved to abandon Abderrachman and to join the town. This explained the bloodlessness of the encounter I had watched. When we first emerged on the balcony a party of women were seated mourning in company, and uttering the death screech in turns about a large general open grave. In their distress they had not regarded the impending personal danger, but as the fellahin came in view they started up as if their cup of bitterness might even yet be increased, and hurried one another off the field. What a scene it was! In front of me was the resting-place of Sarah and the patriarchs, and here were their descendants fighting against their brethren, and giving all that in this world was theirs for a sultan

The Afterglow.

who was of one of the races their fathers had superseded, and whose soldiers in the meantime were smoking their pipes in the citadel, not venturing to open the gates to besiegers or besieged. I thought of the days, long past, when I had repined at my immured position in London, and I asked myself whether I was content at the change. I answered with thanksgiving that my desire for adventure had been fulfilled, and certainly that day I had had a liberal measure of it. My fate more than once had been of threatening nature in this region of Kirjath Arba.

Being free to attend to my own affairs, I sent off one of my party into the bazaar to buy a few necessaries for the canteen, but at the last the doctor declared that enough rice was added to his supper to serve for me also, and spite of his questionable cordiality, I was more at ease in accepting the place at table after having made common cause with him in peril. He had not been able for a week to procure meat, with pomegranates added to our mess and a cup of coffee, we fared better than many of the besieged did that night.

I determined to take my chance of the road on the morrow. There were no surprises in the night, and sleep under a solid roof was very acceptable. As we made our preparations to start before sunrise the Osmanli travellers who had been despoiled sent to say that hearing I was going, they begged permission to return under my escort. The request flattered and amused me, and I sent answer that their company would be a pleasure to me, but as none of the party but myself were armed, they must not suppose that I undertook to afford other protection than that which might come in guarding my own party. This they determined to accept, and soon two effendis appeared, accompanied each by servants without arms.

We thus made a considerable party as we sallied forth along the road through the walled vineyards. We had from the first to be on the alert. I, being ahead, peered through every opening to discover figures. I expected to find a force quite near on this side of Hebron, but we passed the ancient ruin to our right and reached the country without having seen a single mortal. Ascending a slope with many cattle tracks among brushwood, there suddenly appeared against the sky-line in front a small band of fellahin coming towards us, some mounted; there were in all about seven or eight, the favourite number for a native expedition. The leader at once drew up and addressed his men, directing them to spread themselves out; he then turned in a marked manner to confront me. Determined at once to avoid all appearance of wishing to escape the contact, I turned directly towards him, and when there might have been the excuse of passing more conveniently by keeping the path to the left of that which he had entered, I chose his, and brought my horse's head against his. Using the left hand to hold my gun by the barrel, with a slight switch in my right I gently touched his animal on the nose, looking at him cheerfully, and saying at the moment, "Marhabba, welcome." His steed swerved, and I took his place and passed. He called out with a forced laugh to his followers, "Ah, ah, a friend!" "Yes," I remarked, "an English friend," and stopped now with my gun ready and trigger cocked, for he was repeating orders to seize the mules. "Ibrahim, go and take that mule; ya, Abdullah, go to that," and two men walked forward, one to the canteen, one to the picture. When they were nearly within reach he added, "Take hold." I said, "Ya, Ibrahim, don't touch the bridle; ya, Abdullah, don't put your hand on my mule's halter," and I turned the gun round, directing it immediately above Ibrahim's head. The leader then said, "Don't listen, ya Ibrahim, and, Abdullah, seize them." But when I added, "I will shoot the first moment your hand touches the halter," they hesitated, and the mules quietly marched along past them, the muleteers walking at their side. Ibrahim and Abdullah took up an altercation with their fellows as the animals passed me. I brought up the rear, looking behind, and as we crossed the brow of the hill, catching the eye of the leader, I bent in my affablest manner with "Ma salame, ya Sheik." I had taken the right measure of these stragglers, as a party ready to get plunder if it offered on easy terms, and not otherwise. But I had not been sanguine enough to imagine that, these passed, I should find the road clear. When I scanned the new landscape before me no other company of Arabs was in view. Ordinarily this road had groups of camel drivers and of Jews going to and from Hebron and Jerusalem, but on this occasion it was deserted. Sometimes we could see men moving on the heights, but our party, now mysteriously rejoined by the bedouin, looked formidable from afar, and the fellahin kept to their villages, so that we reached the pools of Solomon and watered our beasts in peace, and passed Bethlehem still in close file. At Mar Elias and over the plain of Rephaim it was still needful to be watchful, but at the descent over Hinnom I took leave of my two mute Turkish friends, who touched their breasts ceremoniously, and I hastened on ahead to Jerusalem.

When I had reached the city and changed some circular notes, I was prepared for all my bedouin friends; their eagerness for the money overweighed their dread of entering the city gates. As I checked the paper drafts they had received from me, and handed them over gold and silver in return, and then gave each *backshish* beyond what they demanded, with enough tobacco to save diminution in the length of their pipes for many weeks, their relief was so great they forgot even to ask for more. Soleiman lingered after I had dismissed him with a grasp of the hand, to urge that I should now come back with them by another route and send on Nicola with the *writing*. He was really sorry to part from me, and I made promise, counted on at the time, to come back again soon after a visit to England.

The disappearance of the bedouin when we were in peril from the fellahin did not seem heroic, but they were in greater danger than we were from the certain existence of some old blood-feud which would have been remembered, and this, if once raised, might have included us in the consequences, moreover, they had only undertaken to guard us in their own territory.

I had much to do. My first care was to open the case and wash my picture free from the stains of travel, and I was rejoiced to see it had received no harm. Letters were waiting me, and as the post went out that night, I had to hurry to assure my friends that my unusual silence had no serious cause. While thus engaged I was summoned to attend at the Consulate without a moment's delay. I went back with the messenger, and found the excellent Consul quite irate that I had not immediately on my return to Jerusalem reported the circumstances of my journey. It was not respectful, he pointed out, to leave these matters to be talked of all over the city by the muleteers and my servants, when he, established in his position to secure information, was left in ignorance by my neglect. He now required me to draw up a report to send to his official superiors by the parting post. This I did as best I could, leaving but little time for the completion of my private despatches.

Mr. Finn was an eminently energetic and scrupulously honourable official in all particulars, but he suffered in the estimation of the natives by the English system of the employment of Arab dragomen, a system already recognised as bad by other Governments which substituted officials of their own race.

I had now to take steps to find another goat. After my thorough change of work it was an excellent opportunity to sit in judgment upon "The Temple" picture, "to catch it on the sly," as John Linnell used to say of such chances, recognising truly that a picture is ever striving to take in the painter by appearing exactly what he wishes it to be, when it really is not. I was glad to get Sim and Graham to see my mountains, and to note the impression the work made on them.

From the top of Dr. Sim's house I could look across to the mountains of Moab. While the season was yet furnishing the same character of clouds as those I had sketched, I used his roof as my studio to complete this part of the picture.

I made some riding excursions to discover a young white goat, but it turned out that such a beast could be found only at a great distance. Having until January searched in vain, I sent a man beyond the Jordan to find one, he delighted me after two or three days by appearing with a model which was nigh perfect ; the price was a fancy one, the animal was tired with his journey, and it was petted in every degree as a precious possession, but the next day it died before I could do a touch from it. I then had to send off two venturesome lads for another, and in a week, in the middle of February, they returned with a kid without a trace of brown or black on his coat, save for a patch on the off side. This animal served me to the end of my stay, when I gave him to the children of a worthy missionary.

I was gradually overtaken by the penalty of becoming famous among the guides who acted for travellers visiting the city. When in the middle of my work in the court-yard, which now formed my studio for the goat, a party would be let in with the stentorian declaration of the dragoman, "My Gentleman, Lady come to see pictures." At first the name of Dr. MacGowan or the Consul would be used by the visitors, and I felt compelled to submit to the interruption ; but soon the calls became so frequent that I hesitated, and when I discovered that the tourists, many of whom had come on from Rome, were "doing me" as among the sights of the place, I sternly refused to have my hours taken up by any one without a special introduction. It was time to do this, for not only did they often spoil my day, but asserted that the background had not been painted at the Dead Sea, since the writers could prove from journalist witnesses, who had seen the painter at his house in Jerusalem, that it was executed there, and that the encrustation had been copied from salt spread over mud on a tray.

There was some warrant for the statement, for as I could not paint the goat at Oosdoom, and did not know precisely where the feet would be placed, I left a small patch to be represented at a later stage. I had, therefore, on leaving the sea provided myself both with the salt crystals and some of the connecting cakes of salt, and also a specimen of the black mud that underlay this crust. My artificial surface was made first with the black mud in a large tray, and when this was sufficiently baked in the sun, I poured my solution over it, which dried exactly as the natural encrustation does. When all was ready, I led the goat across the brittle surface, which broke precisely as I had seen it do down by the Dead Sea. The shallows, other than those round the animal's feet, were painted at Oosdoom.

The work did not progress so quickly as I had hoped, for I had my fits of discontent, and frequently, in the hope of some better arrangement, I undid work that had been painted. It was necessary to have some one to keep my goat in order, and when it was a matter of choice I employed a Jew, by which I hoped to improve the prospect of models for "The Temple" picture, and in fact I left off for a few days occasionally to take advantage of any sitter that could be got for that picture, but, as before, there was constant disappointment from their utter unpunctuality, and I was driven back to "The Scapegoat."

While I was thus engaged, news came of the battle of Inkerman which silenced our alien disparagers for a time, but as the winter approached, rumours of the soldiers' sufferings from cold and privations in the Crimea were of the most distressing character, and these were triumphed in by our foreign neighbours. There was no mail to furnish true intelligence, owing to the inability of the ships to anchor in the roadstead at Jaffa; the natives, however, in some mysterious manner heralded the truth, and it was impossible not to see that the German Colony, instead of fraternal feeling, which I had thought was felt on either side, entertained a settled captious jealousy of the English. In Jerusalem, as in other places, men without honest occupation are given to invent fables, and it is not so frivolous as it might seem to be to show them their folly. One evening in a facetious mood I amused Sim by making a very neat drawing of a newly invented gun with posterior touch-hole, having movable lens to sight target, with forty-two telescope barrels running with wheels on rails as the gun was fired, each barrel to give a mile of range; the whole was drawn and lettered with description to look like an engraving. Having all ready, Sim and I on our evening walk began an altercation within hearing of a certain trans-Atlantic pro-Russian, I affecting to scout the story that the Russians could be persuaded that such an invention would act, and that they were about to bring it into the field against the Allies. Sim pretended to believe the story. The listener wanted particulars. I said that when he saw the absurd print he would recognise the utter impracticability of the gun. He said he strongly suspected it was true that the Russians had such a gun; and when he saw the drawing he exclaimed, "Yes, it is as I suspected. It is an American invention which I knew of from a similar print ten years ago, and they have sold it to the Russians." He added he should like to borrow it to show to some German friends. It was confided to his care, and soon we heard the old carriers of evil tidings delighting in this last news, and Bishop Gobat said that he had always feared it would be so, and that by it both the allied armies and navies would be destroyed. I then sat down another evening and invented a new gun. It carried a bomb, and had a seat for an intrepid aeronaut near the muzzle; the rider held reins fastened into the nozzle of the shot. On the explosion of the gun the shock vaulted the rider into a saddle on the missile, and when it had done its work of destruction the rider could turn the shot round and return again. This "print" we sent after the other with great effect, for at last false Rumour saw that she was made ridiculous.

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